

# **Dreams of 1985**

**By**

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## **Dream of: 03 January 1985 "At The Auction"**

Louise and I had gone to an auction. Louise was wearing a black and white striped shirt (the stripes were horizontal, each about five centimeters wide). We sat in the back of the room and watched the items being auctioned. Since I couldn't see well, I walked closer to the front of the room and sat down. A different auctioneer began talking after I sat down. The new auctioneer pointed to some things in the back of the room which he was selling. One was a little old-fashioned electric mixer. It only had one blade. The auctioneer said the mixer blade could be stuck in a glass to mix something. He said he was selling it for only one dollar.

The auctioneer next began selling two brown Chinese rugs (each about one meter by two meters in size). The bidding started at \$50, then increased to \$100. The bidders were confused whether they were paying one price for both rugs, or buying the rugs by the piece. Someone bid \$300, but apparently he was bidding for both rugs for one money at that price. Finally the rugs were sold.

I was sitting in what appeared to be a porch swing. While I was sitting on the left of the swing, a young lady walked up and sat down on my right.

The swing was small and could only hold two people. She was slim and attractive (around 25 years old). We were so close, her left arm was touching my right arm. We began swinging. We were able to put our feet on a little bar at the bottom of the swing to help the swinging. At first we were pushing at different times, not in synchronization, but finally we began pushing the bar at the same time.

A little wall blocked my view of Louise, unless we swung all the way back. Then I could see Louise, but not well.

We finally slowed our swinging and we began talking. I was starting to believe she was trying to pick me up. I was wearing a wedding ring on my left hand. It had a diamond which looked like the diamond in Louise's engagement ring. I noticed the woman was also wearing a wedding ring. Nevertheless, I had the definite feeling she was trying to pick me up.

Suddenly she laid her head on my right shoulder. I immediately stopped everything and jumped up. I thought things had simply gone too far. I left the woman sitting and I returned to Louise. I said to Louise, "Some girl just tried to pick me up."

Louise instantly became angry and said she didn't want to hear anything about it. Nevertheless, I wanted to tell her all the details, and I continued talking to her.

**Dream of: 06 January 1985 "Somewhat Of A Rebel"**

I drove to Patriot and while passing the House in Patriot, noticed several cars parked in the parking space next to the House. After driving a way down the road, I turned around and circled back to the House. Most cars were parked at an angle, and one gold-colored Volkswagen, which I thought belonged to my grandfather Liston and my grandmother Leacy, was parked at more of an angle than the other cars. I managed to squeeze into a parking spot next to the gold Volkswagen.

After stepping from my car, I sat down on a nearby bench. My uncle Liston, preceded by two boys, walked from the House. One boy was about thirteen and the other was around seven. Liston turned to the older boy, and referring to me, said, "Go on. There he is."

The boys walked over and sat beside me - the older one on my right, the younger on my left. The older boy (whose name was Charlie) had apparently been waiting for me to arrive. I suddenly realized he was one of Liston's sons and therefore my first cousin.

Glad to see him, I put my arm around him. He was fairly tall and had black curly hair which stuck straight out from his head. When I spoke with him, I realized he was half Negro, and I had the feeling he was somewhat of a rebel. I also inferred that Liston was probably worried I might somehow influence Charlie in his rebellious attitudes, and that Liston was therefore unhappy to see me here.

When Charlie rose and returned inside, I thought I might later tell him if he ever needed somewhere to go, he could come and live with me for a while. Although I wondered what Louise would think about that, I thought we could probably somehow work it out.

Turning next to the younger boy on my left, I asked him his name, and he said it was "Cu." I thought he was probably the son of one of Liston's sons, and therefore one of my second cousins. He reminded me a bit of the son of Karen Hicks (an acquaintance).

After noticing Cu was drinking something from a bottle, I picked up the bottle, saw it was a bottle of Lambrusco wine and told him he was too young to be drinking wine. I looked at the label for alcoholic content; it contained less than five percent alcohol. The bottle was almost empty; I asked Cu if he had drunk the whole bottle. He said he had.

I asked Cu a few questions about Charlie and Cu confirmed what I had suspected about Charlie's being a rebel.

I stood and decided to go inside. But as I headed for the door, several people began coming out of the House. Two young men and two young women who looked as if they were probably married walked past me. I thought they might be Liston's sons – my first cousin Randy, my first cousin Raleigh or my first cousin Roger – but I was unsure. When I stopped them and asked them who they were, one fellow offered me his hand, which I shook. He said his name was Tom. He was obviously unrelated to me; I told him I was sorry for having bothered him.

I turned away and finally walked into the House, where I found Liston and his wife sitting on a couch. His wife, who sat smiling at me, had grown quite overweight.

Leacy and my mother were sitting on a bed. I walked up to Leacy, threw my arms around her and in ecstasy held her as tightly as I could. It was as if I were holding someone I truly loved. I buried my head into her neck as she buried hers into mine. I continued holding and squeezing her for a long time and I didn't want to let go. The other people in the room were probably wondering why I was holding her so long; but it was such a

wonderful feeling I didn't want to let go. I was beginning to sob slightly.

### **Dream of: 07 January 1985 "Book Report"**

I was in my last year of high school in a class which also seemed like the seventh grade. The class was being taught by a woman who seemed somewhat like Mrs. Reese (my seventh-grade teacher) and somewhat like one of my former law professors, Dohoney. Although we had just returned from being on vacation for several days, the school year was almost finished, and we had only one day of class left.

I suddenly realized that all the students were supposed to have prepared a book report and that I hadn't prepared mine. The teacher began going around the room looking at the papers on the students' desks and asking each student if he had prepared his book reports.

Most students had prepared their reports, but some hadn't. Finally, when the teacher reached me and asked me if I had prepared my report, I replied, "No, I haven't done it yet."

I told her I would turn it into her by tomorrow, the last day of school, and she told me I would have 24

hours. I thought that would be plenty of time. She continued on around the room.

When class was finally dismissed, I walked out into the playground and began playing catch with a couple other fellows. We were throwing what appeared to be a large cigar butt back and forth to each other like a football. We continued the activity for quite a while, until I finally tired and sat down over to the side.

The other two fellows walked over to me, and I asked them if they had prepared their reports. They replied that they had, and one fellow said he had prepared his report in about two hours. He said he had read a book and then had concentrated on writing certain sections of the book. I asked him how long the report was supposed to be, and he replied it should be 10 pages long. I didn't think I would have much trouble in writing a 10-page book report.

As I thought about it, I decided I would write a book report on a book I had already read. When I told the other two fellows my plan, they seemed to think that would be a good idea.

Thinking more, I decided I might write the report on Miguel Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. I knew it was a large, acceptable book which I had already read. I also considered F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great*

*Gatsby*, since I had also read it; but I thought *The Great Gatsby* was probably too popular.

So I concentrated on *Don Quixote*, and I began trying to think of some of the central themes in *Don Quixote*. I thought of Don Quixote himself, of his eccentric nature and of how he had tried to do good for people in such an unusual fashion. I tried to remember episodes from the book and how I would relate them in a book report.

The more I thought about the matter, it dawned upon me I had already graduated from law school. It wasn't really necessary for me to complete the book report and graduate from high school. If I did it, it would only be because I wanted to.

### **Dream of: 10 January 1985 "Smashing Rocks"**

I was on the Gallia County Farm, where I had apparently been living for a while. I walked into a building where I had stored some of my things, among which was a large brown rock – about a half meter in diameter. I wasn't even sure why I had been keeping the rock, but I thought it might have had something to do with geology. Maybe I had been studying strata with it.

Finally I decided I wanted to get rid of the rock, and as I thought about it, I considered how sometimes a person could be constructive by



being destructive. And I decided to destroy the rock.

I picked up the heavy rock, walked to the bridge which crosses Symmes Creek in front of the Farmhouse, and looked down into the water. The water was so clear I could see much larger rocks, some as much as three meters across, on the bottom anchored into the creek bed – except one which apparently had broken loose and was moving around in the water. It looked as if it were going to be pushed downstream.

Another large rock was jutting up out of the water farther from the bridge. I decided to throw my rock down on top of it so my rock would smash to pieces. Suddenly I thought I heard a car in the distance. I wondered if I should throw the rock or if I should return to the Farmhouse. I decided to throw the rock and heaved it over the edge of the bridge toward the big rock. But the rock fell short of the rock and simply went into the water, sinking to the bottom.

It sunk into the mud and muddied the water so I couldn't see the rock.

### **Dream of: 15 January 1985 "Graduation Ceremony"**

After returning to Portsmouth, I called Buckner on the phone, and he told me of two civil servant

tests he had taken and passed. He had previously taken one of the tests and failed, but this time he had made a score of 40 on both tests, supposedly a good score. Now he would be able to become a civil servant.

I could hear Vaughn talking in the background and I realized Vaughn was Buckner's father. I knew Vaughn was proud that Buckner had finally managed to pass the test. I asked Buckner how long Vaughn was going to be there, and he said for one day. Buckner added that it was easy for Vaughn to fly up and spend a day, since Vaughn had plenty of money.

When Buckner told me Vaughn was going to be teaching a class in Portsmouth that day, I decided I would like to go to the class. I told Buckner I would like to meet him later and I hung up.

I went to the class which Vaughn was going to teach and walked into the classroom, where the seats were arranged in two rows facing the same direction – one row on one side of the classroom and the other row on the other side.

After walking into the room, Vaughn first told the people sitting in one row to turn their seats around so they were facing the other row. I was sitting in the row which turned around. After we turned our seats around and sat back down, I became concerned – since I was only wearing a

pair of shorts – that someone in the row across from me might be able to see up my shorts. But I sat quietly anyway.

Vaughn spoke for a while before asking someone from the other row of seats to sit in an empty seat to my right. When the person sat down next to me, I realized she was Sussie and I began talking with her. She was very pretty. I asked her how she had been and I told her that when I had been in Portsmouth about a month earlier, I had been told she now worked as a cashier at a grocery store in Portsmouth.

We talked and I began telling her about my Cabin. I told her I had also built a cabin in Mexico made from logs which I had hewn square myself. The cabin was nicer than the first one I had built. I suggested she might want to go down to Mexico for a while and see what it was like.

But although I wanted her to visit me, I didn't want to have any permanent affair with her. I told her at this point in time I didn't want to have a permanent affair with anyone.

The class ended and I left. Since I wanted to visit my Cabin, I picked up my father and my mother and we all drove to the Gallia County Farm into an area behind the Cabin. Surprisingly, we found several trucks and cars parked back there in the hills, and I saw several people in formal attire

walking around. I inferred a graduation ceremony was taking place. Remembrance of when I had graduated from law school made me feel rather emotional, almost like crying. I remembered some pictures had been taken of me when I graduated and wondered what had happened to them.

### **Dream of: 24 January 1985 "Blue-Tinted Glass"**

I was visiting a woman who reminded me of Mrs. Whitworth (a legal client). Once before I had gone to a museum with the woman. I was planning to visit the museum again alone and the woman gave me some kind of glass device which had a bluish tint to it. She said I should look through it when I was in the museum. Apparently many photographs were in the museum and the device was supposed to help me see things I wouldn't have ordinarily seen. She told me to look for some specific things there at the museum and I told her I would.

I left and went to the large museum. I spent so much time looking at things in the first room, that before I knew it the time had run out. Only a little time still remained. I hadn't even looked at the things I had been supposed to look at.

A movie theater was also located in the museum. People started coming out of the theater and among them I saw Fugitt (a former high school

schoolmate). When he walked by I hollered to him and he said, "Hey. Steve Collier."

I said, "Hi."

Since I wanted to talk with him and learn how he was doing, I followed him down some stairs. I was curious about him, because I had heard that he and Buckner had had a fight and Buckner had shot Fugitt in the leg. I wanted to talk with Fugitt about the incident.

I saw Ramey there also. I thought I would also like to talk with him.

I knew Fugitt sold drugs, and for a moment I thought I might ask him if he had any marijuana. But I reconsidered and decided not to.

When we walked outside, I realized I had left my shoes inside the museum. I was walking around in my stocking feet and it was rather cold out here.

Fugitt and I sat down and I put my feet under my legs so they wouldn't be so cold. About eight or nine other fellows my age walked up and sat near us. They looked like a rather rough bunch. I turned to one fellow on my left and asked him what the movie had been about. He responded. Apparently it had been about some kind of football player.

The fellow spoke about a football player whose number was 52, and said he would like to be like him. He seemed like a rather repulsive fellow. As he talked he gestured with his hands, which came rather close to my face. It irritated me and I thought I might have to end up fighting him. But I didn't think that was going to happen. Besides, he was quite a bit bigger than I.

Finally I decided it was time for me to return to the museum and I prepared to leave.

### **Dream of: 26 January 1985 "Escape To The Attic"**

While at the House in Patriot, late one night I went upstairs and found my grandfather Liston and my grandmother Leacy sleeping in the back bedroom. In a second bed in the same room were sleeping a couple of teenage girls. When I went into the room the girls awoke, and one of them, whose name was Marsha, rose and went downstairs.

I woke Liston and began trying to talk with him. I was afraid because I knew two young men were persecuting my family for some reason. I was afraid the young men might try to break into the House tonight and attack us. I wanted all of us to go downstairs and sleep; but Liston refused to go and went back to sleep.

I looked at the girl still remaining in the room and told her I thought she and I should go up into the attic and sleep. She was about 16-17 years old and quite pretty. But I was too frightened to be very attracted to her. I simply wanted to hurry up to the attic.

Suddenly we heard Marsha scream downstairs. I went to the top of the stairs but couldn't see to the bottom because of a bend in the stairs. I walked part way down the stairs and hollered, "Marsha!"

She screamed again. I repeated, "Marsha! Marsha!"

She continued screaming. I ran back up the stairs and went to Liston. I screamed for him to wake up and get his gun. He jumped from the bed, reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a hand gun.

I was quite terrified and I didn't know what to do. I was afraid Liston would get shot and then we wouldn't have any protection.

We walked to the top of the stairs and looked down. But we couldn't see anything. I wished we had a phone so we could call the police. I thought it would probably take them a half hour to get here, but at least it would be better than nothing.

**Dream of: 27 January 1985 "Indian Medallions"**

I was watching a scene in the woods where an Indian tribe had traveled over a great distance to fight another Indian tribe. When the Indian tribe arrived at the place where the fight was to be held, a debate arose whether the fight should actually take place.

The Indians all gathered together, boarded some U-Haul trucks, and were driven to another location where they were going to decide whether to fight.

When the Indians arrived at the new location, all the Indians gathered together in an open space where a long rope was stretched out and laid on the ground. Each Indian took off a string necklace with a medallion on it and laid it across the rope so the medallions were hanging on one side or the other. The medallions alternated so that first a medallion was on one side of the rope, the next was on the other side and so on.

The idea was that if the medallions covered a certain part of the rope then the Indians wouldn't fight. The Indians continued going down the rope and laying down their medallions.

I walked up to the end of the rope where the medallions had first been laid down and I began looking at them. The medallions had pictures on them. The first one had a picture of a car. The



second had a picture of a motorcycle which also resembled a buffalo.

I imagined the Indians blazing into battle on motorcycles which looked like buffaloes and I thought that seemed appropriate.

I continued looking at more medallions. One had a picture of a man and a woman. Another had a similar picture of a man and a woman.

A line from a song went through my mind - "He got the girlfriend, I got you."

The reason that line occurred to me was because the pictures of the women on the two medallions with the two men were so similar. Apparently one man had one girl and the other had the other girl, which made me think of that line in that song.

### **Dream of: 27 January 1985 (2) "Wrong Impression"**

After Louise and I had separated, I decided to go to Mexico for a while. But first I went to visit my father and my mother; while I was visiting them, Mancusco (a former female law student) and her parents stopped by to visit. My father and my mother thought Mancusco was a nice person and they seemed to want her and me to get together.

I told Mancusco of my plans to go to Mexico. I knew she had traveled extensively, and we talked

about traveling. My father, my mother and Mancusco's parents joined the conversation; it soon appeared that they were planning for Mancusco and me to travel together. The longer we talked, the more it seemed as if they were planning for Mancusco and me to marry. I just listened to them and said nothing.

Finally, after Mancusco and her parents had left, I began thinking about what had happened. I realized I definitely didn't want to marry again and I hoped I hadn't given Mancusco the wrong impression.

I enjoyed talking with Mancusco. I remembered she spoke several languages – French, German and Spanish – and I thought I might call her on the phone and see how well she spoke the languages, but I didn't want to give her the impression I wanted to marry again. I thought I merely needed to call her and talk with her about things.

### **Dream of: 27 January 1985 (3) "Pet Bear"**

While driving around Portsmouth, I pulled into a parking space. Another car with three women and a man pulled into the parking space in front of me. The women were all attractive and one had rather large breasts. Her top was so revealing I could almost see her nipples. One of the other women was also wearing a scanty top. As I watched, they

all stepped out of their car and walked into a house.

I pulled out and drove to the Gay Street House where I saw my father standing on the porch. I stopped the car, stepped out, and walked up to him. He was glad to see me.

My brother-in-law James (cutting the grass) mentioned his new hair cut; his hair had indeed been cut rather short.

After a man walked by, I looked out into the street and saw a small bear, apparently my father's pet.

When the bear growled like a dog at the man walking by, the man screamed at it and the bear went away.

My father asked me if he could borrow my truck later. I was unsure what he was talking about, but then remembered I had a light-brown truck which I had left in Portsmouth about two blocks away. I thought I would let him use it.

My father looked at me and said, "It's not very hot yet. But later on in the day it's going to get very hot."

I realized what he was saying was true. Since I was wearing some heavy clothing, I thought I would need to change into lighter clothing.

**Dream of: 30 January 1985 "Civil Process"**

I was sleeping in a front bedroom in the 29th Street House, which also reminded me of the Ressinger House. When morning came I arose, looked through the bedroom door into the living room and saw two young fellows and an older man sitting there. The young fellows were probably about 18 and the man was probably around 40. I heard my mother talking with them and realized they were moving into the House for a while.

I gathered from the conversation that there were actually six of them all together and that they were actors in a play. They had originally planned to rent rooms in the house next door. But when they arrived that morning to rent the rooms, the man who owned the house had refused to let them in. My mother, out of the goodness of her heart, had invited them to stay in our House.

After my mother left, I walked into the living room and introduced myself to the men as my mother's son. I spoke with them and asked them about the situation. I asked, "Was there an agreement between you and the man to rent rooms in his house?"

After they told me there had been such an agreement, I proceeded to explain to them that there was a good chance they could sue the man and recover damages. I asked how much the rent would have been and they told me it would have

been \$1,500.00 apiece for them. After figuring that would have been \$7,5000, I said, "You could get \$7,500.00 for all of you."

They liked that idea. The older man said, "Yea. And maybe we could have him put in jail too."

I said, "No. This is not a criminal procedure. You cannot have him arrested. This is a civil process between two citizens."

They asked me if I were a lawyer and I replied, "Yea. I'm a lawyer. But I'm not a lawyer here in Ohio. I'm a lawyer in Texas."

I explained to them I couldn't actually represent them in a case here in Ohio, but I could help them along.

### **Dream of: 01 February 1985 "Submerged Cars"**

While sitting in the Gallia County Farmhouse, I suddenly heard a large crash which appeared to have come from the bridge which crosses Symmes Creek in front of the Farmhouse. After jumping up, I grabbed a camera, hurried outside and ran down to the bridge.

I found tire marks on the bridge, but no cars. I carefully examined the marks, which clearly showed a car had been traveling from the west, had crossed the center line and had run head-on

into a car traveling from the east. Both cars had then plummeted off the east side of the bridge.

I was concerned that no one would bother the tracks and erase them because the tracks clearly indicated who had been at fault in the accident.

Apparently the cars were submerged under water because I couldn't see anything. Meanwhile, someone else had run down to help me.

My father was in the Farmhouse. I hollered up to him that the cars had gone into the water and he hollered back at me not to go into the water. Nevertheless, I quickly took off my shoes and ran down the steep bank to the water's edge. The other person followed me down.

I waded into the water up to my knees and began feeling around with my hands under the water. I felt something move, grabbed it, and pulled it out of the water. It was a baby about 30 centimeters long. I handed it to the other fellow, who said the baby was still alive and breathing.

After he had laid the baby on the bank, I continued feeling around, until I felt something else moving in the water, something so small it fit into the palm of my hand. I thought it was probably the innards of a person; but it was another tiny baby, still alive, whose right arm had been cut off. I likewise handed it to the fellow.

I thought if someone trapped under the water grabbed my arm, he might pull me under and there would be nothing I could do. I became frightened and moved back onto the bank.

I figured I needed a tobacco stick which I could poke down into the water so someone could grab it – then I would be able to pull them out. But I didn't have a tobacco stick handy. So it appeared I couldn't do much else to help anybody.

I thought if everyone died in the accident, it would be difficult to determine which car had been going in which direction since both the cars were now under water.

### **Dream of: 01 February 1985 (2) "Vida"**

I had driven a car to a town, gone to the front counter of a motel called the Westerner and asked for Anderson, who I thought was staying here. I was told by the lady at the counter that Anderson wasn't here. I then thought perhaps Louise might be here, but she likewise wasn't to be found.

I went ahead and got a room for myself for \$22.50. The counter-lady began complaining about people like me. Apparently she thought I had some friends who had been staying here and leaving junk in the rooms. I thought if she asked me what I was doing I would tell her that I was a lawyer by

profession and that I had come here to buy some real estate.

Although it was early in the morning, I was very tired. I walked back out to the car and found Louise, wearing her khaki dress, sleeping in the passenger side of the front seat. I drove around for a little while, until we arrived at the place where I had been headed and I called out to Louise, "Vida. Vida. Wake up."

She began waking up; I told her I had already gotten a room. I asked her if she wanted to go back there to sleep. She indicated she did.

### **Dream of: 02 February 1985 "Buying Land"**

Together with Donnie Lynn (a Waco attorney) and Lynn's brother Jeff Lynn, I had bought a piece of land which lay along a steep hillside. After I had gone to the land and cleared a path along the hillside, Jeff came to the land to look it over and he began walking along the path.

Suddenly, as I stood atop the hill looking down at Jeff, the path crumbled beneath him and he fell down the hill. He continued falling and falling, the descent being much farther than I had originally estimated. He must have fallen the equivalent of a hundred stories and it was obvious he would be killed when he hit the bottom. I saw him crash and immediately knew he was dead.



### **Dream of: 02 February 1985 (2) "A Happy Place"**

While at the Waco Law Office, I received a phone call from Jeff Lynn (a Waco acquaintance) and I realized he had died. I asked him if he remembered climbing a hill, walking along a path and then falling off a cliff. When he said he remembered, I wanted to ask him what had happened to him after he had fallen.

I could hear laughing in the background over the phone. Jeff apparently knew he was dead. I asked him if he was happy and he said he was. He said he had stopped drinking alcohol and smoking marijuana before he had died. Now he was in a very happy place.

### **Dream of: 03 February 1985 "Smuggling Guns"**

I was at Walls' house, which seemed like the house in which Sussie used to live in Portsmouth.

Buckner and some other people were also here and I was telling them about several items of contraband which I had bought from some people who had illegally imported the contraband into the United States.

One of the items was a large colored, painted mask which had come out of Africa.

I had also bought a large, square piece of gold which I had then sold. But I regretted having sold, it because I apparently had sold it too cheaply.

We also talked about some guns which someone else had been smuggling. I made it clear that I definitely didn't smuggle guns.

While we were sitting here, Walls brought out some drugs and showed them to us. The drugs also had apparently been smuggled in.

Buckner finally left and the rest of us continued talking for quite a while. The phone rang and Walls went over to it. I could hear Buckner saying on the other end, "Get out of there, the police are on the way."

He then added something like, "They found the guns."

The four of us still left immediately jumped up and dashed out to my car sitting in front of the house.

We quickly jumped into the car and drove off. I asked Walls if he had left any drugs back there.

He said, "Uh, oh, yes."

But then he added that there had only been a few drugs left, that he had dropped them on the floor and that he didn't think the police would search where he had dropped them.

As we drove off, I tried to make clear to the others that I hadn't been dealing in guns. That was one kind of thing which I didn't smuggle. Meanwhile I thought to myself that even though the police were coming, I wouldn't be guilty of anything dealing with what they were searching for. I began wondering about the kind of person who would deal in guns. He would surely have to be an intelligent person. The person would need to know about different countries and their laws. For example, I thought it was difficult to import guns into Hong Kong. The idea of helping people kill themselves by smuggling in guns for them repulsed me, even though I normally didn't feel guilty about smuggling other things into countries when the laws didn't permit their entry.

**Dream of: 03 February 1985 (2) "Nothing Wrong"**

My father, my mother, my sister and I were living in the House in Kilgore. While the others were away, my sister and I decided to have sex together. While nude, I rose and walked into the room where she was. Through the open mini blinds in the room I could see a girl using a phone in the house across the street. I was sure the girl was looking at my sister and me, and after I had walked over and shut the mini blinds, I began to worry about having been seen nude.

I went to my sister and she and I had oral sex together. She was one of the best sexual partners I had ever had. Sex with her was extremely pleasurable; I thought she must be the best lover in the world for me.

Once finished with sex, we decided to go into town together. Even though I still didn't have on all my clothes, we both boarded my 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit and she began driving. Finally I put on all my clothes.

I had recently bought about an ounce of marijuana which I had in the car with me. I looked for the marijuana amidst the clutter of junk in the back seat, but I couldn't find it.

After riding into town, we went shopping for a while at a shopping center. Finally my sister and I returned to the car; she got in on the driver's side and I on the passenger side. We talked about having sex. Since we hadn't been having sexual intercourse, but only oral sex, I told her I would like to actually have intercourse with her. She seemed to want to. I told her the only reason we hadn't had intercourse was because I was afraid she would get pregnant. She was afraid of the same thing. I told her if I would get a condom, we could have sexual intercourse. She agreed. Finally I took off all my clothes.

I then happened to notice getting into the car next to ours the same girl whom I had seen earlier through the mini blinds, and I remembered having been afraid that she had seen my sister and me nude. I climbed into the back seat and tried to lay down so the girl wouldn't see me.

About the same time, I noticed a policeman coming toward our car, and I managed to put my clothes back on before he reached us. He seemed to think something suspicious was going on and he wanted to search the car. When I said nothing, he began searching the car and went all through it without finding anything. He was just about to leave when another policeman walked up and wanted to search the car. The second policeman walked to the rear and began searching the trunk. He was just about finished when he said, "Ah, ha."

After pulling out a baggie of about an ounce of marijuana, he walked around to the side of the car. I knew then that my sister and I were definitely in trouble. The policeman began spilling some of the marijuana on the ground, into the car, and even onto me.

Meanwhile, after five or six other policemen wearing suits walked up, the girl in the car next to ours began telling the officers that she thought my sister and I had been having sex together. I didn't know whether the girl knew that my sister and I

were brother and sister. I was bothered because I was afraid all this was going to get back to my father and my mother.

My sister became frightened and after she got out of the car, the policemen began questioning her. After putting on my blue pin-striped suit, I also got out of the car, walked up to the policemen and said, "OK, I'm an attorney. And the officer that searched the car did not have a search warrant. And therefore it was an illegal search."

I turned to one of the officers wearing a suit and asked, "Are you the attorney for the state."

After he said he was, I pulled my Texas Bar Card out of my billfold to prove that I was actually a lawyer, flashed it around and then handed it to him to look at. I began explaining to him why the search was illegal, but he ignored me and spoke with the other policemen. Among them was the policeman who had actually searched the car; he was particularly unfriendly.

I became angry and continued explaining how the search was illegal. I protested that they might lie about the search and say it had been conducted legally. I said something about their all being "bastards," but I reflected that that might not have been the appropriate thing to say at the moment.

That made me recall a recent conversation I had had with my old friend Stephen Buckner. We had been talking about once when we had been arrested together in New Boston. Buckner had said that I had acted very angry with the police, but the arrest had been so long ago, I hadn't been able to remember it.

My sister walked up to me and said, "I think maybe now's the time for us to call Terrell."

She was referring to Terrell (a lawyer who officed in the Waco Law Office) and the fact that he might be able to help us as a lawyer. I said, "No, I think I can handle this situation myself."

A couple young policemen walked up and began doing something to my feet. I finally realized they were putting cuffs on my feet. I also noticed several jail inmates dressed in blue jail uniforms had been brought up in a sort of jail chain. The policeman putting the cuffs on me pushed me down on my knees – apparently so I wouldn't run away – and tightly fastened the cuffs. I said, "Look I just went through four years of law school to become an attorney here in Texas. You think I'm just going to take off running away because of some small offense like this."

Ignoring me, he continued tightening the cuffs. I said to him, "You really enjoy your work, don't you."

He laughed gruffly. I asked how much the bail was going to be and I became angry when no one would tell me. I hoped that since I was a lawyer, I would be able to sign a personal recognizance bond and not put up any cash.

As I was being led away, I saw my sister being led to a separate place. After the cuffs were on me, I noticed my feet didn't even touch the ground. I simply floated along above the ground. As we descended some steps, I simply I floated down them.

Finally we reached the police station and I was led into a small room, where I was left sitting alone. I took out a pencil and paper and began writing. I knew that possession of marijuana could be either a Class A or Class B misdemeanor offense, depending on the amount of marijuana involved. On the paper I wrote "Class A offense." I was beginning to prepare my defense.

When the young police officer in the next room said something, I answered, "I have done nothing wrong."

I really believed that. I didn't think possession of a drug should be a crime. He and I then began arguing about whether possessing the drug was wrong and whether society was wrong in imposing penalties for possession of the drug.



## **Dream of: 09 February 1985 "Reflection Of Personality"**

Louise and I had moved into a small frame cottage (with an upstairs attic) on the corner of Travis and Newman Streets in Dallas.

It was early Saturday morning and Louise and I were still sleeping together in bed when I heard the phone ring. I answered it and was surprised to hear Walls on the other end. We spoke and he asked me when was the last time I had smoked marijuana. I knew that although I hadn't been smoking for quite a while, I had recently purchased a small quantity of pot and had smoked it the previous day. I told him I hadn't smoked in a long time except for the day before.

After we hung up, I continued thinking about smoking marijuana. I still had the small baggie of marijuana which I had recently purchased. Since it was Saturday morning, I began thinking now would be a good time to smoke some.

Louise didn't know I had bought any marijuana and I didn't want her to know I had begun smoking again. I thought I could possibly roll up a joint and smoke it before she awoke, but I didn't have any cigarette papers. I thought perhaps I could go to a store and buy some; but I really didn't like that idea, because someone might see me and report me to the police. I considered

whether my buying cigarette papers would be sufficient probable cause for my arrest. I didn't think it would, but I thought it could still cause me some problems.

Where would I smoke the marijuana? I might just walk down the street and smoke it as I walked. Or

I might go to the railroad tracks in back of our house and smoke. I concluded that my best option would be to go up into the attic house to smoke.

The attic (which was quite clean) would be the safest place.

As I thought about it, I began looking about the house, which was quite clean throughout, although still a bit disorderly from our recent move-in. The house was newly carpeted and painted and quite comfortable.

I walked out onto the porch and looked at the surrounding neighborhood. The porch stretched around the corner of the house so the porch was on two sides of the house. I thought the front of the house would be a nice place to install a swing to sit in.

As I stood contemplating the surrounding houses, Louise walked out and stood beside me. She pointed to a large house on the corner of the street across from us, and deprecatingly spoke about a fellow who lived there. Having seen the fellow myself, I knew he was a slovenly person.

The other house seemed to mirror the fellow's personality. The yard was overgrown and the paint was peeling. The window's crooked curtains looked like dirty sheets. I told Louise I thought about 10 people lived in the large house which looked as if it had been built as an apartment and not a house.

In one window of the house I could see what looked like an African carving, like some kind of small totem pole. I thought living in that house wouldn't be so bad. I would be more independent over there. Louise asked me if I would like to move out of our house and live over there alone. I had the feeling that her question was somehow tied to my smoking marijuana and that the other house was the kind of place where a person who smoked marijuana would feel at home. I turned back and looked at our little, comfortable, clean home, reflected for a moment and told her I sincerely thought I would rather stay there with her.

I looked to the other side of the street and saw a row of small green houses which all looked alike. The houses weren't very pretty. A small girl (3-4 years old) came out of one. She was neatly dressed in a dress. I looked at her and wondered if I would meet her.

**Dream of: 11 February 1985 "Leaving The Party"**

I went to Portsmouth, picked up Birdie, and took her to a gala party in a large gymnasium. Hundreds of people were present, everyone was dressed up, and many important people were there. I saw Weinstein, who had invited me to the party. Birdie and I separated and although I didn't see much of her, I was having a good time. I wondered whether she was telling people she was married to Rick (her husband).

Deciding to leave, I walked outside. Quite a few other people were leaving at the same time. I walked toward my car which was parked down the street. When I reached a corner and started to cross the street, a woman drove up in a fancy Rolls Royce. One tire was missing so the car was running on the silver rim. I walked up to the car and asked the woman, "Do you know one of your tires is missing?"

She answered, "Yes."

Since she acted as if I was being officious, I walked away. She signaled to me to come back and get in the car. I slowly headed back to her car, intending to get in, but she drove off. When I saw her pull over farther down the street, I headed toward her. I was in no hurry, and when I saw the shoestrings on my brown shoes had come loose, I stopped to tie them. She drove off again.

## **Dream of: 12 February 1985 "Reminded Of An Angel"**

I walked into a school building and boarded the elevator to go to a class on the fourth floor.

Another fellow about my height and age also boarded the elevator, apparently headed to the same class. The elevator moved up, but before reaching the fourth floor, the elevator seemed to start moving back down. Since I could see some light through the doors of the elevator, I knew we hadn't descended all the way to the basement.

It was about 8:10 a.m. I knew we were late and I didn't want to go into the classroom late. Besides, I had other problems: I noticed some cow manure on my pants from when I had been out on a farm. When I also noticed some toothpaste which I had spilled onto my pants, I decided I was simply going to skip class.

Suddenly, however, the doors to the elevator opened and I found myself in the classroom. I had no choice but to sit down. The other fellow on the elevator sat down in front of me. All the students had small notebooks on their desks and seemed to be translating something out of the notebooks, perhaps from Latin. I also had a notebook on my desk with writing in it.

I gradually realized the students weren't translating anything, but were talking about

dreams which they had written down. I began looking at a dream which I had written in my notebook. The writing appeared somewhat scrawled and almost looked as if it were written in Latin with an English translation above the Latin writing. Actually, however, the writing simply contained corrections which I had made of the dream as I had originally written it.

I had several dreams in the notebook and I had given them titles. I began reading one particular dream, which had a title and which seemed to contain copious Latin mythology. The dream involved a fellow who had been drug down by a tentacle which had grabbed his ankle.

Remembering my Latin mythology, I thought the dream had had something to do with Aeneas being taken to the underworld, but it also reminded me of Achilles, because the fellow had been grabbed by the ankle. The scene caused red-hued thoughts of Dante's *Inferno*.

The fellow in front of me turned around, looked at me rather devilishly and said, "Do I remind you of an angel?"

I said, "You could."

**Dream of: 20 February 1985 "Gold And Treasure"**

While sitting in the back of a classroom which contained several people, I dozed off and then woke back up. I realized it was ten till seven and I didn't think the other students would be awake yet. When I looked around, however, all the others were awake and the teacher (a man) appeared to be waiting for me to awaken. I got busy, stayed for most of the day, then went back to sleep.

When I awoke again, it was almost 8 o'clock the next morning. When I looked around this time, the other students were still asleep. I got up and gradually the other students also got back up.

The teacher handed back some papers. On the first paper he handed me, I had received a C. On the second one, I had received a D-. Obviously I hadn't done well. The second paper had many red marks on it. On that particular paper I had made some purple drawings with a purple marker before handing in the paper.

I didn't know anyone in the class, although the fellow sitting in front of me reminded me of Ron Hurley. I saw some fellows toward the front of the class and thought I might like to meet them.

I left and another person left. The person wanted to show me something and took me to what appeared to be either Roman or Inca ruins. The place appeared to be an ancient stadium which was falling apart. The person wanted to show me

something which the person had found here. The person pulled a blanket off some small statuettes. One statuette looked like a rabbit which reminded me of Buggs Bunny. I thought it was very old and must be worth a lot of money.

I looked around and everything appeared made of sandstone. I decided I would like to see if I could also find something. Around us were bleachers and I decided to walk up them. I walked all the way to the top of the bleachers, looked back down and thought to myself, "Where am I?"

Far down at the bottom, on what appeared to be a stage, appeared to be someone who I didn't want to see me.

I noticed some boards in the top row of seats and I slid them back. I then jumped down into the hole which was created and I thought, "Well, maybe I'll find a lot of gold down here, gold and treasure."

I pulled the boards over top me. I had barely finished when I heard people walking around above me. I knew they were trying to find me.

Looking below me, I saw that there was still another level down there, and that people were also walking down there. I dropped down into the other level where I saw some people down and I tried to hide from them. I found some more boards which I moved to the side and I descended into



another hole. I thought I might just keep going down farther and farther until I found gold. I was unsure I would find any gold, but I thought at least I would try.

**Dream of: 23 February 1985 "Woman's Viewpoint"**

I was a woman in a house with a man who was my husband. A special sexual meeting was going to be arranged for us tonight. When I met my husband in front of the bedroom, he was wearing a long, black, felt-like robe. Together we entered the bedroom.

He inserted his penis into my vagina and began having sex with me. At first I wondered whether I was lubricated enough so it wouldn't hurt me. I also wondered whether his penis would stay strong and erect, or whether he would just jump on and then jump off.

He was a stalwart, black-haired fellow (about 40 years old). He had a bit of stubble on his face.

We continued having sex until I finally awoke and realized I had been dreaming. I was lying in a bed with Birdie. I thought about the dream. It was interesting because it had given me insights into having sex. I now had a better idea of the woman's viewpoint in having sex.

I decided I wanted to immediately have sex with Birdie to test out some of my new knowledge. I pulled her close to me. I wanted to make sure she was sufficiently lubricated so I wouldn't injure her in any way when I inserted. I also wanted to feel as if I had a strong erection so she wouldn't think I was trying to hurry things up.

After we began having sex, I heard someone outside the room. With my penis still inserted in her, I picked Birdie up and carried her to the door. She was afraid I was going to carry her outside, but we just went to the door and I closed it. We then went back to the bed and continued having sex.

### **Dream of: 28 February 1985 "Wrong Map"**

Weinstein and I left Portsmouth together riding on motorcycles. Anderson followed us on what appeared to be a circular sled. The sled had a bar on it with which Anderson guided the sled as he lay down on it. Snow was on the ground and he glided over the snow behind us.

We rode out into the country and finally became lost. We rode and rode with no idea where we were. We passed some small houses, and finally stopped at one. Anderson had fallen quite far behind. Weinstein and I got off our bikes and walked into the house to ask for directions.

As I looked around, I had the feeling something was strange about the house. Quite a few young boys (probably 15-16 years old) were here; I had the feeling some man was keeping them there against their will.

I wanted to go back and look for Anderson, so Weinstein and I walked back outside. We walked back up the road a way to a place where some water was on the road and where I suddenly saw Anderson's sled turned over on the road. It appeared Anderson had obviously crashed into the water. I reached into the water, pulled Anderson out and laid him on a snowbank beside the water.

I felt for a pulse, but I couldn't feel any. I began pumping on Anderson's chest and water gushed from his mouth. Weinstein walked up beside me. I kept pumping and pumping, but finally turned to Weinstein and said, "We're going to have to give him artificial respiration. Do you know how?"

I had an idea of how it was done, but I wasn't completely sure. Weinstein however did know how and began giving Anderson mouth to mouth resuscitation. He continued for about 15 minutes, but he couldn't get any response.

I was rather despondent at that point. I wandered off by myself and walked around for a little bit. Since I knew Louise was staying in a bedroom in the back of a house nearby, I went to the house. I

thought Louise had just arrived at the house that day and I was afraid she was being kept in the house against her will. I went to the bedroom window, tapped on it and hollered her name twice.

I thought I could see her inside, but she wouldn't answer me. She wanted me to go away. I hollered twice that Anderson was dead.

She still couldn't seem to hear. I pushed the window up and pushed out the screen. She was standing right in front of me and I again hollered out, that Anderson was dead.

She seemed completely unconcerned and unbothered about the matter.

I thought I needed to try to help her escape from here; but some people entered the room and it was obvious she wanted to stay there with them. I thought they were probably going to come out and try to chase me away, so I just walked away.

I walked back over to the house where Weinstein and I had originally gone. A fellow came out who said he was sorry to hear about Anderson having died like that. I walked into the house with the fellow and he asked me how we had gotten lost. Some other fellows were also there. I wasn't so worried now about being held here.

I explained to them that I had picked up the wrong map. I had a map of Germany with me instead of a map of Ohio. Consequently when we had been riding around I hadn't known where we were.

### **Dream of: 02 March 1985 "Cabaret"**

I came home to the Travis Street Apartment where Louise and I were living, and found Louise wearing the long gray coat I had recently bought her. I was surprised to see she had moved out all her belongings, including all her furniture and had piled up some of my clothes and some towels next to one of the closets. Apparently she was leaving me.

She shut the closet doors and pointed out some writing on the door which had apparently been done in black spray paint. She then took me over to another wall and showed me some more writing, which I read. At the bottom of the writing, written in large red letters, were the words, "I love you."

I was happy to see that, but surprised, because I didn't think she loved me anymore. Then I looked farther and saw written the words, "I don't love you."

Next to the words was a little arrow pointing to a picture of the face of a man with slicked-back black hair and very red lips. He also had horns and

reminded me somewhat of the stage director (played by Joel Grey) in the movie *Cabaret*. Louise indicated it was a picture of her.

I thought about how that was the way Louise was. First she loved me, then she didn't love me. Then she loved me again. Then she didn't love me again.

I realized she just really couldn't make up her mind about anything; I couldn't continue to live like that.

I asked her if she wanted me to take her home and she indicated she didn't. She said she wasn't wearing anything underneath her coat and I said, "You're kidding."

I wanted to see. She opened up her coat for a moment and I saw she was completely nude under it. She closed the coat and said, "Don't get excited."

She said she was leaving, but I knew she was completely accessible. I thought about going to her and putting my arms around her. We would probably end up having sex if I did. But instead I just let her go

After she had left, I thought about her walking around downtown. I hoped she wouldn't get into any trouble. If any one were to suspect her of shoplifting and were to find out she didn't have on any clothes under her coat, she might be in big

trouble because it would look as if she was preparing to steal some clothes.

### **Dream of: 02 March 1985 (2) "Mountain Top"**

I found myself walking along a narrow path on the side of a very steep cliff. I looked down to my left and it looked as if it was kilometers to the bottom.

To my right the wall of the cliff was extremely steep. I knocked some rocks over the cliff and could hear them falling far down the side. I kept walking along the path, which apparently was circling around to the top of a mountain. As I proceeded, the path became smaller and smaller until I finally reached a spot where the path was completely blocked by dirt and rocks. I began pushing the dirt and rocks out of the way, trying to make a way through it, and finally I pushed a large hunk of it out of the way.

I could see a place above me where I could probably climb straight up to the top. I began climbing. It was quite frightening when I would look down, because it was so steep.

Finally I reached a grassy knoll, where I found a small table with what appeared to be an empty liquor bottle sitting on it. Some maps, one of which was of Texas, were also there. I was unsure, but it looked as if someone had been up there working on something.

A small bird was in a small tree less than 10 centimeters in diameter. An animal began running up the tree, trying to get the bird. I thought the animal was either a beaver or groundhog, probably a beaver. I couldn't see clearly what happened next, but I did see the bird's wings flapping. The beaver finally came back down the tree, and I was unable to tell for sure whether it had gotten the bird.

The area was grassy and quite scenic. I saw there was an easier way to have gotten up here, but I hadn't realized that before. I wouldn't have had to have taken the dangerous route.

The area was rather small. It was round and about 30 meters in diameter. There were a few trees.

Obviously someone had been up here, but I couldn't see anyone else now. But suddenly a thin black woman (about 30 years old) seemed to appear out of nowhere and began running toward me. She demanded to know what I was doing there. I was startled to see her there so suddenly.

### **Dream of: 11 March 1985 "Drawing A Picture"**

After going to Puerto Rico, I entered a building and walked up to the second floor, where I found a bar. I heard some Spanish music playing and realized it was the same type of Spanish music to which I was accustomed in Dallas. It made me feel



comfortable to think Spanish music was played throughout Latin America.

I decided to drink something and ordered, although I was unsure what I ordered. The drink I received was half coke and half alcohol. After drinking it, ordering another drink and drinking it, I walked through the rooms of the building and discovered it contained several bars, with quite a few attractive women at them. I didn't really want to try to pick up one of the women, but I was beginning to feel the effect of the two drinks and I thought since I had already gone this far, I might want to try to pick up one of the women.

I continued walking until I finally returned to my original room. There was no place to stand in the bar except in one corner. Some women were in the corner and I thought I might go over there. But instead I went over to the side, lay down and covered myself up. I pulled out a pencil and paper, realized I had been dreaming and began writing the dream down, describing the bars I had been in and how I had walked around in them. I drew a picture of a rectangle to show that the different bars were arranged along the rectangle so if a person walked around the rectangle, he would eventually return to where he had started.

I looked up and saw a tall woman with short blonde hair standing over me. I looked away and

when I looked back she was still standing there. I was unsure what she wanted, but obviously she was trying to attract my attention. I said, "Am I in your way?"

She said, "Well, at least you might recognize me."

As soon as she spoke I was frightened, because I thought she was Birdie. I stood up, completely nude except for a blue cover wrapped around me. I still wasn't completely positive she was Birdie and I said, "I did not recognize you with blonde hair."

With her short, blonde hair, she actually didn't look much like Birdie. I recognized her voice more than anything. She was quite slender and was wearing a long coat. She looked upset because I hadn't recognized her. I told her she was very attractive, even though I really didn't think she was extremely attractive, although I did find her somewhat attractive.

It was rather scary seeing her there again and the scene seemed a bit eerie. I wondered if she was having some kind of problem. I really didn't want to be around her. She looked as if she were about to cry because I hadn't recognized her at first.

I certainly was startled to see she had dyed her hair blonde and cut it so short. The last time I had seen her she had sported long black hair.

## **Dream of: 18 March 1985 "Newspaper Publisher"**

I had been on the Gallia County Farm and had found an old printing press. I went and told my step-grandfather Clarence about it. He told me it had been there so long he didn't think it functioned any more. But he didn't mind if I played around with it. I turned it on and was amazed to discover it worked. Apparently quite a few papers could be printed at a time. I decided to stay here on the Farm and the more I thought about it, I decided it would be interesting to put out a school newspaper for Southwestern High School, which I didn't think had a school newspaper. I could sell the papers for a quarter apiece, and could probably even make some money.

I thought about the articles I would put in the paper and how long the paper would be. If it worked at Southwestern, I would write papers for quite a few different schools at different communities.

I thought I would have one article about eight pages long on the inside which would cover the history of the United States Supreme Court. But in general the paper would be very inflammatory and critical of the school administration.

I decided I would have some articles strongly criticizing the principal at Southwestern, whose name was Ezell.

I worked on the paper until I was finally able to have a number of copies of it printed up. I put the copies together but I still needed to fold them up.

I went to Southwestern and parked in front of the school. A young black boy walked out front and I signaled him over to me. I showed him what I had and I asked him if he was interested in selling some of the papers for me. He said he was interested and we sat down and began folding the papers.

The first paper I picked up had the front page printed backwards. I pointed out to the boy that that page was defective. I folded it and we then folded some others. I found another one which had a defective front page because the columns had been cut off. I had also looked at one of the pages before and had circled some of the words in ink.

The front page of the newspaper was in color and had a picture of a standing man wearing something red.

As we continued folding, I asked the boy what he would charge me for selling the papers. He sat and thought. Finally I said, "I'll pay you half of whatever you get."

I thought he would be selling the papers for about a quarter a copy, so he would probably make about \$15. He seemed very satisfied with that.

I asked him if there was a school newspaper here. He said no and I said, "Well there'll probably be a lot of kids that'll be very anxious to read this then. You ought to be able to sell them pretty easily."

I felt extremely good about it. I felt as if I were doing something I really enjoyed.

I told the boy he might have some problems selling the papers. I said that if anyone gave him any hassle, I wanted him to call me immediately, because I was a lawyer. I pulled out one of my cards, which said attorney-at-law on it. I told him I expected we would have some problems, but that he should not worry because I was going to protect him. I then said, "But I have to explain to you what you can and cannot do as far as selling these."

I knew there were places where he could and places where he couldn't sell the papers. I was going to explain his rights to him, as far as where he could sell the newspapers in relation to school property.

**Dream of: 18 March 1985 (2) "Seized Sword"**

A medieval king, one of his subjects and I had arrived at the walls of another king's castle. Detecting activity inside, the three of us climbed a high set of steps to a door at the top. When we knocked, a man came to the door, shut the door and wouldn't let us in.

Enemy soldiers had been chasing us, and when they arrived at the bottom of the stairs, we knew they were going to attack us. Seeing swords hanging nearby, I grabbed one and handed it to the king. I handed a second sword to our other companion and then seized a sword for myself.

Even though we knew we had no chance of winning against the hundreds of enemy soldiers at the bottom of the stairs, we stood awaiting their attack.

When I once again knocked on the door, the same man answered the door, but still wouldn't let us in. Before he shut the door again, I saw many people inside.

The attack from below commenced. I picked up a long spear hanging near me and threw it at an attacker at the bottom of the stairs. When the spear struck the man between his legs in the area of his penis, the man bent over with the spear sticking in him.

When an arrow hit the king in the stomach, I caught the king as he fell backwards and I

clutched the embedded arrow. I pulled the king toward the door and knocked again. When the door opened this time, I thrashed my sword about until the people inside scattered in front of me. Managing to pull the king inside the door, I closed the door behind me before the attackers could reach us - even though I knew the attackers would quickly batter down the door.

After looking around the room and realizing that everyone inside had disappeared, I decided to convey the king to the basement. I drug the king down the stairs and laid him down. As I looked for a hiding place, I noticed seats arranged as if for a symphony orchestra. As I picked up a violin, I noticed lights arranged on both sides of the room so as to reflect the shadow of my holding the violin on the wall behind me. As I moved back and forth holding the violin, the shadows resembled bouncing musical notes.

### **Dream of: 19 March 1985 "Learning Magic"**

While living in the House in Patriot, I met a man who somewhat reminded me of a Buddhist priest and somewhat of Don Juan Mateus (a character in books by Carlos Castaneda). He showed me some magical powers which he possessed, the display of which culminated in his ability to make a plant with a flower spring to life from the ground. The

brightly colored plant had spokes sticking out from it. It was truly amazing to see.

Since I had been picked by him to learn of his powers, by simply watching the man, I had acquired some degree of magical power myself. After having been taught, I realized the depth of my experience with the man, but I still thought I needed to pursue further the paths of magical power with someone else. I thought I would need to find a teacher closer to where I lived, probably somewhere in the southwest United States. I didn't have time to traipse off all over the world looking for a teacher.

As I pondered how I had met my first benefactor, I realized that determining how such a meeting takes place was a difficult task. It finally occurred to me that the student must seek out the teacher because with so many young people in the world, a teacher involved in teaching such mysteries could not possibly seek out the student.

I realized I was 32 years old, but I wasn't disturbed by the fact, for I knew I was on the right path in learning about the mysteries of magic. As I continued thinking about Don Juan, I thought, "No sé como, pero me toco la corazon desde la mas intima esquina."

**Dream of: 19 March 1985 (2) "Abandoned House"**



I arrived in New Boston, Ohio. I planned to continue on to the Gay Street House, but I decided I wanted to walk instead of ride, so I began walking through New Boston. I walked past the house where Birdie used to live and I finally reached the viaduct in Portsmouth. I thought my step-grandfather Clarence used to live in the area of the viaduct and I thought the train depot was also in the same area. I wanted to walk through that area to look it over. I soon saw the train depot, which was empty. All that remained were some empty buildings. I walked through a big field in front of the buildings.

Some houses were also near the buildings. Some houses had been abandoned. As I looked over the houses, I ran into Buckner. We talked and walked along in front of the houses. Some looked new. I thought they were made of wood, but upon closer scrutiny I realized they were apartments constructed of metal. It looked as if people were living in them.

We continued on until we reached some abandoned houses and we decided to go into one. We walked inside a house and ascended to the second floor, where we found a furnished bedroom.

Buckner had some beer with him and we drank some. He also had some marijuana and we smoked

a joint. Buckner told me Walls had recently been arrested and Walls had been in possession of five hits of acid. Buckner was upset about the arrest. I asked Buckner where Walls had obtained the acid, and Buckner said Walls had obtained the acid from him (Buckner). I asked Buckner if he had any more acid and he said that he did, that he had it on him right now. I told him I would really like to have some. I hadn't tripped in a long time. He said he couldn't give me any, but I persistently kept after him, until he finally pulled a little pill out of his shirt pocket. The pill was yellow, but brown on one side. He also pulled out a little round piece of chocolaty substance about the size of a nickel. It was wrapped in brown foil and looked like a coin. He said I also needed to take half of that. It was also acid.

When I picked up the little pill, I dropped it and it fell on the floor and broke. That bothered me.

Buckner and I knelt down on the floor and scrapped together the pieces. We put the crumbs on a piece of paper. There was one big crumb and a bunch of smaller ones. I thought I would probably end up snorting it. Once I had it all crushed up in the paper, Buckner asked me when I was going to do it. I told him I was going to take it soon.

Suddenly I thought I heard something. I walked over to the door and looked out. I could see

someone at the bottom of the stairs. Since I thought trouble might be brewing, I thought I should go ahead and snort the acid.

I walked over to a window and looked out. The window gave onto a porch roof, but I could see some rough-looking characters walking around on the ground below. They hollered up and wanted to know if someone was in the house. I hollered back that Buckner and I were in the house.

They walked closer to the window and started talking. I was apprehensive because we were far away from any other houses. They began threatening us and said they were going to come in. They said that they wanted some beer and that Buckner and I were going to have to go and buy some beer for them. I told them we didn't have any money. When I looked in my billfold, however, I saw that I did have a ten and some ones.

However, I didn't want to spend my money for beer for these characters. Buckner, on the other hand, had quite a bit of money and he said he would buy the beer. I was alarmed that he would say such a thing, but I thought to myself that Buckner and I would simply take off and leave.

When the fellows outside began making more threatening remarks, I was afraid they intended to simply try to steal our money from us. I asked the fellows what would happen if we didn't go and get

the beer for them and they said they would have to beat us up. I looked at them and said, "Well, you'd go to jail then."

My statement seemed to make them angry and to make them think at the same time. They seemed to be trying to figure out who we were and whether we would report them to the police if they beat us up.

I looked out the door and was able to see into the adjoining room across the hall. A muscular man in a white tee shirt was in the room. He had black hair and was clean-shaven. I had the feeling he might be able to help us. He was getting ready to leave. I said to him, "Don't leave. We'll go with you."

Just as we were about to leave, the ruffians from outside climbed up through the window and into the room. They asked us if we had any pot. I said, "No," but Buckner said, "Yea," and he pulled out a little tiny thin joint about the size of a toothpick. He told them he could sell the joint to them. I was afraid the strongman across the hall might have heard Buckner and I worried the man might be a cop. Bucker threw the joint down on the window sill and I didn't see what happened to it.

The ruffians began threatening us and one of them grabbed me. The strong man from across the hall came into the room. He had a phone and he was

talking with the police. He had been telling the police he didn't think there was trouble, but when he saw that we had been assaulted, he cried into the phone, "Send the police here immediately! Send the police here immediately!"

The fellow who had assaulted me looked at me and asked me who I was. I said, "I'm an attorney. I'm a prosecutor and I prosecute punks like you every day."

I told him that now that he had assaulted me, it was going to be a real pleasure to make sure he was sent up to jail for the offense. I told him he could just imagine what the jury was going to think about his having tried to beat up a prosecutor.

Obviously very frightened, he stopped hassling me, and I began pushing him around. I pushed him into a corner. Buckner was doing the same thing to one of the other hoods.

One guy was still outside. I told them I was going to give them one chance to get out of there. They immediately started leaving.

I thought to myself that I hadn't exactly spoken the truth, because actually I didn't prosecute punks like him every day, but I defended punks like him.

I realized I should have started feeling the effects of the acid by now, but I really hadn't felt anything yet. I also began wondering about the muscular man from across the hall. I was afraid he might be a policeman, but I wasn't sure.

### **Dream of: 20 March 1985 "Blacked Out"**

I was sitting on the back porch of the Gay Street House, waiting for my father to come out of the House so we could go somewhere together. I had been waiting for quite a while and was beginning to become impatient.

My brother Chris was also in the House; I wanted to talk with him because I hadn't seen him in such a long time. But I was in too much of a hurry to leave to take time right then to talk with him. Finally I walked into the House to look for my father; I found him and told him I was going to leave without him. He became a bit angry and said, "Well, go ahead and go then."

Before I left, I needed to change my clothes. I went back out to the back porch, found my brown suede shoes sitting there and put them on. I then changed my shirt and pants. It took so long for me to change that by the time I was finished, my father was almost ready to go.

A car pulled up in the parking lot next to the back porch. It looked as if my great-aunt Dorothy and

my great-aunt Goldie were in the car. But I didn't think Goldie could be there because I knew she had recently died. They both stepped out of the car and spoke with me.

Another car pulled up with my great-uncle Adolph, my great-uncle Joe and another man in it. Both cars were Volkswagen Rabbits. Joe limped over to the porch steps where I was sitting. I remembered he had recently had a leg removed because of cancer; I thought he must have a wooden leg.

He had a small dog which I thought was probably one of his hunting dogs. I remembered he liked to hunt and I felt disgusted by that fact.

He talked with me for a few minutes until I finally stood and started walking away. I said I needed to go and I waved good-bye. But no one really seemed to notice I was leaving.

I walked around to the Gay Street side of the House looking for my car, and was surprised to see about a dozen pine trees growing between the sidewalk and the street. Apparently my father had planted the trees. They had already grown quite large and were very nice looking. I was impressed. Some other trees and bushes had also been planted there.

I walked on around to the Eighth Street side of the House and found some other large trees had been

planted there between the sidewalk and the street. They were large gum trees just like the ones that used to be there which my father had cut down years ago. They were about a half meter in diameter. They didn't have many branches and they weren't very tall, but they had leaves on them and seemed almost picturesque. They were quite beautiful.

But I didn't see my car anywhere. I walked back to the Gay Street side again and finally I saw it parked there. It was a blue Volkswagen Rabbit. I ran toward it. As I did I noticed the stump of one of the large trees my father had cut down years ago was still there. It was about a meter across.

Parts of it had decayed away, but part still remained.

I boarded the car and drove away. I picked up Walls, Buckner and Anderson (high school friends); we decided to go out and have a good time. We went to a few different places and began drinking alcohol. We went into one bar where we encountered Debi and Kirsch (two girls I first met in junior high school). They left the bar with us and we all continued riding around and drinking alcohol together. I was having a good time.

We stopped at a little store and walked in. Debi found some kind of small, white, picture-holder which hung on the wall and she said she wanted it.



It would cost fifty dollars and I told Debi I would buy it for her. When I paid for it, I was only charged ten dollars. Thinking a mistake had been made, I hurried out of the store.

We next went to a small restaurant and ate. We finished and left. Once outside I realized Anderson had stolen some salt shakers while he had been in the restaurant. I couldn't understand why he had done that.

Next we drove about 15 kilometers north of Portsmouth to the Scioto Breeze drive-in theater. Once inside, I sat in the front seat with Debi and we began kissing. Then I got into the back seat with Kirsch and began kissing her.

We left the drive-in and continued driving around. By that time I had been drinking so much alcohol I could barely remember what was happening anymore.

Suddenly I awoke. It was the next morning and I was at the Gay Street House. I tried to remember what had happened the night before, but it was unclear to me. I realized I had blacked out most of the night and I simply couldn't remember what had happened. But I was ready to begin again. I thought I would call Walls or simply go and pick him up so we could begin another night.

## **Dream of: 21 March 1985 "Afraid Of The Dark"**

I had gone to the home of Meisel (a female friend of my mother's) and I was spending the night there with some other members of my family. I went to sleep but woke up in the middle of the night and began walking around the house.

The house was quite large. I walked from room to room. There was very little light and I could barely see. I noticed some large fans running in the halls, keeping the house cooled off. The floors were covered by a whitish green carpet.

As I went from room to room I began moaning and making creepy little noises. I thought my sister was somewhere in the house and I was trying to scare her by making the noises. I continued making the noises for quite a while.

As I walked down a hall I saw a long line of beds against one wall and I thought I might lie down there for a while. But finally I saw a light in one of the rooms. A young man (18-19 years old) walked out of the room and walked down the hall toward me. He had black hair and a black mustache. He ran up to me and put his arms around me. That embarrassed me. He said, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know that you didn't like being alone at night."

He comforted me. He was absolutely right. I was the one who was afraid of the dark and of being alone. Even though I had been acting as if I were trying to scare my sister, I was actually the one afraid of the dark.

It felt good to have him near me. Apparently he was Meisel's son.

### **Dream of: 22 March 1985 "Throwing Eggs"**

As I walked out the front door of a high school, I looked on the ground and saw what appeared to be several white balls. Suddenly something hit me on the head. I realized that an egg had fallen on me and that egg shells (not white balls) were actually lying on the ground.

I looked up and saw that on about the sixth floor of the building some children were throwing eggs out of the window at people leaving the high school. One boy in particular caught my attention. He was wearing a yellow cut-off sweater with a white shirt under it.

I noted what floor it appeared that they were on, ran back inside and jumped onto an elevator. Another youngster who likewise had apparently been hit by an egg boarded the elevator with me. At first I thought the elevator was only going to go up as far as the fifth floor, but finally we made it to the sixth floor.

I got off the elevator and tore off a checkered shirt I was wearing. That left me only wearing a pair of white shorts. I raced into the room where I thought the culprits were. I found the room full of students. Several students were over by the window and the one boy wearing the yellow sweater was there. I ran over to him, grabbed him and punched him in the face. The rest of the students watched. I turned to them and said, "Anybody else who was throwing eggs, I want them to stand up and raise their hand."

Several people raised their hand. I told them to stand up and go stand next to the wall. Many started standing by the walls. They continued to stand and go to the walls until actually hundreds of children were crowded against the walls. I realized I couldn't deal with them all.

I noticed as I stood in front of them in my white shorts that my stomach was bulging somewhat. I pulled it in so I wouldn't look fat.

I decided the best thing would be to simply ask them questions as to why they were doing what they were doing. I wanted to know if they thought throwing eggs was good. I asked them if they thought by doing something like that to hurt people whether they thought it would hinder their ability to later help people.

Several people who were standing raised their hands to answer the question. I pointed to one black girl for an answer. She answered. Others then gave answers. Several people were still seated. I then pointed to some of them and they likewise gave answers.

I walked over to the boy who had ridden up with me on the elevator and told him to run down and get the principal. I thought I would let the principal handle the situation. I meanwhile continued asking questions and they continued answering. There was no real feeling of hostility between us. I was merely trying to point out that they had been wrong. Some of them tried to defend themselves.

### **Dream of: 23 March 1985 "Who's The Father?"**

While I was in a house with my father and my mother, my mother spoke about a centennial celebration which was supposed to take place soon. She indicated my father was 100 years old.

Birdie was living in the house where we were; she and I were married. I had become aware that Birdie, sleeping in the next room, was pregnant. I took my mother by the hand and we walked into the toilet to talk about Birdie's being pregnant. We had known about the pregnancy for quite a while, but my mother and I hadn't discussed it. I looked

at my mother and said, "Since it is physically impossible for me to have a child, that means the child must belong to somebody else, and I need to know who's the father of the child."

My mother was alarmed. She realized that I had had a vasectomy and that I couldn't have children.

My mother and I walked into the living room where Birdie was lying on the couch. I continued talking to my mother about my need to know as I walked toward Birdie. My mother felt sorry for Birdie.

Birdie suddenly woke up. I walked over, knelt down beside her and said, "Birdie, I need to know who's the father of the child. Is it my father, or is it your brother or who is it?"

She lay there frozen; it appeared she wasn't going to tell me who the actual father was. I told her I still cared very much for her and I wouldn't hurt her. But I needed to know who the father of the child was.

### **Dream of: 23 March 1985 (2) "Pilgrim Park"**

I was in the back seat of a car being driven by my father in Gallia County, Ohio. A woman was sitting in the front seat with my father and a man was sitting in the back seat with me. The man and woman (both probably in their mid-30s) were

dressed up and were professional people. They were married to each other.

My father drove to a park called "Pilgrim Park." We reached a high peak from where we had a long beautiful view. My father said the early pioneers had passed this way and the pioneers had appreciated this view even more than people in Iran appreciated the view of their Iranian mountains.

I had a French grammar which I was reading. For some reason I held the book out the window and dropped it. The book rolled down the road and fell off the bank. We drove down near where the book had fallen and stopped the car. I stepped out to look for the book, but I couldn't see it. We drove down farther and after we had gone a ways, I realized my billfold had also fallen out of the car. I asked my father if he would stop and go back. I had five or six credit cards in the billfold, including a MasterCard. I also had an Impact card in the billfold as well as my driver's license and \$25 in cash. My father said he couldn't go back.

Rather upset, I began pouting a little. When we reached the bottom of the hill I said, "Well, I'll have to figure out where we are. I'll have to come back here tomorrow and try to find it."

I looked at road signs trying to figure out exactly where we were. I noticed some stores. I thought

perhaps that next day I could get Louise to come back out with me to look for the billfold.

### **Dream of: 24 March 1985 "Skydiving Lesson"**

I was taking skydiving lessons. I was in a plane with three other people. All of us had a balloon which we were holding. We were in a huge inner cavern inside the plane. We were already floating around, holding onto our balloons.

We suddenly realized the plane had flown into a cloud bank, and we were unable to tell exactly where we were. We almost ran into a mountain and we realized we would soon have to jump out of the plane. As I headed up toward a hole in the top of the plane so I could jump out, I realized one man (a black fellow) didn't have a balloon. I told him to come with me. I thought he could simply hold onto me when I jumped out the hole. He was rather reluctant. I told him he would be better off to jump out with me than stay in the plane because the plane was going to go down. I said, "What the hell," and I told him I was going to let loose of my balloon as soon as I was clear of the plane. I told him if he held onto me, it would simply mean we would descend a little faster. Of course I knew the descent would be much more dangerous if he were holding onto me, but it was the only chance we had of saving his life. Neither



of the other two were volunteering to take him down.

### **Dream of: 26 March 1985 "Nothing Kinky"**

Louise and I were living together and a fellow named Stuart (a former Portsmouth acquaintance) was also living with us. I had seen Stuart and Louise having sex together one day, but I hadn't been particularly angry about it.

One evening Louise was in the kitchen cooking and I decided that both Stuart and I should have sex with Louise at the same time. I walked in to Louise and said, "Let's the three of us go to bed together."

She liked the idea and said, "Well, I'm going to go upstairs and take a bath first."

Before she went upstairs, she and I walked into the living room where Stuart was sitting on the couch, and I said to Stuart, "Why don't the three of us go to bed together."

Stuart hesitated and said he didn't think he wanted to do that. I said, "Well wait a minute. I know that you've been making love to Louise cause I saw you the other day. I'm not going to be able to tolerate that."

I began to become somewhat angry about his having sex with Louise behind my back, but being

unwilling to do it in front of me. Finally he said,  
"OK, I'll do it this one time. But I'm not going to do  
anything kinky."

I agreed we weren't going to do anything kinky.  
The two of us were simply going to have sex with  
Louise.

Louise went on upstairs to take a bath and I  
thought I likewise needed to take a bath.

### **Dream of: 02 April 1985 "Smuggling Mexicans"**

I was thinking about helping smuggle Mexicans  
into the country. I thought perhaps the Mexicans  
could meet at a certain place in Mexico on the  
Mexican side of the border, such as a dance hall. I  
could meet them there and arrange to have a path  
laid out so they could cross the border. So the  
American officials wouldn't be able to see the  
path, I would use a special paint which would  
require special glasses to be seen. I would mark  
trees in the forest with the paint to show where  
the path was and the Mexicans could then follow  
the path to freedom.

I thought I could even paint all over the walls of  
the dance hall, because no one would be able to  
see the paint without the special glasses. I realized  
the officials would eventually catch on, get glasses

for themselves and foil the plan. But in the meantime, many aliens could enter.

My biggest problem was by doing such a thing I would be conspiring to help the aliens enter the country. I knew that would be a crime, perhaps a very serious one. I began thinking of the nature of conspiracy and I wondered what the difference was between conspiring and actually committing the crime. I could see a difference if the act took place on the spur of the moment; but it seemed that anytime one helped an alien into the country, it would be necessary to conspire. The law seemed unfair in that regard, because anytime someone was helping someone, he could be convicted of conspiracy.

I knew if I were convicted, it would be very serious. Finally I realized I shouldn't help the aliens myself, but I should give legal advice to someone helping them. If that person were arrested, I wouldn't have to go to jail. I would just be a legal advisor. That would be one advantage of knowing the law, because I could protect myself that way.

I was just thinking about doing all that. In the meantime I needed to go to the courthouse for a bankruptcy case. I hadn't been doing bankruptcy cases before. I went to a male clerk in the courthouse and began explaining to him a

bankruptcy case I had. He opened a large folder of papers and began explaining to me which court and which judge I would need to go to for that bankruptcy case.

**Dream of: 04 April 1985 (2) "Symbol Of Liberty"**

I was sitting at the kitchen table of the Gallia County Farmhouse with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. Also at the table sat an overweight man talking about a farm which he wanted to sell to my grandparents. The farm (close to Gallipolis) was apparently quite desirable. Clarence (even though he hadn't yet seen the farm) was thinking of buying it. The farm would be expensive and was so large, extra help would have to be hired to do the work. I wondered whether Clarence would keep this Farm if he bought the new one. And how would he pay for the new farm? He was on a pension and had quite a bit of money, but he would still have to borrow money to buy the new farm. I hoped he would be able to pay without problem. Obviously he would have to use this Farm and perhaps also his Pike County Farm (a second farm which he owned near Waverly, Ohio) for collateral.

I had eaten a trifling amount of mashed potatoes and rice. Some green beans and corn were also on the table. I hadn't done any exercises before

eating, however, and I had recently decided I was going to make it a practice to do some physical exercises each time before I ate. Everyone else was gorging themselves. When the man trying to sell the farm spoke about healthy eating habits, I reflected that he had no room to prescribe eating habits, as overweight as he was.

Someone made the statement that if the new farm were bought, a new table would be needed to accommodate all the new people who would be working on the farm and eating with my grandparents. I hoped Clarence and my grandmother wouldn't forget who had sat at their table when they hadn't had such a large farm.

Clarence and the salesman continued talking and Clarence said he would have to wait until he could see the farm. My grandparents hadn't yet made any commitments and obviously they could reject the farm if they didn't like what they saw. When the man finally left, I was disappointed because I hadn't been able to see the new farm.

My father was also there. I asked him where the new farm was and he said it was on this side of Gallipolis. I tried to remember what the farms in that area looked like, and I concluded the area was good for land.

I walked out onto the front porch and looked down over Symmes Creek, where some large ducks with

green and blue heads were floating on the water. My father stepped up behind me and also looked at the ducks.

I finally climbed onto a motorcycle I had there and I headed up the road in the direction of the old Symmes Creek swimming hole, about a kilometer from the Farmhouse. My father started following me on foot, until I stopped and asked him if he wanted to get on the motorcycle with me. He climbed on and I continued on, even though driving was much more difficult and I couldn't go as fast with my father on the back.

We could still see ducks swimming in the creek and flying around above the water. My father mentioned that he had heard a report of a duck which had weighed 1,000 pounds -- he said the duck had been as big as that woman flying in the sky. He then said that a woman was flying up in the sky. I didn't know what he was talking about, but then I noticed, in the direction of the swimming hole, two helicopters flying in the air, and I thought my father might be referring to someone in the helicopters. But I still couldn't imagine a duck as big as a woman, especially one weighing 1,000 pounds.

I had to be careful because quite a few cars were on the road. It was Sunday afternoon and people were going to the creek to either fish or swim. The

road was rather narrow and cars were running over large tall weeds growing along the side of the road. I knocked over a few weeds myself. When we finally reached the swimming hole, a number of cars were parked nearby and many people were gathered around.

After arriving at the swimming hole, however, I realized that even while still on my motorcycle, my father and I had entered a part of the Farmhouse which was located at the swimming hole. I hadn't seen this part of the Farmhouse in a long time. Someone had done quite a bit of work on this part of the Farmhouse and had fixed up the rooms, although the work wasn't yet completed. I thought to myself that Clarence and my grandmother had been doing the work, but like everything else they did, they got about half way through and then didn't finish.

I stopped my motorcycle and looked at a couple fireplaces (both of which had intricate designs) which I hadn't noticed before in the Farmhouse. I pointed out one fireplace to my father and he said he likewise hadn't seen it before. I dismounted the motorcycle, sat down to look more closely at the fireplace, and said to my father, "These fireplaces, if these houses were ever torn down, would really be worth something, I'm sure."

My grandmother stepped up and stood right over top of me. Looking up, I could see up her dress to her crotch. She wasn't wearing any panties and I could see her pubic hairs, even her dark-looking vagina.

I asked her if she had seen the fireplace and she said she hadn't. Carved into the fireplace glared an intricate picture, pleasing to behold, of a woman reminiscent of the symbol of Liberty.

### **Dream of: 05 April 1985 "Laudatory Article"**

I was in a library at a law school and was looking for some law books, numbers 444 and 386 of the Southwestern Reporters. I found the lower numbered and the higher numbered Southwestern Reporters, but I couldn't find the middle numbers, the ones I needed. I needed the books for some law on an immigration case on which I was working.

Although people were working in the library, a professor was conducting a lecture in the room about immigration law. He talked about a particular case.

A child was in the library pounding on something. People tried to get the child to be quiet, but he refused.



Louise was in the room and I sat next to her. I noticed Mancusco (a former female law student) in the room standing next to a man who looked as if he were in his mid-50s; she was kissing him. The man was getting some books, including some small language dictionaries. The professor asked them to stop kissing in the library. I realized Mancusco had married the older man. That rather surprised me and I thought it had probably been a mistake.

The professor spoke about a particular case in which \$1,500.00 had been involved and he said it was important to get the money in advance. It was doubtful the case would be won and the professor spoke of the hardship on the law firm if the money weren't obtained in advance.

He talked about an article he had recently seen in the newspaper. I knew the article had been about Louise and had been particularly laudatory about some work she had done. The professor walked behind the desk, pulled out the article and began reading it.

I stood and walked away. Louise was wearing a little white collar which she began fixing. She looked somewhat strange. I felt rather proud of Louise. But then I thought, "Well what if he comes to this article, it says something about 'She was on

her way to a dance with her new boyfriend' or something."

I thought how low I was going to feel knowing I was her husband and then having it mentioned in the article that she was going someplace with her new boyfriend. I felt rather depressed about that.

When the professor came to the end of the article, people began clapping. Louise didn't stand. She just sat there and took it all in.

### **Dream of: 06 April 1985 "Most Harrowing Day"**

I had gone to visit Art (an acquaintance I met in Texas in 1972) in Laredo, Texas. He had been arrested for a drug offense and I was going to be his lawyer to defend him in court. Ramey was there. When I arrived, in the living room I found five dead bodies of people whom Art had just killed. Birdie and a girl who looked like Birdie's friend Linda walked in. There were five of us here with the five dead bodies. Art was trying to decide how to dispose of the bodies. He put them in garbage sacks. He put the sacks in a large, round tub almost like a small pool.

Some neighbors were standing at a fence nearby, but they didn't know what Art was doing. Art then went to the tub and put some pears beside the garbage bags. He acted as if he were chopping up

the pears and putting them in another bag. But actually he was reaching down in the bags and chopping pieces of meat off the bodies to put in another bag to be disposed of.

I was very upset about the whole thing and I worried about being discovered. I even picked up a large piece of red meat which looked like a piece of beef from one of the bodies and carried it around. I walked inside and saw the girl who looked like Linda sitting beside a window. I began talking with her. She was wearing a pair of kulaks and I slipped my hand up her kulaks to her pubic area and began feeling her. She didn't stop me. I began kissing her. I stuck my finger in her vagina and it felt very good.

But then I heard someone come in, jumped up and saw that Birdie had come in. She had gone for some refreshments and was carrying some pop. She sat down. We were in a living room, but there was no furniture in it. I walked over to Birdie, sat next to her and said, "I think this is the most harrowing day I remember."

Birdie replied, "No, that Saturday we went to your house was more."

### **Dream of: 08 April 1985 "Folk Dancing"**

I had gone to a dance which seemed like a folk dance, except the people seemed to be dressed in

a style from the 1800s. Several women here interested me. One woman (about 20 years old) dressed in a white frilly dress walked up to me. She was quite attractive except for a small bit of acne on her cheeks. I had the feeling she didn't think she was very attractive, but I had talked with several fellows here who thought she was attractive.

I told her I had heard several compliments about her. She asked me what kind of compliments and I replied, "Well, I heard one fellow say that you were quite dashing."

Her eyes sparkled and I could tell she liked to hear that. Although I liked her, I wasn't particularly interested in her.

I walked over and stood against the wall just as a large circle dance began. I watched it and I rather wanted to dance myself, but I didn't know that dance. It was a partner dance and the partners were in a circle. First the two partners would walk around the circle dancing together. Then they would stop and certain numbers would be called out. Apparently every partner had a number. The men whose numbers were called out would advance and dance with a different partner.

One woman whom I liked was moving along by herself and dancing without a partner. She came close to me and I impulsively jumped in and

became her partner. We danced on around and I realized that the dance wasn't that difficult and that I was doing quite well at it. They called out numbers again. Although I was uncertain of my number, I thought my number had been called out and I advanced to the next partner.

I liked the woman I advanced to even more than my other partner. She reminded me of a girl I had once met at folk dancing in Columbus named Kay. She was petite and truly beautiful. We danced and I asked her what our number was. It sounded as if she said either seven or thirteen.

One man was calling out the numbers. He then said the men should grab their partner by the waist and spin around. The idea was to hold the left hand in the air and grab the partner's waist with the right hand. Each person was supposed to push with the left foot, while the right foot remained in basically the same place. Each couple then went in a circle. I did that and my partner did the same thing. We did it for quite a while and quite fast. Suddenly the man said, "Stop."

I immediately stopped. I was so dizzy I fell over flat. It felt as if I had fallen on someone. Then I definitely felt someone fall on me. I raised up, looked around and saw almost all the men in the room had fallen over. I realized all the sharp objects had been taken out of the room so nothing

was left that people could hurt themselves on.  
Apparently it had been planned that the men  
would fall over.

I thought what had happened was hilarious. I was  
so happy and began laughing and laughing.

### **Dream of: 10 April 1985 "Stacks Of Checks"**

I met Louise at a restaurant where we were going  
to eat. She had just cashed a check here and was  
complaining because she had been given a stack  
of small bills about five centimeters thick; she  
didn't want all the small bills. The person who had  
given Louise the stack appeared to be a waitress  
who wasn't very friendly. The waitress said the  
small bills were all she had and that Louise would  
have to take it or leave it.

I walked over and took the stack from Louise. I  
walked over to some other waitresses on the other  
side of the room and said, "Is there anybody here  
who can give us some larger bills for these?"

A friendly waitress said, "Sure."

I laid the stack of bills on a counter and began  
counting them out. Louise walked over and the  
waitress who had given Louise the small bills just  
snubbed us.

As I counted out the bills, I realized they were  
actually checks made out to Louise; most were for

\$10. I gave some of the checks to Louise to count and I counted and lined out the others in stacks of ten. I counted out six or seven stacks. I also found some checks for \$20 and counted them out in stacks which totaled \$100. I found a few checks for \$30 and one check for \$90. I stacked them all up.

In the meantime, Louise was signing the checks which she had. She was going to a lot of trouble to sign both her name and her address. I thought she didn't really need to be writing her address; but she kept doing it anyway. I thought I could sign Louise's name for her on some of the checks; but it looked as if we were going to be given the money without even having to sign most checks. The people were being very nice about it.

I finally had all my stacks lined up so the other waitress could give us \$100 bills for each stack.

### **Dream of: 11 April 1985 "No Animosity"**

I was sitting in the living room of the House in Patriot. My father and my mother were sitting in the kitchen. Birdie walked in to visit. She sat near me and began explaining that she had just that very day married Rick. But from the way she talked, I inferred that she still wanted to continue seeing me.

Birdie and I had once been married and then had divorced; I was now curious to know whether she had been seeing Rick while she and I had been married. I asked her about it and she confessed that even the day that she and I had married, she had talked with Rick. He had come to our new home and stayed for a while that day. She didn't admit it, but obviously she had been seeing Rick all the time we had been married. Now she was apparently planning to again do the same thing by seeing me while she was married to Rick.

That infuriated me. I spoke scornfully to her and I indicated I wasn't going to have anything to do with her. I argued bitterly with her. But since my father and my mother could hear us and I didn't want them to know what I was saying, I suggested that she and I go into the front room. We went there and I continued my caustic tirade against her. I made it clear I didn't want to see her anymore; I simply wanted her to leave. She cried quite a bit during our talk.

I told her I was leaving and she cautioned me not to go to Rick. She said he knew karate and might hurt me. I assured her I had no intention of going to see Rick; that was the last thing I wanted to do. I said I was going to the grocery store and I left.

I went to the grocery store and encountered Louise. We walked together into a restaurant in



front of the store and sat down at a table. I spoke to Louise about Birdie and I said, "There's a possibility that she might follow me here."

We waited a while; finally Birdie entered the grocery store, got a shopping cart and began pushing it. I pointed Birdie out to Louise, who had never seen Birdie before. Birdie looked quite attractive, even though she was now about 30 years old. Actually, she was probably prettier than Louise.

Birdie noticed us, walked over to our table and spoke with Louise. By now I had calmed down and I simply wanted Birdie to understand that although I didn't feel any animosity toward her, I didn't want to see her anymore. I just wanted her to go to Rick and hopefully lead a happy life with him.

### **Dream of: 13 April 1985 "Approaching Tornado"**

I was with a group of children who were going wild throwing things around in someone's house and tearing up the house. When the parents finally returned home and discovered what the children had done, I thought to myself, "Well this is just a case of children going wild."

When the parents made the children begin cleaning up the house, I began helping. As I

cleaned, I realized I was in the loft of one of the barns on the Gallia County Farm. I looked around and saw my brother Chris and my mother also up here. A hard wind seemed to be blowing the barn and when I looked out the window toward the Farmhouse, it looked as if a tornado were coming in. The wind began to blow and howl. I looked at it very closely, because I thought I might be dreaming and I wanted to be sure I wasn't dreaming. I knew that I had had dreams like that before and knew that tornadoes were a theme I had often had in dreams. The more I looked, the surer I was that I was not dreaming.

I saw the clouds swirling around and they seemed quite beautiful, but I knew I needed to get out of this rickety old barn and go to the basement since the top of that barn could easily be blown away. I started to go down the ladder, but then stopped and said to my mother, "Give me Chris."

She seemed angry that I was leaving and she told me to go on by myself, but then she said, "Well I see you're just going to leave without him."

I took a couple more steps down, but then came back up and said, "No, give him to me."

Someone handed Chris to me and I put him over my right shoulder so his head was hanging over behind me. He moaned and was obviously afraid that I would not be able to hold him. When I

grabbed the blue pajamas he was wearing, he said, "Oh Steve, take me, take me now. "

I said, "I've got you baby."

I held on to him as we headed down the ladder together.

### **Dream of: 14 April 1985 "Thin Brown Vomit"**

Early in the morning I had gotten up, gone into the toilet and spread lather all over my face to shave. Two sinks were in the toilet; Louise was standing completely nude at one sink, getting ready for the day. Suddenly I reached over, grabbed her and pulled her to me. When she resisted and pulled away, I said, "Louise, I want to know."

She knew what I was talking about: I knew she had been seeing another man and I wanted to know if she had had sex with him.

She complained that we had made an agreement that as long as we were living together, we weren't going to bother each other and ask each other questions. I persisted and said, "I need to know. I have to know."

She wanted to know exactly what I wanted to know, even though I was sure she knew what I was talking about. She grinned slightly. We continued the same conversation for several minutes. First I had the feeling she had been

having sex with someone else, then I felt as if she hadn't. My mind went back and forth. I asked again, "I want to know if you've consummated this relationship with this other man. I want to know if you fucked him."

I picked her up and carried her to the bed. I had also lathered my hair and my head was covered with shampoo. I still had shaving cream on my face. A bit of lather smeared on her face when I carried her and I thought some lather went into her mouth. I put her down on the bed and said, "Louise, I want to know what the truth is and I'm entitled to know."

A sick look seemed to pass over her face and thin brown vomit suddenly began flowing from her mouth and over onto the bed. She was obviously very sick.

### **Dream of: 17 April 1985 "Myth Of The Unicorn"**

Some other people and I had gone into a little store. I had been in the store before and knew comic books were sold in a section of the store.

Some comic books sold here were quite old. I began looking at them and saw some early copies (perhaps issues six and seven) of the "Avengers" in brand new condition. I thought those issues were probably very valuable. I also saw some early copies of other comics. I thought I could probably

buy whole stacks of them and sell them at a tremendous profit. I picked up a large stack of the comics. The other people with me were also curious about the comics. Some comics were more worn and some didn't even have covers on them.

I picked up another stack of barbarian-type comics. Some other fellow with me wanted them, but I wouldn't give them to him.

I began looking around and noticed some small sculptures and other trinkets sitting around. I noticed some rather elaborate-looking irons which had been carved out of metal.

One object which particularly caught my attention was a black metal statue of a unicorn about 30 centimeters tall. It wasn't particularly well-sculptured. I looked at its eyes in particular. The idea of the unicorn appealed to me and I thought about buying it.

I had been living part of the time in the jungle and I thought I could take the unicorn back to the jungle with me. I thought about the myth of the unicorn and about what the idea of the unicorn symbolized. It was a fantasy. Actually the idea of the unicorn had never appealed to me before. I began trying to sort out in my mind what the fantasy meant and what it would mean for me to take the unicorn back to the jungle with me.

## **Dream of: 18 April 1985 "Venereal Disease"**

I was in a bedroom lying in bed with a girl I had recently met. She was slender and shapely and was wearing a pink nightgown. We lay talking with each other, but hadn't yet touched or kissed – although we were gradually getting closer and closer. I was a bit shy about actually trying to touch her, although I almost touched her a couple of times. Another woman was in the room sitting at a couch at the foot of the bed.

I was lying on my back; suddenly the girl moved over and sat right on top of me. We continued talking and she raised her night gown over top her breasts. I reached up and began feeling her breasts. She then bent backwards. I looked for the other woman on the couch, but saw she had left.

The girl lay back down beside me. I wanted to kiss her. I realized that I hadn't kissed anyone except Louise in years and that it would be strange to kiss someone else. I also wanted to have sex with her; how strange having sex with someone else would be.

Suddenly she asked me if I had any disease, such as syphilis or AIDS. It struck me I hadn't even been thinking about that; I needed to be on guard about venereal diseases. I hesitated and said, "No. I don't have anything. What about you?"

She then admitted she had AIDS. But when she said that, I thought she meant she had herpes. I realized there was no way I could have sex with her. She continued, "So maybe we're going to need one of those protective devices."

She was referring to a condom. But I had already decided to stop and not have sex with her anyway. I definitely wasn't going to take the chance of catching herpes. But actually the danger was much worse, because she actually had AIDS and not herpes.

I could tell she was sad we weren't going to have sex. I began wondering what kind of girl she really was if she had managed to catch the disease. She had probably been with many different men and been rather promiscuous.

I still liked her and hated to just leave her. She sat up and began unbuttoning my pants. I said, "What are you doing?"

She didn't respond. I looked more closely at her face. She still seemed pretty, but she seemed a bit unclean now that I knew she had the disease. I thought perhaps she was unbuttoning my pants so she could perform fellatio on me. But I knew I was going to stop her and I wasn't going to let her do that either, because herpes could be contracted through oral sex.

## **Dream of: 18 April 1985 (2) "Departing Trains"**

As I was lying in bed asleep, I spoke with a young woman, perhaps on the phone. I couldn't tell how old she was, but she had a nice voice. She was concerned about her brother, who reminded me of Tom Smith. He was in jail and I was the attorney defending him. The woman thought he had been arrested for a drug offense and wanted to know what the charges were. I explained that he hadn't been arrested for drugs, but that he had been arrested twice for driving while his driver's license had been suspended.

I explained that as far as I knew, he didn't have any other charges against him, and that the offense was a very minor one. I considered the offense to be the most minor class B misdemeanor a person could have.

As I continued talking, I finally fully awoke, opened my eyes and realized the girl, who had short black hair and was extremely attractive, was sitting beside me on the bed. She was so attractive, I doubted she would be interested in me. I was unsure, but thought she was probably in her twenties.

She continued talking for quite a while and I realized she was talking longer than was necessary; apparently she enjoyed talking with



me. She glanced at the old gold blanket on my bed, which I knew was a bit dirty; she seemed to turn up her nose at it. Suddenly she winced and I saw a roach running across the blanket. It ran onto the back of the couch on which I was sleeping and the girl squashed it, creating quite a mess in the form of a long, squiggly, worm-like mark. But I knew part of the mark was due to the design of the couch. I thought, "Well, she'll certainly leave now, after that."

But she continued talking. I took a closer look at her; she actually had blonde hair. Her teeth were pearly white and seemed perfect. She was wearing red lipstick, her complexion was impeccable and she looked almost like a model.

Although I was completely nude under the blanket, after a while, she lay down beside me. She said she was cold, pulled the blanket over her and snuggled up beside me. I asked her if she was comfortable and pulled her even closer to me. We continued talking and she told me she was a scholar. That surprised me because she was so attractive.

I began kissing her. I hadn't even brushed my teeth that morning and probably had bad breath, but she didn't seem to mind. I felt happy, even though I still thought she would probably not be

the kind of person with whom I would have a permanent relationship.

Finally I crawled on top of her and asked her if she knew any languages. She answered, "Oui, je parle francais."

She continued talking in French and then she switched to Spanish. Obviously she was fluent in both French and Spanish; I was delighted. That was exactly the kind of person I was looking for: someone who was fluent in a couple languages.

She seemed happy and exuberant. We continued kissing and I rubbed against her. Slowly she reached down and put her hand on my penis, which seemed quite large, and wrapped her hand around it, even though it was much larger than her hand.

I could hardly believe what was happening. Gradually I completely disrobed her, put my hand between her legs; she was quite moist. Obviously I could have intercourse with her if I wanted; and clearly she wanted to. I started to insert my penis in her vagina, but I stopped for a minute, realizing she might have a venereal disease. I asked her, and she told me she didn't have any diseases. I told her I didn't have any diseases either. Although I knew there was a possibility she could be lying to me, I believed her because she had been so open and honest.

I was rather ecstatic about the thought of having sex with her. I inserted my penis all the way into her. She raised up a little and looked down, wanting to watch what was happening. Then she lay back down and I continued having a wonderful time having sex with her.

I must have dozed off, because when I regained consciousness, she was no longer here. I was a little sad, but I knew that I would be able to find her again, and that she wasn't far away.

I rose from the bed and began dressing. I was wearing a peculiar, morone sweater which I had been wearing the day before. The sweater buttoned up the front. I was in quite a hurry and began gathering things together. I picked up some money off the dresser and began counting it out in hundreds. One bill was for \$250.00; it had a picture of Ulysses S. Grant on its front. Several other pictures were also on the front of the bill, which was quite new. I began thinking Grant wasn't on the \$250.00 bill, but was on the \$500.00 bill. I began thinking how easy it would be to counterfeit one of the \$250.00 bills. I looked again at the pictures on it. I had never seen a bill before with so many pictures.

I counted out a large stack of ones, several tens, twenties and hundreds on the dresser. Among the bills were some other pictures. At first I couldn't

figure out what size bills they were, but then realized they weren't bills, but simply pictures which I apparently had cut out for collages. I thought I would have to leave them here for the present and just take the money. I stuck the money in my pocket.

A large window, almost as big as a sliding door, was to my left and outside it I heard a voice holler, "Steve."

It sounded like Louise's voice. I saw a train outside the window and saw Louise sitting in the doorway of one of the cars of the train. A swarthy-looking fellow, probably from India, who didn't appear to be with Louise, was sitting close to her. Another girl who apparently was with Louise was also there.

Louise was wearing a white sweater. Her hair had been cut short and seemed to be blown straight up. She appeared to have gained quite a bit of weight and she didn't look very good. I remembered she had left me quite some time ago. She asked me if I could tell her friend what it was like in Timbuktu and I said curtly, "I've never been there."

I turned my back and walked away. Some other windows were along the wall, but I didn't look out any of them at Louise. However, I rather glanced

through one tiny opaque window as the train began pulling away; but I couldn't see Louise.

I was concerned about Louise taking off to Timbuktu by herself. She seemed to be going without really knowing what she was doing; it might be dangerous. Nevertheless it wouldn't do any good for me to caution her. She had left me and there was really nothing else I could do to protect her. She was on her own. I just didn't want to be involved with her.

I suddenly realized I was in Oaxaca, Mexico which was located around the area of El Paso, close to the Texas border. I looked around the room and realized that I was on a train and that my train was starting to pull out. That concerned me, because I really didn't want to go anywhere. But the train pulled out so fast, I didn't have a chance to get off.

I looked around the area, which appeared to be a dining area; people were sitting in chairs. I wanted to find someone who could tell me where we were going. I was particularly worried about traveling with all the money I had on me. I had been planning to go to Mexico for quite a while and had finally come; but I still didn't want to travel with all that money on me.

I walked up and down the length of the car, found a door and went into another car. It looked as if

the engineer was in there. But it also appeared to be a dining area and food was being served. I encountered a couple women, one of whom was more intelligent than the other. I asked one of them what was the next stop where I could get off and she said, "Colombia."

I pulled out a map and thought "Colombia?" I thought that she was referring to the country and that it was going to be an awfully long trip. But then I realized a small town called Colombia was nearby and we were apparently going to stop there; so I decided to just wait until we reached that town.

I found a seat, sat down in it and stealthily pulled the money out of my pocket. I was wearing leather boots and I stuck the money inside my sock. I kept a few tens in my pocket. I thought it was still dangerous, but at least the money would be better off there.

Finally the train stopped at what appeared to be a bus stop; some other people and I climbed off. I saw the engineer getting off, ran up to him and spoke to him in Spanish. I started to use "tu" but then used "Usted." I asked him how long it would be until the next train passed here going back to Oaxaca; he said it would be about 5 o'clock that afternoon. It was only about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning right now. I said, "Well it'd probably be

better to go down to Colombia then and take a train back from there."

He agreed. Since many people were walking over to an area where they were going to catch the next train to Colombia, I headed in that direction and reached what appeared to be a store and a parking lot. A car pulled up behind me into the parking lot and when I stepped out of its way, I realized no one was driving the car. A teddy bear appeared to be in the front seat.

Obviously someone was driving the car by remote control, but was having a difficult time parking it. The car pulled around and around until finally a fellow walked up, got in the car and parked it.

I looked around at all the Mexicans. They seemed quite friendly; if I just stayed among people I would probably not have much problem.

### **Dream of: 20 April 1985 "Russian Jail"**

During the course of a war, another fellow, who reminded me of Walls, and I were captured by the Russians and imprisoned. We were in a rather isolated section of the jail and no one else was around us. We had a computer similar to an IBM personal computer which had been captured with us. A lot of data containing secret, American information was on the computer.

We weren't well protected and we were able to walk away from where our computer was. We looked back and saw about five Russian officers gathered around our computer. Walls began trying to climb over a wall to get out, but I pulled him back down and told him to look, that there was a guard tower nearby. In addition, the five Russians near our computer could have clearly seen Walls, if they hadn't been so engrossed with the computer.

I pointed out to Walls that there was a garbage can nearby and that if we wanted to, we might try standing on it later and using it to climb over the wall.

We walked over to a fence where there was a Russian guard who spoke English. I asked him if he could supply me with a Russian grammar and a Russian/English dictionary. He wasn't very friendly, but he said he would see about it.

Walls and I then returned to where the computer was. The Russian officers had already left. I began thinking we might indeed try to escape, but first we needed to erase all the American secret information from the computer. Also, the Russians had begun putting their own information on the computer, and I thought perhaps we could remember some of that information to take with us.



We were rather high up in what appeared to be a tower. However right next to us was a flat concrete place. A small hole was in the concrete and I noticed two tiny people about 10 centimeters high climb out of the hole and walk away.

Walls then went over a hole and, using a ladder, climbed down into the hole. I looked down into the hole and could see a lot of garbage down in it. I could also see light. Walls hollered up to me to come down. I hollered that I had to put my shoes on first and I ran to get them. I also wanted to get a map, because I wasn't completely sure where we were going to go.

Meanwhile, Walls came back up and I spoke with him. I decided it would be better if we waited until night to go, instead of leaving in the middle of the day like that. I thought we could rest during the day and then travel all night. That would give us a big lead over anyone trying to catch us. It appeared that we would be able to escape by going down the ladder into the hole, but I wanted to be sure we had a big lead when we left. I also knew there was a possibility we would have trouble on the outside if we left if we had to filter through enemy lines.

### **Dream of: 21 April 1985 "Algabah McGooley"**

Louise walked into a house where we had been living together and told me she was moving out.

Her mother Vivian, who was with Louise, began gathering together some of Louise's things. I asked Louise if she were going to move out by herself or if she was going to have someone help her. She apparently had begun seeing some different men and named off the names of three of them who she thought would help her. The name of one of them was "Arnet." I told her that would be fine. I was curious anyway to see what the men looked like.

We were in the bedroom and Louise lay down on her back on the bed while I stood with my back against a dresser. We spoke and suddenly she began screaming. I knew she was going to attract her mother and indeed Vivian walked into the room and went to Louise. I wanted to ask Vivian what she had done when she had reared Louise to cause her to scream like that. Vivian looked ancient. Her face was very wrinkled and withered up; she looked as if she were perhaps 80-90 years old. Finally she calmed Louise down and left the room.

Louise rose and I grabbed her. I pulled her into another room and said, "I want to ask you this one question. I have a right to know. I want you to tell me this one thing. How many of those guys did you fuck while we were married."

She looked distracted and answered, "None of them" and then added, "One of them."

I said, "Which one?"

She answered, "Arnet. And I blew Arnet. And, oh yea, there was Algabah McGooley."

I screamed a sort of primal scream. I wasn't really hurt, because I had already expected as much. But I knew of no other way to react except to scream. Although it seemed as if Louise was contaminated I still wanted her and I didn't know exactly how to react. More than hurt I felt a dull sickness. I stammered, "You blew McGog? And you blew several before that?"

I inferred she had taken part in a big orgy at a party. At the orgy apparently the fellow named McGog had been the one who blew Arnet.

### **Dream of: 24 April 1985 "Theater Center"**

My sister and I were together in what seemed like the House on Fifth Street. We had an argument during the course of which I slapped her. She became extremely angry and ran outside. I also went outside. I thought I had accomplished my purpose and I was going to leave. But so no one would be able to find me, I walked to the back of the house and hid in a shed on the property of the house next door.

A couch which was close to the floor resembled a bed. A blanket which looked somewhat like a rug was on the couch. I decided to lie on the couch and stack some boxes in front of me or perhaps even crawl under the rug. I lay down on the couch and fell asleep.

I finally woke up, but without opening my eyes, I felt as if my sister were lying next to me. I couldn't remember where we were. She awoke at the same time. I reached out, put my arms around her and she told me to get away. But I continued to hold my arms around her. I tried to slip my hand under the tee shirt she was wearing in order to feel her breast. But she resisted and tried to get away. I finally asked, "Where are we?"

She answered, "We're in the back of a theater center in Portsmouth, Ohio."

### **Dream of: 27 April 1985 "Neil Young Concert"**

I was sitting in the hallway of what appeared to be a school. My old high school classmate, Sally (whom I first met in 1967 when we were in the tenth grade together), was sitting on my right and another girl was sitting on my left. Sally, whom I hadn't seen in years, wanted to know how I was doing. We talked and she asked me if I was still recording my dreams. I held up my hand with a space of about two centimeters between my thumb and index finger and told her I had written a book

about that thick of processed dreams. Then I held my thumb and forefinger about three centimeters apart and told her I had a second book of dreams I hadn't yet put onto the word processor about the same thickness. In addition, I told her I had about the same amount of dreams on cassettes which I hadn't even transcribed.

As we talked I recalled one time when I had been in probably the tenth grade in high school when I had gone to Sally's house. I asked Sally if she remembered that episode. She could barely remember. I told her that I thought I had been drinking alcohol that evening and that later I had been ashamed for having gone to her house after drinking alcohol. I knew I had made a bad impression on her. Sally asked me if the incident still bothered me and she added that she had almost completely forgotten the visit which no longer bothered her. I figured I had made such a bad impression on her that she had never wanted to have anything to do with me.

I remembered I had told Sally something the night I had gone to her house, but I couldn't remember what. Finally I recalled that at that time I had recently memorized a poem by T.S. Eliot and I had recited the poem to her. I felt embarrassed when I thought about it even though I was unsure whether she remembered my reciting the poem. Remembering the poem also made me wonder

whether I had actually been drinking alcohol that night. Perhaps I had been smoking marijuana instead.

Many people were walking around the hall. Sally and I continued moving closer and closer until our faces were right next to each other and our noses were actually touching. I enjoyed being with Sally and she obviously seemed to like me. Finally our lips touched and before I could react, Sally opened her mouth, stuck her tongue into my mouth and kissed me. I liked Sally, but I was surprised because I hadn't thought she would be interested in me. She put her arms around me, but I broke away because I didn't want to kiss her right there in front of everyone.

We spoke about relationships and other subjects. I didn't want to feel as if I had committed myself to her. I liked her, but I was unsure I wanted to be committed. I also wanted to tell her I didn't want to have sex with her. I wanted her to know I didn't have any problems with sex and I actually was quite good at performing at sex, but I had just finished one bad relationship and I didn't want to immediately jump into another.

I was also attracted to the girl sitting on my left and I thought she was attracted to me. I thought I had once known her before, but I liked Sally more. I was uncertain whether I wanted to simply date

one girl or whether I wanted to date several girls at the same time.

Across the hall from us were double doors through which people were passing. We could hear singing inside and we listened to quite a few songs until I realized Neil Young was inside giving a concert. I stood up and said, "Wait a minute. I'll be back."

I walked to the double doors and saw someone sitting there taking tickets. Although I didn't have a ticket, I walked into the room which seemed like a gymnasium. Most people were seated in bleachers along the side of the gym, but many had sat down on a rug in front of the stage. One fellow was directing people to sit on the side of the rug rather than directly in front of the stage. I sat down near some lights which were pointed at Young who was on the stage. I listened to Young as he played guitar and sang.

Other people sat near me. I turned around and recognized two fellows sitting behind me as people I had known about 15 years before when I had lived in Portsmouth. I shook both their hands and when I did so, one said, "No it's two, three, two."

He was talking about a special way of shaking hands whereby first one shakes hands twice, then the fingers are clasped three times and then the thumbs are clasped together twice. After we went

through the little handshaking ritual, I asked them if they remembered me. They did, but I was unsure they remembered my name. I told them I was the one who used to sell them drugs when I lived in Portsmouth 10-15 years ago. They remembered me. Seeing people I used to know was a pleasant feeling.

I decided to go back outside and fetch Sally and the other girl; they made me feel important. I was surprised how easy it was for me to now go out and find women. I felt as if I were attractive and desirable to them and that made me feel good.

When I walked back outside, however, the chairs where the girls had been were empty and no one was there. Then I spotted the girls walking down the hall toward me. At the same time they reached me, Ellen also walked up. Ellen looked as if she had gained some weight and she also had a couple moles on her face. Even though Sally was standing next to me, I was still happy to see Ellen. I didn't want to ignore Ellen and I said, "Ellen."

Ellen was surprised to see me, but she seemed pleased. She said hi, walked over to some stairs and started to up. I spoke to her as she ascended. She turned to me and said, "You don't know what a decision you took me through."

I replied, "I didn't put you through anything."



As she continued up the stairs I watched her and I could see up her dress. She was wearing white hose and it looked as if she sported black panties under the hose. She said, "Well, I'll see you at Marie's later."

I realized she was talking about a woman named Marie Huff. Apparently Ellen was later going to go to a party at Marie's.

I walked back over to the chairs where I had earlier been sitting. A table was now there and next to it were standing two fellows whom I knew from high school, Ramo and Shaw. Ramo smiled and asked me what I had been doing; I answered, "Just talking to broads."

I remembered I had never gotten along well with Shaw, but Ramo was glad to see me and I was glad to see him. I wanted to find out how he had been. They were drinking something out of cups, but I was unsure what. I thought it might be alcohol. I was unsure whether I had stopped drinking alcohol. Whether I should drink something alcoholic if I had the opportunity was a bit of a dilemma.

A bunch of dollar bills and some change was lying on the table. Shaw, who had apparently just bought something, shuffled the bills and change together and put the money into his pocket. Shaw spoke, but his talk was so garbled, I couldn't

understand what he was saying. I listened to him for a while.

### **Dream of: 30 April 1985 "Animal Stampede"**

While I was in Portsmouth, standing on the levy by the Ohio River just south of the U.S. Grant Bridge (which connects Ohio and Kentucky), I heard a splash, looked toward the bank and saw a number of people fishing in the river. I also saw quite a few fishing rods standing on the shore with their lines out in the water. The splash had apparently originated from one rod which had fallen into the water. The fishing line of the fallen rod was stretched taut and the rod was being pulled toward the left over the surface of the water. Someone realized a fish was on the line and the person managed to grab the rod. Finally the fish was pulled up on the bank – it was as long as a person. I felt sorry for the fish; I disliked the idea of so many people fishing in the river and depleting the fish.

When I looked toward the bridge, I thought I saw some logs floating under the bridge, but looking closer, I realized the objects were seals crossing the river. A long line of seals was moving north along the opposite Kentucky shore of the river. On the opposite bank I could also see other wild animals, including antelope and zebras.

I also noticed that behind me on my side of the river were some white cows walking along the levy. I had the feeling the cows had come from India.

The animals on the other side of the river apparently were crossing the river under the bridge; when they reached my side of the river, a virtual stampede of the animals began running toward me and the many people around me. I quickly ducked behind a tree as the animals raced past me. I didn't see anyone being run over, but I realized if I were to trip out from behind the tree I could possibly be seriously injured.

Glancing to my right, I noticed a small white goat standing near me. The other animals raced past the goat.

When another man crowded in next to me behind the tree, I thought other people were also going to crowd in. Some policemen were attempting to control the stampede and finally it stopped; but it looked as if the animals might begin running back in the opposite direction.

I ran over to my left to some concession stands on wheels and took shelter among them.

I thought my ex-wife Louise might be down close to the bridge. Concerned about her safety, I thought I needed to reach her so the two of us

could board a car and watch everything from the car.

### **Dream of: 02 May 1985 "Scarred Arm"**

In the afternoon Rudolf Land (a German acquaintance) and I went to a restaurant, but decided to leave because the place was so crowded that we couldn't find a seat. As we were leaving I noticed Louise walking into the restaurant; I thought she heard me as I mentioned to Rudolf that we might return later that night and eat supper here.

That night Rudolf and I returned to the restaurant and sat down. Rudolf ordered a meal, including some shrimp and beef stew. I wasn't hungry and I didn't order much.

Rudolf began showing me a large burn scar on the biceps of his arm. He also pointed out nine scars on the bend in his arm which had resulted from his injecting heroin into his arm. He also had some scars resulting from injecting heroin in the area where the burn scar was. I was quite surprised, especially since I knew how intelligent Rudolf was. Apparently Rudolf had later been able to give up heroin.

We began eating and we hadn't been here long when Louise walked in and sat at a nearby table. I decided I would like to eat some shrimp, but

waited to order. I didn't pay much attention to Louise at first, but then noticed that a man in a brown jacket was with her. He looked Hispanic, was swarthy and had black hair. I thought he might be Mexican. He was probably in his late twenties and had an average build.

Rudolf talked on and on about something, but I had become so angry at the sight of the man with Louise that I wasn't paying any attention to Rudolf.

We had already been brought some vegetables, but Rudolf's shrimp and beef stew hadn't yet been brought to him. I had become very upset seeing Louise here with another man. I had never seen her before with another man. I turned to Rudolf and said, "Rudolf, I want to leave."

I told Rudolf I would pay for everything. He understood; we rose and headed toward the front. Just as we headed out the door a waiter dressed in blue pants, a blue vest and a white shirt stopped us and then the waitress came running out to us. They said we would have to pay for the vegetables we had eaten. The cost was \$3.15. The waitress said, "Yea, they beat them out."

What she meant was that we had left before the main dish had come and therefore wouldn't have to pay for it. I told them I would pay for the vegetables and began digging the money out of my

pocket. I gave them three-dollar bills, a dime and five pennies. The waitress started to leave and I said, "Wait a minute."

I handed her a dollar for a tip. The waiters left and the waitress grabbed a large tin can which contained some dried fruit – white and dark raisins and apricots. She began putting some of the fruit in a can for us and filled the can so full that she couldn't get the lid on it. She was going to give us the fruit to take with us. Although I wanted to eat some of the raisins and apricots, I wasn't paying much attention because I was still thinking about Louise.

### **Dream of: 03 May 1985 "Unusual Alligator"**

I was trying to stop a foreclosure on the house of Mr. Lawson (a legal client). I called the people conducting the foreclosure, and they said they were going to go through with the foreclosure. Finally I decided to go to the people's office on the south side of Fort Worth.

I arrived at the office and entered it. I had worn my red, plaid cowboy shirt and blue jeans. But I realized I wasn't wearing any shoes, although I had been wearing some earlier. I felt rather ashamed about meeting someone to stop a foreclosure when I wasn't even properly dressed. I was actually dressed like a bum.

After standing a while near a counter in the office, I finally walked over to the door, through which I could see people outside looking at something in the grass. Something was moving in the grass and at first I thought it was a snake. But then I realized it was an alligator. It opened its mouth and revealed its large teeth.

A girl who looked as if she were deranged was lying in the grass. I thought she might be mentally retarded. The alligator approached the girl, but no one did anything to stop it. I went over to the alligator and poked its tail to try to divert it from the girl. I continued poking it and it turned around toward me.

But when I looked at the alligator's head, I realized it had the head of a woman. Her head also looked rather retarded. Apparently the creature was the result of the breeding between a human and an alligator. I wondered how that had been accomplished.

Finally the alligator kept coming toward me until it followed me into the building. I continued looking at the head of the woman on the alligator and wondered just how such a thing had happened.

**Dream of: 03 May 1985 (2) "Olney"**

I was standing on the back porch of the Gallia County Farmhouse talking with my step-grandfather Clarence. I looked down where the old milk house used to stand and saw the old shed still standing there.

I was surprised to see that the old shed had apparently been converted into the entrance of a mine. Clarence began explaining that he had dug a mine there and pointed out what appeared to be metal scaffolding. The scaffolding consisted of small pipes of perhaps a centimeter in diameter connected together in a structure about three meters tall.

I walked to the bottom of the hill and more closely examined the pipes and the entrance to the mine. Clarence accompanied me and explained that the mine was flooded and he was unable to get the water out. Apparently he had a pump, but he wasn't allowed to pump out the water because it contained what he called "surrey." If the surrey flowed into Symmes Creek, it would contaminate it.

I found a valve and began turning it. It made a noise and I feared I had turned it on so that water was flowing into the mine. I turned it the other way and a bit of black water began running out. I couldn't seem to make it stop and left it running,



even though I was afraid it would contaminate the creek.

I looked up at the large hill behind the old milk house and was utterly astounded at what I saw. The hill had split into parts and all the parts had sunk considerably so the hill was much lower than it used to be. Large crevices had been formed between the new sections of the hill.

Clarence spryly jumped down from a platform he was standing on and came over to talk to me about the hill. I continued looking in amazement and saw sheer brown cliffs where the hill had parted. I recognized one object toward the top of a cliff as the roots of a tree which had been left exposed by the cleavage.

I imagined what it would be like to climb the hill. Certainly it would be dangerous. I pictured in my mind climbing with friends to the summit and looking over the other side. There we might find a sheer drop-off for hundreds of meters. It would be exhilaratingly exciting.

As I imagined it, I found myself actually on top of the hill looking down. I was frightened and my friends wanted to go back down.

But suddenly I lost my fear. At the bottom of the cliff I saw a pile of what appeared to be small white pebbles. I jumped, sailed through the air

and sank into the pebbles. I was unharmed, but it suddenly occurred to me that if the pebbles had been bits of glass I would have been severely cut.

I returned to myself back on the ground and was still looking up at the hill. I had only imagined being up on top.

With me was a friend who reminded me somewhat of my brother Chris, although I couldn't tell whether he was in a wheel-chair. He had whitish blond hair cut in a modish fashion (short and sticking out) and was probably in his late teens. I very much enjoyed his company.

Nearby I noticed some white columns which apparently had once been part of a building which long ago had fallen down. Some words were at the top and I deciphered one which was "Olney," the name of a town.

My friend and I walked over to the crevices in the hill and into one. The ground was carpeted in a red, oriental type of carpet. Rolls of old red carpet were also stacked against the hill's side, which looked more like a wall than the side of a hill. It was peaceful here.

I turned around, my friend had disappeared and another person was now here. I couldn't quite see him but knew him very well. He was an elderly man, a sort of grandfatherly figure. He was

dressed in white and I pictured him with white hair and a white beard.

He spoke to me in reference to my friend and explained how that while I had been away my friend's behavior had improved. He feared my return would cause my friend to revert to a less satisfactory way of life.

But he indicated I could have a beneficial influence on my friend if I wanted. His words were, "Perhaps the way for you is guidance and not friendship."

The words were particularly poignant. I immensely enjoyed my friendship. I realized the old man was possibly right and I could guide my friend if I wanted. But I felt to do so would mean sacrificing our friendship which I valued so dearly. I didn't feel prepared to be a spiritual guide and I only wanted friendship.

### **Dream of: 04 May 1985 "Wheelchair Down the Stairs"**

I had become involved with a black-haired married woman. One day her husband came home and threatened her with some guns he had bought. She came to me asking for help. I accompanied her back to her house, walked inside and took the guns from the husband. I then shot him, but didn't kill him.

I put him in a wheelchair and began rolling him down some stairs. His wife hadn't seen me roll him down the steps, and when I subsequently talked to her about it, she wanted to know what it had looked like. Referring to the way the man had gone down the stairs, I said, "It wasn't that great. It wasn't that great at all."

### **Dream of: 06 May 1985 "Cancelled Classes"**

I was on a college campus, where classes had been cancelled for the day and some festivities were taking place. Some other students and I were involved in one of the activities sponsored by some professors. The activity involved some books and some mailing. Each person participating had a partner and there were around 10 pairs of people in all. My partner was Geary (a former high school classmate who became a lawyer). Each pair was given a number. We were given our number on a small piece of paper with a piece of tape attached to it. I attached the tape to my hand. We had a number and also had the letter G."

Stacks of books were sitting around and after we were given our number we were supposed to find some books and deliver them as if we were taking them to be mailed. I walked over to some books and Geary joined me. Although I didn't completely understand the game, I was having a good time. I

began laughing and noticed how genuinely happy I was to be playing the game.

The number we had been given was supposed to be on the jacket of a book in one of the stacks, just like a call number. Geary and I began quickly going through the stack of books looking for the number, but we couldn't seem to find it. Actually we were unsure where the book we were looking for was, because books were scattered all over the place. But part of the game was to figure out where the book was.

I was still unsure of all the rules, but I was having a good time trying to figure it out.

### **Dream of: 08 May 1985 "Odes"**

My brother Chris (who, while alive from 1957-1974, was crippled with muscular dystrophy) and I were in the back seat of a car being driven by Louise (from whom I divorced in April 1985 after being married less than a year). My mother was sitting in the front seat with Louise. Louise was headed for a bar and finally pulled into a parking lot. When she stopped, I stepped from the car and Louise asked me if I were going to go in the bar with them. I said, "No, I'm just going to leave."

I had about five books with me, one of which had its cover torn off, but appeared to be the Latin text of Horace's *Odes*.

I was about to go somewhere else when I realized I had left my billfold with all my money lying in the car. I needed the billfold. As Louise backed up the car and started to pull away, I hollered out to her that I needed my billfold. Even though she heard me and she knew I needed my billfold, she started to drive off anyway. As she drove past me, I threw my books at her. Although her window was rolled down, I was unsure any of the books had hit her.

She wheeled the car around and ran right through the side of a building behind us which looked like a barn. I knew something might be in the building which she would hit; suddenly I heard a big crash inside. Silence followed and I heard Louise moan. Then I heard her say, "Oh my back. I've thrown my back out."

In my mind I imagined the vertebrae in Louise's back being displaced. I thought she might never be able to walk again. I ran into the barn and opened up the front door on the passenger side. Louise was still sitting behind the steering wheel and she appeared to be in pain. Although my crippled brother Chris was lying in the back seat, I was unconcerned about him because I knew he couldn't walk anyway. Since he was still alive, I figured he apparently wasn't badly injured.

My mother was lying on the floorboard of the front seat. I had to pull the seat and bend it down as I

tried to get her out. I was unsure, but it appeared she was probably dead. She was wearing a black and white dress and she seemed very small.

Louise continued to complain, but I didn't have time to get to her. I needed to tend to my mother first.

### **Dream of: 08 May 1985 (2) "Dripping Blood"**

Louise and I had found a bedroom to stay in in a house where we weren't actually living. Louise was very tired and went to bed. But I was concerned because I knew people were outside who might try to come inside and attack us. On the other side of the room opposite the door we had come in (which led to the rest of the house) was another door which led out onto a porch. I looked out onto the porch and saw some people out there.

I hung a blanket over an uncovered window, but I was afraid people could come in through either of the doors in the room. I went to the door leading to the porch and realized it was unlocked. I pushed on it, tried to lock it and finally was able to lock it. On the right side of the door frame was a small dead-bolt lock which I worked on until it slid into the door. The bolt's being inside the door made me feel better.

I asked Louise to help me push a dresser in front of the door; but she said she was too tired and she wouldn't get up. I told her the dresser was too heavy for me; but finally I did manage to push it in front of the door.

I noticed a space along the side of the door through which someone could see in from outside.

I looked outside and saw a woman with a little boy. A man holding a little baby was sitting and rocking in a rocking chair. It was freezing outside; I felt sorry for the people, but I was too afraid to invite them in.

The man (who resembled Martin Sheen) walked over to the door, looked in and asked me if I remembered him. I looked at him but I couldn't remember who he was. Suddenly he pulled out what appeared to be a pizza cutter – the kind with a handle on one end and a round, slender piece of sharp metal at the other. But actually what he had was larger than a pizza cutter. And the round part of the instrument was rigid and it didn't move. I thought he was going to try to attack me with it, but he didn't do anything. I was holding a stick.

Another man walked up to the door. I finally pushed the dresser away from the door and took down the blanket so I could see outside. Suddenly the door seemed to move a little, almost as if it were made of plastic. Suddenly the man whom I



had been looking at outside was now in the room. I hollered to Louise, "Baby, they're in."

But she still didn't wake up. The man ran over to her, grabbed her, pointed a short knife at her neck and said he would stab her.

I had a long, sharp, silver instrument in my hand. I walked toward him, pointed the instrument at his neck and said, "I don't care if you stab her."

Actually I did care, but I didn't want him to know that. Suddenly I stabbed him in the throat and he gagged as blood began dripping from his throat. Louise was still asleep and I hoped maybe it would wake her up when the blood dripped on her. We were both very much in danger and I felt as if she needed to get up.

### **Dream of: 12 May 1985 "Protecting Fish"**

As I was walking on a college campus, I encountered a round fountain about 15 meters in diameter. A fellow (about 20 years old) was standing next to the fountain and was holding some kind of spear gun with which he was shooting fish in the fountain. The spear gun consisted of a long pipe with a large spear (the head of which was as large as my fist) protruding from the end. I was quite surprised. Also flying over his head was a small helicopter which

apparently was somehow connected to the spear gun.

I watched as the fellow shot his spear into the water a couple times. But apparently he missed because I didn't see him pull out any fish. Other people began gathering around. Finally I walked over to him and asked him if he had permission to be doing that. It took him a moment to understand what I was saying. A man (about 40 years old) was in the helicopter and was becoming upset by my questions. He also understood what I was asking and said something, although I could barely hear him because the helicopter was so loud. Finally the fellow with the spear gun told me that he did have permission and I asked him who had given it to him.

He pulled out an Emory board which had a name and a number written on it which appeared to be 2737. He handed the Emory board to me and said that the first part of the number was wrong and that it should be 33. I pulled out a pencil, erased the 27 and replaced it with 33. I asked him who the person was whose name was written on the Emory board and it sounded as if he said it was his dorm leader.

I began arguing with him and said, "These people don't have authority to allow you to shoot fish out of this pool."

The man in the helicopter was becoming increasingly upset and quite a crowd of people had begun to gather. Finally a bunch of the people jumped into the water to protect the fish. I myself didn't want to jump into the water, but I did begin running along the edge of the fountain. Although I was leaning toward the water, I was running so fast I didn't fall in.

Finally the fellow began putting away his spear gun and it was obvious that he and the man in the helicopter were going to leave.

### **Dream of: 13 May 1985 "Rooster And Chicken"**

I was standing on the banks of the Ohio River in a little park just west of the US Grant Bridge in Portsmouth. I was in my second year of law school. A group of other law students were also here. I was studying constitutional law in preparation for a final examination which was only a week away. I was taking the second half of a constitutional law course and I had already completed the first half in my first year of law school. I was studying from a large law book which I had also used for the first year.

I had put off studying until the end of the course and I thought about how Jon put off studying for his exams until the last few days. But I thought I still had enough time. I actually had more than a

week in which to study because it was Friday and the exams didn't begin until a week from Monday.

My method of studying was to simply think about constitutional law and about the issues which I needed to clarify. First I considered civil rights and I felt confident I more clearly understood exactly what civil rights were in the context of constitutional law.

I began thinking about other areas of constitutional law which interested me and I considered the powers of the president of the United States to make executive orders. I had never been quite clear by what authority the president was able to make those orders, or how those orders were carried out in the context of other laws and what effect the orders had as law.

The contemplation of the various issues was quite a strain and I began thinking about how nice it would be to drink something alcoholic this afternoon. I thought maybe perhaps this evening I would drink something alcoholic. But then I thought, "No I really can't do that today because I have to keep a clear mind."

I noticed floating by in the river a wooden keg probably two thirds of a meter in diameter and about a meter high. The top was on it and I wondered if it had anything in it. Several more kegs floated by. I hollered to some fellows closer

to the river's edge that the kegs were floating by. Suddenly one fellow jumped into the water, swam out to the kegs and grabbed one. Then another fellow jumped in. I had thought the water would be very cold, but after I saw both fellows jump in, I concluded it must not be so cold after all. As some more kegs floated by I thought of jumping in the water myself, but I decided I didn't want to do so simply for a keg.

Some other things floated by and then I noticed a large, plastic, blue ice chest floating by. A large cardboard box filled with empty beer bottles floated by. I pointed the things out to someone standing next to me and then I walked down to the water's edge. The ice chest was close enough to shore as it floated past so I was able to simply reach out and grab it. I then saw another round ice chest made of Styrofoam and I was likewise able to pull it onto the shore. Then I pulled out still a third Styrofoam ice chest. I also pulled out some lids for the ice chests. And finally I even pulled the cardboard box onto the shore. I thought there had probably been a fraternity party upstream and all the things I had pulled out had been thrown away by people at the party.

The box had many different things in it including quite a few articles of clothes. I pulled a nice-looking, blue and white striped, short-sleeved shirt out of the box. I liked it, looked at the size

and saw it was a large. I thought it might fit me, but I felt a bit embarrassed picking through the garbage in front of the other people around me.

However I did like the shirt and I held it out in front of everybody. No one objected to what I was doing, but I thought they probably disparaged me.

Next I pulled out a large beach towel and unrolled it. It was a bit dirty but I could tell it could be cleaned. On the towel was a picture of a rooster and a chicken, shown in profile with their beaks touching as if they were kissing. I also noticed their red tops.

I next saw a pair of pants with a red belt which I thought I might like. I thought everything could be washed and then could be placed in the large cooler which I had. I felt a bit ashamed, but at the same time I didn't think there was anything wrong with picking through the garbage for some new clothes.

### **Dream of: 20 May 1985 "Personal Ad"**

I had talked for a couple hours each to two different women who had put ads in the Dallas Observer newspaper in the section of women seeking men. I had made a date with one of the women and I was supposed to pick her up about 3:30 one day.

I had to go out into the country to pick her up but when I arrived she wasn't there at the time she was supposed to be. I waited for a while and then left. The following day I talked with someone who was apparently a relative of the woman who told me I should go back out to the house that day. So I returned to the place.

A small trailer sat to the left and a bit farther back from the road sat the main house. On the other side of the road I noticed a long large chain which was strung up into a tree. I wondered what was on the end of the chain and thought it might even be a tiger which might jump down. The chain was long enough to allow it to come across the road, but I was unable to see anything on the chain.

Finally I saw the woman I was supposed to meet over by the trailer and I began walking toward her. I was wearing a cap and bent my head down so the woman couldn't see my face. I could however see her from the distance and she looked rather attractive. Finally I reached her and raised my head so she could see my face and I could see hers. Up close she wasn't so attractive. She had dark hair, was slim and was probably in her mid-20s. I asked her her name, she told me and then we talked for a few minutes. Finally I asked, "Well were you here yesterday when I was supposed to be here?"

She answered, "No."

That was all I wanted to know and I didn't require an explanation. I could see inside her trailer and noticed a stack of letters there. I thought she had probably received so many other responses from her ad that she had decided she didn't want to see me. However she was quite friendly and we continued talking.

### **Dream of: 21 May 1985 "The Terminator"**

I was in a battle against someone who resembled the Terminator (a character played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the movie *The Terminator*). I had recently met a woman (who reminded me of Judith, a Dallas acquaintance) who was also battling against the Terminator and his forces. However I wasn't completely sure of her role in the battle.

At one point in the battle, while she and I were together in some kind of vehicle, we were attacked by the Terminator. Our vehicle ran off the road and over a cliff. I completely gave up hope and said, "The situation is hopeless."

Judith however didn't give up and due to her efforts we crashed but were unhurt. After the crash we were separated and I stumbled off alone into a forest where I saw a fawn which had been separated from its mother. Apparently the



Terminator had been responsible for the separation. Although I would have liked to have seen the fawn united with its mother, I didn't feel that was my responsibility.

As I stumbled through the forest, I knew the woman was also somewhere in the forest. When it grew dark, I lay down and listened to noises in the forest. I thought I heard the sound of a cow in the distance and I wondered whether the mother deer might be making noises so the fawn would hear her and go to her. But I could hear no distinct sound which sounded like a deer.

The night passed and the next morning I again encountered the woman, who had a fawn with her, although I was unsure it was the same fawn I had seen the day before. The mother deer was nearby and I thought the woman was going to reunite them, but then I saw that she wasn't concerned with that. She simply let the fawn go and indicated that it wasn't her responsibility to reunite it with its mother. Apparently she had found the fawn and helped it out of some difficulty. But she felt no duty to determine whether the fawn belonged to the mother deer or to help it any further.

She and I walked over to a rocky cliff on a hillside and began talking. More than anything else she seemed to me like a strong and vibrant fighter, and she had the aspect of a guerilla fighter. She

was dressed in black, perhaps black leather. She seemed to be in her early 30s, was lean, was quite tall and seemed to have blonde hair. I hadn't known her long, although I had known her before our episode with the Terminator and our crash off the cliff.

I was attracted to her although I had never touched her or shown any affection toward her. I wanted to try to express to her the feeling I had had when we had crashed, when I had thought the situation was hopeless and she had been able to pull us through.

It seemed somewhat strange that I didn't feel embarrassed about having thought the situation was hopeless. I felt I had displayed weakness but I didn't think she thought I was weak. She didn't seem to disparage me because I hadn't been able to save us and she had had to do it. And it seemed that she had engendered a new hope in me and had imparted to me some of her strength.

Although I wanted to touch her, I hesitated. But it seemed so natural that finally I did touch her and she reciprocated. Soon we were hugging each other and I felt a strong, healthy feeling between us. It seemed that part of the fine fighting spirit which I perceived in her also existed in me and that she perceived the same spirit in me.

I couldn't see into the future beyond what we were both experiencing at this moment, but I thought the experience was good for us both.

We parted and I left feeling we would continue to see and help each other. I felt we were both fighting with definite purpose toward something, although I was unconcerned with defining exactly what that something was. But I did feel good and confident about what I was doing.

I boarded a train, pulled into a train station and disembarked. I thought I was going to have to board another train here and I walked around in the station. Several train tracks were here and some ended abruptly in the station. It looked as if trains would pull into the station, pick up passengers and then back out.

I was unsure which train I needed. I thought I was trying to reach a small town which had a small university, but I couldn't remember the university's name. I knew it wasn't Baylor University, although I thought its name began with a "B" and that the whole name of the university had three words.

Some other people were standing around and I had the feeling that if I would simply ask someone how to find the train they would be able to help me. But I felt awkward and I really didn't want to ask anyone.

I noticed a woman whom I thought I had seen before and who attracted me. In a way she reminded me of the woman with whom I had been earlier, but in a way she seemed different. It almost seemed like the same woman in a different body. That confused me because I knew I had just been sitting on a hillside holding the other woman in my arms. And now I saw someone else who reminded me so much of her even though her body was different.

I walked up to her and asked her how to reach the place where I wanted to go. She told me I simply needed to go out the door, walk a short distance up the street and I would be there. I wouldn't even need a train. Suddenly I remembered where I was, became more oriented and thought I knew where to go.

### **Dream of: 21 May 1985 (2) "Talking Dirty"**

Louise and I had just divorced, but were still living together in the same apartment. She angrily stormed in one day, began arguing and grabbed her things together. Suddenly I reached out, pulled her close to me and began kissing her. She resisted at first but finally gave in. I began taking off her clothes, laid her on the floor and laid on top of her.

Suddenly, however, I remembered she had been dating some other man and said, "I can't make

love to you. How do you know he hasn't got herpes?"

She said she was sure he didn't have herpes. I asked, "Well have you been fucking him?"

She admitted she had. I asked, "Have you been sucking him."

She didn't want to talk about it and she wouldn't tell me whether she had. But she indicated that the other man was a wonderful lover and that he could do all kinds of things which I couldn't do. I asked, "Well just what makes him so special?"

She replied that it was because he talked to her when he had sex with her. I wanted to know what he said and asked, "Like what?"

She replied, "Well he says things like 'pussy'."

I said, "Oh, you mean he talks dirty to you. He says he's going to fuck you."

In the meantime she had spread her legs apart. I knew her vagina was already moist and inserted my penis into it. But just as I began I thought to myself, "I shouldn't do this."

I knew I was taking a chance of contracting herpes, but I went ahead anyway. We had intercourse for a while. We then turned around and I wrapped my legs around her head and

inserted my penis into her mouth. She was on top of me so her vagina was in front of my face. I could also see her rectum. Finally I raised myself up and said, "You know what else I'd like to do? I'd like to fuck you in the ass."

She replied, "Oh really."

I asked, "Has anybody ever done that to you?"

She indicated no one ever had. I thought about getting some Vaseline and trying it because I likewise had never done it.

### **Dream of: 27 May 1985 "Not A Prude"**

I was in the front yard of the House in Patriot where a semi-truck was parked. In the cab of the truck was what appeared to be a newspaper machine which had contained quite a few quarters which I could see. I wanted to get the quarters, got a key to the machine, opened it up and began taking out the quarters.

Afterwards some local people became upset about my having taken the quarters, even though the quarters belonged to someone in the House. The people began bothering me and I thought they were going to do something to me, perhaps even kill me. Fortunately however the sheriff showed up. I thanked him for intervening and he told me not to worry about it. I told him I didn't know why

the people were upset and he said, "Well, you're a little different from them. You're not a prude."

He walked with me into the House which was being remodeled inside by some people in my family. Some intricate designs were on the walls of the house and we had been debating whether to paint or paper the walls. It would cost less to paint than to paper because the paper would have to be cut out in such intricate patterns. We hadn't decided what to do. The House appeared to have three stories. The sheriff told me a younger sheriff had been elected. I asked him what his name was and he said it was Steve Martin.

### **Dream of: 27 May 1985 (2) "Going On A Picnic"**

I was sitting in the middle of the front seat of a car. Louise was sitting on my right and on my left driving the car was Louise's father. We were going somewhere in the country, apparently to a picnic.

I had a cover on my lap and under it Louise had stuck her hand inside my pants onto my penis. As I talked with her I wanted to know about her relationship with her new boyfriend. I moved close to her ear and began whispering questions to her.

I whispered, "Have you been sucking him?"

She nodded her head that she had. I whispered, "And has he been coming in your mouth?"

She answered, "Yes."

I asked, "Have you been swallowing it?"

She answered, "Yes."

I asked, "Has he been fucking you?"

Again she answered that he had. Her answers were extremely painful for me and I ached as she answered. However at the same time, I felt sexually attracted to her.

She began describing her sex with her boyfriend and said it went on forever and ever. They had only actually finished having sex once or twice because the fellow was able to continue without stopping for long periods. I was concerned he must be better at sex with Louise than I had been. I asked Louise whether she had been climaxing a lot and she indicated she had.

However, it was also obvious she wanted to have sex with me. I had the feeling that even though she had been having great sex with her boyfriend, she didn't really care that much for him. I said, "But you'd like to fuck me too wouldn't you?"

She didn't answer, but I could tell she did. I said, "I'd like to fuck you in the ass the next time."

She answered, "I'd like that."



Finally we arrived at a picnic ground in the country. Louise's father got out and some people in the back seat also got out. I looked for my black shoes which I knew were somewhere in the car and I couldn't find them, although I did find a smaller pair of black shoes. Finally I did find my shoes.

I began thinking I could take Louise alone into the forest and we could have sex there. I might even insert my penis in her rectum. But I would need some Vaseline to do that and I didn't have any.

However, I was concerned about having sex with her because I might catch herpes from her.

Perhaps she had contracted herpes from the fellow she had been having sex with. I was unsure I wanted to take that risk.

### **Dream of: 28 May 1985 "Cold Feet"**

I had gone to what appeared to be some kind of bar in Portsmouth. The place also resembled a drug store. I walked back to the toilet where I saw some people I recognized. McGraw (a former junior high school classmate) walked into the toilet. He had a large mustache and beard. I hadn't seen him for a long time, except once before when I had seen him here. I said hello to him. He recognized me and said hello. I said, "Things stay pretty constant around here don't they."

He agreed. What I had meant was that people who came there were still the same after so many years.

I walked back out into the main area of what appeared to be the drug store. I wanted to buy some socks and a very pretty girl (probably 17-18 years old) walked up to help me. She asked me what I needed and I told her I wanted some socks. I had looked in one part of the store but I hadn't been able to find them. She said she might be able to help me and she took me to another part of the store. She looked but she couldn't find any socks. She asked me if I was able to help myself and I said, "Oh just barely."

I told her I could tell whether or not I had cold feet. I implied that I was practically incompetent and was hardly able to help myself. I felt quite good, but I also felt almost insane. She thought I was funny, began laughing and said I was one of the craziest people she had ever seen.

Mr. Schramm (a legal client), who owned the place, then walked up. I told him what I needed and he said he might have some. We walked around behind a counter, bent down on our knees and crawled under it. He pulled out a box and from it took some small sealed envelopes, which reminded me of the kind that banks put money in. I then realized he wasn't even looking for socks.

He told me he was getting the envelopes out of there so he could go out for a "tear." He meant he was just going to go out for a good time. I said, "Oh I thought you were looking for socks."

He thought that was funny and he told me he wasn't looking for socks back there. I did notice some white socks hanging nearby but I didn't want white socks. Schramm and I stood up and I spoke again to the girl, who was very friendly.

### **Dream of: 31 May 1985 "Manufacturing Alcohol"**

I had gone to the country to visit a man (about 40 years old) on his farm. He began showing me an elaborate still in which he manufactured some kind of alcoholic drink. While looking at it he realized he had left the still operating while he had been away from it and he became concerned that the liquid inside might have boiled down to too low a level. He examined it and poured some of the liquid into a glass. I drank some – it tasted great.

A number of trees were around the area which were used for making the alcoholic drink. I picked up a piece from the inside of one of the trees and began chewing it. It was palpable and tasted good.

Another man (about 50 years old) who apparently lived nearby showed up. He asked me to come to

his place and spend the night with him. I told him I would and boarded his truck with him. We planned to go to his place for a while and then return to visit the first man some more.

Before we pulled off, an old car pulled up and the man inside turned it off. The car continued running for a moment even after it had been turned off but finally stopped. The man inside stepped out; he looked just like the manager of the building of the Law Office on Cedar Springs. He was the son of the first man. He had a deformity which caused him to have a serious limp. He walked up, was quite friendly and talked with us a bit. I got ready to leave with the second man and he told us to come back anytime and visit with him. I remembered I had recently met a fellow who had a limp like that while I had been flying on a plane from Midland, Texas to Dallas.

The second man began to drive off the premises. As we rode away, we passed under a building which was over the road. From a window in the building a girl (perhaps 10 years old) was looking down on us. I didn't know who she was but thought it was curious to see her up there like that.

The second man began driving down a one lane country lane which was obviously the driveway to his house. As he drove he began showing off and

slid around backwards into a cornfield. He knocked over a number of cornstalks and he couldn't seem to stop. We kept sliding and sliding backwards and I feared we would hit something. We slid around some trees and finally slid close to a barn. He couldn't seem to stop the truck and I was becoming worried.

But finally we reached his house and came to a stop. I was surprised to see quite a few animals around the house including several dogs. The man told me to get out of the truck but I was afraid because I saw a large grizzly bear run up to the truck. It appeared to be tame, but I remained in the truck contemplating the situation.

### **Dream of: 01 June 1985 "Concentrating On Art"**

While walking around downtown Dallas, I decided to visit the Dallas Art Museum - I had never been there. When I reached the museum I had to ascend some stairs to the second floor where admission tickets were being sold. Each ticket cost \$5 but there was a discount if four tickets were bought.

I had some one-dollar bills and a hundred-dollar bill. I wanted to change the hundred, but they didn't have any change at the ticket counter. So I handed over five ones for my ticket.

I walked in. The first room was more like a library than a museum. It contained small desks and on the shelves were books which apparently were all about art. Soft blue carpet bedecked the floor and the room seemed comfortable. Other people were there. I immediately liked the place and thought I should be coming there every day to study. I figured a membership could probably be bought so it wouldn't cost \$5 every time.

Finally I saw some abstract paintings on the walls. They were mostly just colors but I liked them. One painting in particular caught my attention. It consisted of mostly black and yellow. The black appeared to be shadows and the yellow appeared to be sunlight. I concentrated on the yellow sunlight until it became quite painful. It seemed as if my life was in bad shape because I had neglected art so long that my inner life was suffering a great deal. I was very unhappy with myself. Nevertheless when I looked at the sun in the picture, it made me realize there was still hope I might be able to salvage something from my life even in its presently miserable shape. But I needed to begin concentrating more on art. Although I was miserable I still saw some hope for my life.

**Dream of: 02 June 1985 "Rambo"**

I had gone swimming in swampy water with my mother, my father, my brother Chris and my sister. I remembered having seen in the movie *Rambo* how Sylvester Stallone had been held in some water and some leeches had attached themselves to him, and how he had cut off the leeches with a knife. While I was in the water, a leech attached to me on my left buttock close to my rectum. I asked my father to look at it. As he did so and tried to figure out how to detach it, I told him to heat a needle and stick it into the leech. I thought the leech would then let go. My father wouldn't do that, however, and he was unable to detach it.

Finally I myself managed to pull off the leech. I carried it into a house and as I toyed with it, the leech seemed to grow larger and larger until it looked like a large jelly fish. I finally decided we needed to put it onto a space ship and send it to another planet.

My whole family was in the house looking at the creature; I was afraid it was going to get on Chris. I pulled it away from Chris and finally disposed of it.

My father walked upstairs to a bedroom. The phone rang and I picked it up, but my father had already answered on a phone upstairs. The person on the phone was a woman responding to an ad I

had placed in the Dallas Observer. I heard my father speak to her and use the word "sizzling." Apparently the woman had told my father that in my ad I had said I was sizzling. I finally said, "Hello, dad. I've got it."

I asked the woman who she was; she said she was a woman I had talked with once before named Jan. I said, "Well, it certainly does not sound like Jan."

She said it might not sound like her because she had a cold and wasn't feeling well. I recalled that I had wanted to talk with her again, but that I simply hadn't had time to call her back. I was surprised to hear from her because the last time I had talked with her she had said that she wouldn't call me and that I would have to call her.

Since my whole family was in the room I was unable to talk with her at the moment. I couldn't use the phone in the other room because my father was there. I huddled down and spoke with her in a low voice.

### **Dream of: 05 June 1985 "Moldy Coconut"**

I was waiting in a courthouse to give some testimony at a hearing. I had arrived at 8 a.m. and waited all day while other people gave their testimony. Finally, about 10:30 that night, I was still here and I began calculating how much money I was being paid for being here. I was unsure



whether I was being paid a flat rate of \$75 for the whole day or \$20 an hour. I realized if I was only being paid a flat rate for the whole day, then I was losing a lot of time. I was very tired.

The court reporter looked just like the actress Cher. She had been typing all day long, and suddenly she fainted. Someone picked her up in his arms and carried her out. The judge was going to continue with the hearing anyway, but I stood and said, "I am leaving. I am not going to stay any longer. You can continue without me."

I walked out of the room. I was barefoot and walked into a neighboring room, where I thought I had left my shoes. I saw my brown suede shoes and my black shoes sitting in the room. I thought I would put on the brown shoes, since they were easier to slip on, and just carry out the black ones.

Meanwhile a woman I knew walked into the room with two men (each around 40 years old). The woman reminded me both of Karen Hicks (a Waco acquaintance) and of someone I had known in high school. I didn't know whether she was going to speak to me, but then she asked me if I wanted anything and pulled a piece of coconut out of a small refrigerator in the room. I said, "Sure."

The woman was rather heavy set, but she had large breasts and I thought she was attractive. She handed me the piece of coconut and for a

moment I thought she was just testing it on me, but I stuck it in my mouth anyway. When I did so I realized it was a bit moldy. She asked me if it was OK. I replied, "Yea, except it has mold."

I turned the coconut over in my hand to the brown part on its back and saw some mold there. Then I turned it back over to the white part and saw some blue mold there. I pointed out the blue part to the woman and said, "That's mold."

I asked her if she wanted some anyway and she said no. I said, "I don't either."

I walked over to a trash can and began spitting out what I had in my mouth. I thought about saying something like, "Well, you know it might be some kind of psychedelic we can get high off from."

I would only be kidding if I said that since I knew it wasn't a psychedelic; but since I didn't think it would be a good thing to say, I didn't.

### **Dream of: 06 June 1985 "Adoption Process"**

I was in my mother's 29th Street House in Portsmouth, listening to my mother and my sister talking in the background about going to court to obtain adoption papers for someone whom they were trying to help. They mentioned a bond and I thought there must be a bond for adoptions. I recalled I had recently gone to court to open an

administration of estate and to obtain a temporary restraining order. In that instance I had been obliged to go to a bonding company and obtain a bond. When I began calculating in my mind how much the bond had cost, I realized that in the case of the temporary administration, the bond had been one percent, whereas the bond in the case of the temporary restraining order had been two percent. I didn't know how much an adoption bond would cost. In addition to the bond, I thought an oath would have to be taken when the child was adopted.

After I had talked a while with my mother and my sister, I realized that Tammy Farner (my first girlfriend when I had been in the second grade and the first girl I ever kissed) was living in that town. When I asked my mother and my sister if Tammy had ever gotten married, they said no, that she was thinking about it. I thought about calling up Tammy up and asking her to go out with me. Even though it had been over 20 years since she had seen me, I thought she would remember me; I thought I would like to go out with her. But I didn't call her and left.

When I returned the next day I discovered a woman there. A small, round baby crib (only about ten centimeters high) which looked like a basket was also in the room; inside the crib was a baby. Water was in the crib and it looked as if the baby

was barely holding its head above the water. When I tipped the crib a bit, it looked as if the water went over the baby's head. I quickly picked the baby up out of the crib.

I called to my mother and asked her if she knew the baby was under water. When I asked my mother who the baby was, she said it was the baby for which they had been planning the adoption. When I held the baby in my hand, it was very cold (almost like a statue) because the water had been cold. Gradually the baby began to thaw out and became more limber; I could tell it was still alive.

I thought I myself might like to have a baby like this to hang around my neck like some kind of pendulum. But I realized the baby would gradually grow and would be unable to be worn like that very long.

When I looked again at my hands, I realized I wasn't actually holding a baby, but some pictures. When I looked at the pictures more closely, they seemed to be of a girl (about 17 years old). I asked my mother about the pictures. Apparently they were pictures of the same girl who had been the baby and who was being adopted by the woman. I asked my mother who the girl was and I suddenly realized she was actually my daughter whom I hadn't seen in years. She had now grown up and was being adopted by someone else.

In the pictures the girl was learning to use a typewriter or a computer. A sequence of pictures went through the stages of the girl's learning to use the computer.

She was an extremely pretty girl. She had black hair and was wearing a black sweater. She reminded me somewhat of the actress Marlo Thomas. I decided, since the girl was my daughter, I wanted to see her. I decided to go see her even if the woman adopting her objected.

The woman adopting her was overweight and reminded me somewhat of a Dallas attorney I knew named Frieda.

The more I looked at the pictures, the more emotional I became as I thought about the girl being my daughter and I began to silently cry. Crying felt good because the crying released pent up emotions caused by thinking about the girl who was my daughter. I resolved that at last I was going to see the girl and tell her she was my daughter. I felt good about having a daughter.

### **Dream of: 06 June 1985 (2) "Winning Ticket"**

While driving along a turnpike I came to the pay booth and pulled up to it. The woman in the booth gave me a small ticket (about two centimeters long and a centimeter wide) which I opened. It said I had won a free trip. I asked the woman to

explain what it meant. She explained that I had won a free trip to anywhere in the world where I wanted to fly. I began thinking about where I would go and thought I might want to go to New Delhi. I mentioned New Delhi and a fellow standing nearby who looked like an Indian smiled when he heard me say that. I didn't understand well and I began asking her many questions.

Other cars began pulling up behind me. Finally some black man got out of his car, walked up and began talking. I explained to the man what had happened and gave him my ticket. He examined it. The woman who had originally given me the ticket had to do something and left. Several other people gathered around. Finally I asked the man to give me the ticket back. He said, "Wait a minute. I'm not through with it."

He continued looking at it and then I noticed he had put his hands behind his back. I thought he might be switching my ticket with one he had received which wasn't a winner. Another black man walked up.

I saw some police officers nearby and said, "Officers, he won't give me my ticket. He won't give me my ticket."

They didn't seem to want to help me. So I took the matter into my own hands and began trying to get the ticket from him. I finally managed to wrestle

the ticket from him, but it was the wrong one. I then realized he had switched it with the other black man behind him. I grabbed the other black man and began beating on him. I beat him ferociously, but still he wouldn't return my ticket. He didn't defend himself and he didn't seem bothered by my hitting him over and over as hard as I could in the face, but he still refused to give me my ticket.

**Dream of: 09 June 1985 "Misery Loves Company"**

I had gone to the police station to visit a friend who had been arrested for something involving cocaine. I boarded an elevator which contained several passengers including a fellow who had also been charged with a cocaine offense and who at that moment had a large quantity of cocaine wrapped around his chest. Apparently it was the same cocaine for which my friend had been arrested.

The elevator descended to the basement instead of stopping at the appropriate floor. Everyone departed from the elevator except me and the man with the cocaine. He turned to me and asked me to take a handful of the cocaine and put it in a coke cup which was in a trash can in the elevator.

I took a handful of the cocaine, put it into my pocket, took it back out of my pocket and finally

put it into the coke cup. Having finished, I noticed white spots of cocaine powder all over me. Before I had time to wipe off the powder, the elevator door opened again and some plain-clothes policemen stepped onto the elevator.

They were obviously suspicious of something and began sniffing the air. One of them touched the powder on my jacket with his finger, smelled it and told me I was under arrest. They also arrested the other fellow.

I knew that I had been arrested once before and that this arrest would have serious consequences. I would go to jail for a long time.

The policeman took me off the elevator. On that floor I saw the friend whom I had come to visit. He was sitting in a room behind a glass wall. He looked at me and said, "You too?"

I answered, "Yes."

I told him cocaine was the basis of my arrest. He said something about "that damned stuff." I could tell he was, to some degree, glad to see I had also been arrested; but that didn't bother me. Perhaps it was a consolation to him that one of his friends was also in jail. I felt like saying something like "misery loves company."



But I was upset because I had been arrested. I kept thinking about how serious the matter was and how I surely would receive a stiff sentence.

But suddenly I began thinking of what had just transpired as more of a story and not as something that had really happened. I walked out onto the street where I saw a group of people and I shouted, "Why are these people in jail?"

I was referring to people who had been charged with drug offenses. I wanted to express the sentiment that in the United States people should be asking why people were being arrested for drug charges. People shouldn't be put in jail for such offenses. It was a crime in and of itself to put people in jail for drug charges. I wanted people to really began asking themselves why these people were being put in jail.

I wanted people to know it was the drug dealers themselves who wanted drugs to be illegal. The laws, to a large extent, were controlled by the drug bosses. I thought about all the people who were in jail on drug charges and how their only hope for freedom was a change in the drug laws. If I myself were actually in jail for drug charges I would work very hard for a change in the drug laws so I might one day be set free.

I looked across the street and saw some people with machine guns had pulled up and had started

shooting people. The machine gunners aimed in my direction. I jumped down behind a wall and began crawling up some stairs. Finally I rose and began running up the stairs.

Suddenly I met a man on the stairs with a machine gun who was just about to shoot a woman. I jumped him and wrestled the machine gun from him. I continued running up the stairs with the gun and ran through a door into a hotel. The door to the hotel was shot out behind me.

I began thinking I needed to find a room in the hotel, open the window and begin shooting down at the people in the street who had machine guns. Or, if I wanted, I could merely sit in the room and wait. If someone were to come in who appeared dangerous I could simply shoot them.

### **Dream of: 11 June 1985 "Russians"**

I was with my father and my mother in a large house filled with old furniture. We were planning to spend the night in the house. My father and my mother went to bed in one room while I went to another room rather distant from theirs.

I turned on a television in my room and began watching the last part of a movie which appeared to be dealing with the history of Russia and showed people carrying Russian signs in the

street. I had seen the show once before and had liked it. It seemed to me it was titled "Russians."

Just as the show was ending I heard my mother scream, "Turn it off!"

She screamed something else which sounded like, "Provide for yourself! Provide for yourself!"

Even after I had turned off the TV, I could still hear my mother screaming. I hollered back to her and said, "It's off."

I walked out of my room and down past the room where my mother and my father were. Some mirrors were arranged there so I could see my parents, although they weren't able to see me. I watched them for a few minutes. My mother appeared to be upset because I had been watching the TV. My father rose and said he was going to teach me a lesson. When I saw him pick up something, I figured he was going to try to whip me.

I decided to hide and I thought about going back to my room and crawling under the bed. But when I thought about how big the house was, I thought perhaps I would go up into the attic. However I was a bit afraid some rats might be in the attic. I was confused about where to go, but I knew I must act quickly because my father was coming.

## **Dream of: 12 June 1985 "Second Thoughts"**

My father, my mother, my grandfather Liston, my grandmother Leacy, Louise and I boarded a car at the House in Patriot and drove off toward Southwestern High School where Louise and I were going to be married for the second time. The driver, Louise and I were in the front seat.

Although I was apprehensive about marrying Louise again, I had decided to do so anyway. Louise and I talked about how we needed to try to understand each other better to make the second marriage work.

I thought about all the people we had invited to the wedding, including my uncle Ronald and his family. A reception was planned to follow the ceremony, and Louise and I would be given gifts. I told Louise I wished we had decided to simply marry without having any big wedding - just the two of us.

Of course it was too late now and we had to go through with the wedding as planned. As Louise and I continued talking, we soon fell to arguing a bit about something. I cared about her, but at the moment I was rather displeased with her.

When we were within sight of the high school, I looked down and suddenly realized I was nude below the waist. I was wearing a shirt (I thought my suit was in the trunk), but I didn't have any

underwear. I blurted out, "I forgot to bring any underwear."

Reflecting more, I realized I had also left the greenish-gray suit (which I had planned to wear) at the House in Patriot; I said, "I forgot to bring my suit. I'm going to have to go back."

Everyone was upset. At first I thought they would return to the House with me; but they informed me they thought it would be best for them to be let off at the high school, and for me to drive back to the House by myself. I was reluctant because I thought returning to the House would make me appear like a fool.

It was already 12:30 and the wedding was supposed to take place at 1:30. I still might have time to go back and return before 1:00. But I still thought everyone would think I was a fool because of my forgetfulness.

We pulled up in front of the high school where a number of cars were parked and several people were standing around. I didn't see anyone I recognized; I thought that perhaps another wedding was taking place or that perhaps a basketball game had been held here this morning.

My grandfather and my grandmother said they wanted to be let off so they could dine. Louise, my father and my mother also wanted let off. My

grandfather and my grandmother got out and My grandfather handed me the key to the House in Patriot. The key was on a key chain and he held the house key between his fingers so I would know which key was the house key. The key was gold and had a triangular head.

Everyone else except my father descended from the car. My father said he wanted let off at a small meat market a short distance up the road. He wanted to wait there instead of going inside with everyone right now.

I said, "Well dad, if you're just going to wait at the meat market, why don't you just ride back with me?"

I wanted to talk with him. I was having second thoughts about the marriage and I was unsure it was a good idea.

### **Dream of: 13 June 1985 "Metamorphosis"**

Another person was riding with me in a car which I was driving in the country. We rode past a field which contained what at first appeared to be a large haystack. However, the more I looked at the haystack, the more it appeared to be a large animal. It was dark brown and appeared to be a mastodon.

Another car pulled up and two men stepped out. As they walked toward the animal, I feared they were going to injure it. I stopped the car, got out and began walking toward the animal.

The brown dirt of the field had been recently plowed. I stepped around some puddles of water. When I finally drew closer, I realized the object was simply a man, albeit a very large man, sitting on a tractor. I thought that he had actually been the animal and that he had changed back into a man.

The man suddenly jumped from the tractor and ran into a nearby barn. The other two men ran after him and I thought they were going to try to hurt him. I also ran toward the barn and reached it before the other two pursuers. Once I was inside the barn, I saw the man standing in front of me. When the other two men then entered the barn, I told them not to hurt the man.

I asked the man if he could change into things. When he indicated he could, I asked him if he would change into a cow. At first he didn't want to do so, but finally he agreed to do it. He stooped over onto his hands and knees. I thought the transformation would happen instantly before our eyes, similar to the one I had seen in the movie *An American Werewolf in London* when a man

transformed into a werewolf. Instead, this transformation took about two hours.

I thought about how sometimes these types of metamorphoses do not actually occur as in the movies and how they actually take much more time than a person would anticipate. The two hours passed as if I weren't even here. When I finally looked up, I knew the man had changed into a large, white, beautiful cow.

### **Dream of: 16 June 1985 "Such A Relief"**

I was staying on the ground floor of a large Victorian house in which my sister was living. My mother lived nearby. Some people came to the house to visit my sister, but they only stayed a few minutes. After the people left, my sister went into her bedroom.

I was only wearing a pair of light blue shorts. I thought about going into my sister's bedroom and asking her if she would masturbate me. I went to her door, knocked on it and said her name.

I opened the door and walked in. She was standing completely nude in front of me. I approached her and asked, "Will you jack me off?"

She replied, "I don't mind."

I knew it would be wrong for me to masturbate myself, and I thought it might be wrong for her to



do it to me, but I didn't think it would be that bad if she were the one to do it instead of me. I pulled off my shorts. She grabbed my penis with both hands and began rapidly masturbating me.

I grabbed both her breasts and began squeezing them. That definitely enhanced the sensation. She propped one of her feet up on the chair to a dinette which resembled one my father used to own. Gradually she brought her mouth down, stuck my penis into it and allowed me to thrust my penis deep into it. Suddenly I said, "I'm coming. I'm coming."

I wanted to ejaculate in her mouth, but she pulled my penis out of her mouth and held it. I didn't say anything because it felt so good anyway. Suddenly I experienced a tremendous ejaculation. The sperm shot about three meters into the air, over and over. I put my hand in front of my penis to catch the sperm because I didn't want it to get on everything. I caught a whole handful of sperm but it had still been splattered all about.

I finally stopped. It was such a relief. I ran into the bathroom and dumped the handful of sperm into the sink. I walked back into the room and immediately put my shorts back on. I asked my sister, "When's mom getting back?"

She said she didn't know. I realized we were in a delicate position because my mother could walk in

at any moment without even knocking. Sperm was all over the room. I quickly began putting on the rest of my clothes.

### **Dream of: 17 June 1985 "Christ's March To Calvary"**

My ex-wife Louise was with me in a large white car which I had recently acquired. I was driving, even though I hadn't yet learned to drive the car well. It suddenly struck me that the steering wheel on the car was gigantic. It was about two meters in diameter and too wide for me to clasp both sides. I tried to guide the car by simply holding on to the very bottom of the steering wheel, but I couldn't seem to do it well and besides, something seemed to be malfunctioning in the car. We finally reached an intersection in a town and as I turned the corner, I realized I was losing control of the car and I didn't know what to do. The car turned all the way around so it began going backwards down the street.

Finally the rear end of our car rolled into the front of another car which displayed a rather intricate grill work. I feared I had smashed the grill. Then we hit a second car, but it looked as if the actual damage to both cars was slight.

Louise and I stepped from the car. Almost immediately some police appeared and asked me for my identification. I looked through my billfold

but I couldn't find any. My American Express card also seemed to be missing, although some of my other credit cards were still in my billfold.

I had quite a few pictures in my billfold which appeared to have been taken while I had been on a trip to Mexico. The pictures were of some kind of religious procession and appeared to be of a reenactment of Christ's march to Calvary. Several pictures showed crosses and people carrying crosses. One picture showed a burning cross. I rapidly flipped through them.

My silver Texas Bar card which showed I was admitted to practice law in Texas was in my billfold, but it had a large hole in it and several small round holes. I didn't know where the holes had come from. When a policeman finally walked up to me, I said, "I can't find my identification."

He said, "Well, divide everything up in your wallet into separate stacks and we'll go through it."

He wanted me to make separate stacks of pictures, credit cards and other items. I replied, "It's no use. It's just not there."

Finally the policeman simply took my billfold and its contents, pointed to a small movie theater in front of us and told Louise and me to go sit down there. Louise and I went inside, walked to the front of the theater and sat down.

I had been drinking some alcohol before the accident; I thought all the effects of the alcohol had worn off, but I was still afraid I might be charged with driving while intoxicated. I told Louise I wasn't going to take any kind of breath or blood test to determine alcohol content.

After we had sat there for a while, I said to Louise, "Well you know you're a lawyer. You ought to go back there so you can represent me and try and get us out of here."

We walked back up to the front of the theater and into the lobby. A policeman immediately stepped up to me and told me I was under arrest for transporting a minor. He was referring to Louise. I began to lose control and exclaimed, "She's not a minor. She's 21 years old. She's a lawyer. I'm a lawyer."

I tried to ridicule the policeman in front of the others by saying, "You're arresting me for transporting a minor and here she's 21 years old."

But then I thought about Louise's age a bit more and said, "She's not 21. I'm so confused I don't know what I'm thinking. She's actually 27 years old."

Louise seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by my actions. Moreover, I didn't think she wanted everyone to know how old she was. She and I both

sat down on two stools in front of a counter where the police were still going through my billfold. One woman police officer began asking me some questions about the contents. She had found one piece of paper with the name "Ruth O'Neal" written on it. She asked me who that was and I said, "It's none of your business. I'm not going to answer your question about who these are. This is all personal affairs."

She asked me some other questions and I began becoming offended. Louise suggested to me that I should be patient and act Christian-like toward them. She said we would be better off that way. She seemed to be quite understanding about the whole matter.

I asked them what my bond would be. They said it would be around \$200 and I asked, "Will you take a check?"

The lady police officer said, "Yea. Up to two hundred dollars."

I figured the whole affair would probably cost about \$200.

Louise stood up for a minute; the top of her blouse had fallen down so her left breast was visible. It was firm, round and quite attractive. She started to sit back down on her stool, but someone else had sat there. So she sat down with me on mine.

A young policeman walked up; I thought he had seen Louise's breast, but I looked at Louise again and saw she had pulled her blouse up so her breast was no longer visible. Nevertheless I feared the policeman was attracted to Louise and I was afraid he might lock us up and rape Louise. I also thought Louise might even want to be with the policeman. The possibilities were rather disconcerting.

The policeman asked me more questions. Finally Louise spoke and said she wasn't going to stay with me any more after this. She said this was the final straw.

I saw a nearby house with peeling green paint which I thought belonged to me. I turned to Louise and began singing, "You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille. One big hungry mouth and the paint's on the peel."

Louise said she didn't like going on these little trips with me. I told her I knew that and that was why I rarely took her. I said, "You know I wasn't happy. That's why I didn't take you with me."

### **Dream of: 19 June 1985 "Being Convivial"**

I boarded a car in Portsmouth, Ohio being driven by Rembert Glass (my philosophy professor in my second year of college). Some other men were also riding in the car. Although I had been drinking

alcohol, I didn't know whether the others had been drinking. When we started talking about smoking marijuana, I had the feeling Rembert was taking us to 'Tubbs' (a Portsmouth acquaintance whom I had barely known in the early 1970s) house to get some marijuana.

We reached a building, got out of the car and walked into a small room adjacent to a basketball gym. About a dozen men and women were sitting in the room watching something on television. When Rembert went to one part of the room, I went to a different part and sat down.

Although I wasn't very intoxicated, I began acting intoxicated. I spoke to some women sitting there, trying to be friendly and nice.

I realized all the men in the room were firemen. I was surprised to see my old friend Randy Ramey there and I asked him, "Are you a fireman?" He kiddingly said that he wasn't and that he was just wearing his large rubber boots for no reason.

When another fellow walked up to me and asked me if I would follow him outside, I did so. Although I wasn't completely intoxicated, I was still feeling the effects of the alcohol. After we had walked into the parking lot, he told me I was going to have to leave because I was too intoxicated to stay there. He wasn't at all friendly.

I tried trying to explain that I wasn't really intoxicated. I told him I was only acting intoxicated to be as "convivial" as possible.

Rembert came out and walked over to us. He spoke and tried to help me out. Since I was talking clearly and I obviously wasn't intoxicated, the man began to leave me alone.

Some other men including my old friend Mike Walls came out and stood on a porch. Walls rolled up a joint, lit it and began passing it around.

Rembert walked over to Walls and the others and sat down. I wondered if Rembert had come over to help me because he knew I was now a lawyer and he had more respect for me than before, but I didn't know for sure he knew I was now a lawyer. I also didn't know whether he knew I had snapped out of my former debauched ways. If he did, he would probably feel better about having helped me.

I wondered if Ramey was inside trying to gloss over the way I had been acting there by telling the others that I was now a lawyer. I could just imagine him saying, "He's a lawyer now. He's one of the smartest people I know."

I walked over to where the joint was being passed around. I had already smoked a little marijuana earlier in the evening and I wanted some more. I



smoked some of Walls' joint with the others and then I spoke with Walls. When I recalled that I had had sex with Birdie (my black-haired girlfriend during my last two years of high school and first two years of college) earlier in the day, I thought about how strange it was that I would see Birdie and Walls on the same day.

When Walls rolled another joint and passed it around, I went to the end of the line and waited for the joint to come my way. When it finally reached me, I had to stoop over to get it. A greedy girl tried to grab it before I did, but I got it first (it never occurred to me that I might be considered greedy). I took a couple deep tokes from the joint, then handed it back to the girl.

I suddenly realized that the lit butt-end had somehow broken off from the joint and that it was still in my mouth. I walked over to the side; I thought I would simply smoke the butt end myself.

By now I was feeling rather intoxicated from both the marijuana and the alcohol. I was wearing a jacket with a hood which I had pulled up over my head.

When a girl walked up behind me and said she wanted a hit from the joint, I turned around and saw a very pretty girl whom I thought I recognized. She was a girl I had known as a schoolmate in junior high school, Maxie (although

I couldn't remember her name at the time). I handed her the joint and said I thought I knew her. I asked her if she had gone to Grant Junior High School in the seventh grade.

I asked her if she remembered me and she said she did, although we were unsure whether we had met in the seventh grade or the twelfth grade. I knew I had met two different girls in those grades who looked similar. I recalled having heard from someone at one time that this girl had liked me. I finally concluded her name was Becky Pruitt. I said to her, "Yea. You're the girl from Grant in the seventh grade. I remember you. You were very pretty and sweet and nice. Of course I don't remember you being that sweet and nice to me. Maybe you just weren't sweet to me. I don't know why. I was so lovable."

Suddenly I reached out, pulled her to me and began kissing her. Her mouth seemed wide. She seemed rather hollow as if there weren't all that much to her. The kiss wasn't bad, but not really enjoyable.

### **Dream of: 20 June 1985 "Turning Into A Cat"**

As a student in a high-school classroom, I was trying to figure out whether I was in the eleventh or twelfth grade and I finally concluded that I was probably in the twelfth grade. I had returned to high school because I had never actually finished

high school before beginning college, even though I knew it was unnecessary to now return.

The other students and I were sitting on long benches which resembled church pews. I was sitting in the back of the room. The students were supposed to be listening to a German phonograph record. I, however, was occupied reading an interesting, classic English novel.

The teacher, Dawson (a law professor), walked back to where I was and spoke to me. When I responded, he began scolding me for reading the book. I didn't become angry; I decided it would be best to simply shut the book, which I did. I sat quietly as Dawson continued to vent his anger. He seemed to have something against me personally and he wasn't merely upset because I had been reading the book. Finally he walked away and left the room.

The class dismissed, all the students left and I went to the toilet to urinate. As I stood at the urinal, I opened and began leafing through another book which had pictures and seemed to be some kind of comic book. As I was reading the book, I looked to my left and saw Dawson standing next to me watching me. He was obviously upset because I was reading another book. I thought he was really carrying the matter too far.

I finished urinating, turned to Dawson and spoke to him. Rather angry, I told him he had no right to try to impose his standards on me; I explained that I had my own standards.

I looked at myself in a large mirror in the toilet. I was wearing shorts and my hair was rather long. It looked as if I hadn't shaved in a couple of days. Dawson, who himself appeared not to have shaved in about a day, said, "Just look at you."

I realized I was a bit untidy, but that was because it was the weekend. I would shave again on Monday and tidy up. As I started out of the room, Dawson suddenly began severely criticizing me again and pushed me. I wasn't going to do anything at first, but I began to think he had really gone too far. I became angry, thought about it for a moment and then pushed him back.

He fell backwards, left the toilet and began running down the hall. I looked away for a moment and when I looked back at him, I saw he had turned into a cat running down the hall.

I wanted to talk with someone and tell them what had happened. Since I knew someone working for the newspaper was in the principal's office, I picked up a nearby phone and dialed the number of the office. I asked if someone from the newspaper was there and someone responded, "Yes."

A woman came to the phone on the other end. I wanted to make sure she would be objective and asked, "Do you work for the school or for the newspaper?"

She was reluctant to tell me and I asked, "Well who pays your salary, the school or the newspaper?"

She answered, "Except in emergencies, the school."

I decided I didn't want to tell her what had happened because I didn't think she would be objective. So I said, "Thank you," and hung up.

I went back to the classroom where I found a fellow student whom I knew. I began telling him what had happened and tried to be as objective as possible about it.

I knew Dawson had some definite reason for not liking me but I didn't know exactly what it was.

### **Dream of: 22 June 1985 "Lost Purse"**

I was standing alone outside the House in South Shore, Kentucky (across the Ohio River from Portsmouth, a four-room cottage where I lived for about a year when I was in the fifth and sixth grade) when I noticed what appeared to be a brown boot lying in the street. I had the feeling the boot was made of alligator skin. I walked over

to the boot and hit it with a stick I was holding. I bent over, picked it up and realized it was actually a purse.

I carried it back to the porch of the House. I began pulling some things out of the purse, including a pair of brown panty hose. A few coins fell out and I thought the purse might contain some money. I looked for some identification and finally found an ID which indicated the owner of the purse was a girl name "Hall."

I wondered how I could locate her to return the purse to her.

### **Dream of: 26 June 1985 "Duty Of Inquiry"**

While I was living and working in Waco I went to Dallas to visit Vaughn and Lynn (Waco attorneys) who had moved to Dallas from Waco. I hadn't seen either Lynn nor Vaughn in quite some time. When I met them we began talking and Vaughn told me he had a proposition for me.

He said he had a car which someone wanted to buy. He wanted me to first buy the car from him and then sell it to the person who wanted to buy it.

I was supposed to make a profit on the transaction. I thought about it and told him I saw no problem with the idea and thought I should be able to do it.

But I realized something must not be entirely legitimate because Vaughn himself wasn't selling the car directly to the purchaser. I thought Vaughn might be trying to avoid paying income taxes.

Vaughn and Lynn went into the next room and I began reflecting about whether I should go through with the scheme. I thought the central question was whether I had a "duty of inquiry." I decided if I had no duty of inquiry, then I wouldn't be breaking any ethical rules or other laws. However if I did have a duty of inquiry and I didn't in fact inquire about the nature of the transaction, then I would be breaking the rules.

Lynn walked back into the room and I began explaining to him what I thought about the "duty of inquiry." I began trying to figure out ways of avoiding the duty. Vaughn came back into the room and I said, "Well what about the possibility of – just if something did happen later – explaining that I had simply bought the car and then I had sold it to you at a profit later because I had just been able to buy it cheap and then sell it high."

Vaughn agreed that that would be the best story. But it bothered me because I was already fabricating a lie in advance. I knew there was something wrong with what I was doing. I

continued to hesitate about entering into the transaction.

Vaughn continued talking and asked me if I knew Perkins (a former fellow law student). I told him I did know Perkins. After Vaughn had moved to Dallas, Perkins had moved onto the same floor where my office was. He was even occupying the same office I used to occupy when Vaughn had still been on my floor. I was now occupying the office which Vaughn used to occupy.

Vaughn and I agreed that Perkins wasn't very intelligent. Perkins had won the practice court competition at Baylor Law School when I had been at Baylor. But he had barely passed the bar exam.

Vaughn seemed to think Perkins might be able to help us in the car transaction if it were necessary.

While we had been talking I had prepared and drunk a drink made of a mixture of milk and orange juice. I put down my glass and picked up another glass which had some water in it. I was going to prepare some orange juice and water in it. I poured some orange juice into the water and took a drink. I realized then it hadn't been water in the glass but rather some kind of pop which had lost its carbonation.

I poured the mixture out and began looking for something better to drink.



## **Dream of: 27 June 1985 "Three-Dimensional Collage"**

I was in one of the bedrooms of a cabin I had built on the Gallia County Farm. The well-built cabin had several rooms and was quite large. Several people were visiting me and one fellow was in the bedroom talking with me. Not realizing the cabin was mine, he began saying how he wished he had a cabin like this out in the woods where he could go anytime he felt like it.

I said to him, "I built this cabin."

He was surprised. I added, "If you ever feel like it, you can come up here and use it any time. Stay for a month at a time if you want."

I began explaining the cabin certainly had some defects but that it was nevertheless put together rather well.

I looked around the room and noticed the walls seemed to have some kind of brown paneling on them. At the same time it looked as if perhaps the wall covering was actually rugs which had been hung on the walls.

One wall in my room had an indentation in it and it was difficult to tell whether it was a space for a closet or whether it was part of the neighboring

room. The fellow asked me if it was a closet and I said, "No it's part of the neighboring room."

We walked outside together, continued talking and looked out over the vista of hills. He said something about how one might tire of the area because not much was happening there. I said, "No. As far as culture there's not a lot around here. But this view is certainly magnificent."

The view out over the hills was indeed magnificent.

A creek ran beside the cabin, and when I looked into the creek, I saw a floating log. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be two wings rise slowly out of the water on both sides of the log and then fall back into the water. We walked to the edge of the water and I pointed the log out to the other fellow.

I said, "Look at this."

As the log came closer to us, it disappeared. I then noticed a dead bird, probably a duck, floating just under the surface of the water. I said, "Look at that. Don't touch it."

Immediately behind the duck was what appeared to be a dead, dark-colored pony floating under the water.

Before the other fellow and I had gone to the cabin we had earlier been upstream and seen that same

pony. I suddenly realized the pony wasn't actually real; it was only a toy statue which someone had thrown into the water. I first hit it with a stick to be sure, then reached into the water and pulled it out.

Next I noticed a statue of a rather large black and white calf floating in the creek. It reminded me of some statues I had recently seen in Dallas in front of the Dallas Bar Association headquarters. I likewise pulled it out.

As I pulled the statues out I became rather excited. I thought perhaps I could use them to make some kind of collage, although I had never made a three-dimensional collage before. All my previous collages had only been with pictures. I thought it would be interesting using three dimensional objects.

I thought about how I might clean the statues with a brush. I thought about how I brushed my teeth and thought, "Just as I polish up my body I could polish this stuff up and make collages out of it."

Next I saw in the water a small white dog which looked like the dog that is an emblem for RCA. It was rather deep in the water. I began trying to pull it out.

**Dream of: 27 June 1985 (2) "Watching The River Flow"**

I was sitting in my 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit on the banks of the Ohio River in Portsmouth just a short distance east of the U.S. Grant Bridge with a woman who reminded me of Judith Varadachar (a woman a few years older than I whom I had recently met in Dallas). When she said something about massages, I told her I had never had a massage. As she described how good massages felt, she began pressing her index fingers into the sides of my neck. Her fingers felt rather good, although I didn't say anything.

After I turned around so my back was toward her, she began hitting my back with the side of her hands which also felt good. I thought someone could probably hit me in the back as hard as they could without hurting me.

Judith and I spoke. She had known me for many years, since I was about 20 years old and had long hair. I felt comfortable with her and knew I didn't have to explain how I used to sell drugs because she probably already knew. She also knew I had had a number of relationships with various women when I had been younger. She mentioned Ellen and she spoke Ellen's name in such a deprecatory manner, it was obvious she didn't approve of my having been involved with Ellen. She made a couple more snide comments about Ellen.

Although basically nonplused, the word "dissolute" kept going through my mind, a word which I thought described my teenage years quite well.

I began driving down the road along the Ohio River, came to a place where water was over the road and drove through the water without any problem. When I finally stopped the car, Judith and I stepped out and walked to a nearby spot where people were gathering to sunbathe. I looked out over the Ohio River, which seemed to be a bit high from a recent rain, and commented on how mighty and strong the river looked.

Although the river looked calm on the surface I knew the water underneath was moving rapidly.

I asked Judith if she knew how the water moved along. She said she did and I said something like, "It moves in like blocks down there. First one block will advance and then the block behind it will advance and so on. This cycle will repeat itself over and over."

Judith understood what I was saying.

I noticed quite a few people sitting behind us and Judith mentioned something about one of the girls sitting there. I didn't know to whom she was referring although one attractive girl did catch my attention. The girl was wearing a red top over rather large breasts and seemed to be wearing

black leather pants. Judith said the girl used to be a friend of hers.

After we had sat a while longer I noticed that most people around us had left. On the levy behind us someone was talking on a loudspeaker and apparently ordering the people to leave. I thought there must be some danger of a flash flood.

We boarded my car again and I began driving up the road over the levy. I tried to ascend in second gear, but I couldn't make it. After backing down the levy and starting over in first gear, I had no problem.

Judith and I sat in the car on the levy a while. The road had been blocked off farther down so we couldn't go back down to the river by another route. I figured a flash flood was imminent and I thought we might just stay there and wait for it to come.

### **Dream of: 10 July 1985 "Lowered Energy Level"**

As I was riding with some other passengers on a bus, I noticed two young black men bothering a young white woman (all three around 20 years old). I hesitated to interfere, but finally I stood and walked over to them. I pulled the men away from the woman, grabbed her and took her to the front of the bus.

I realized I was stronger than I had thought. I wasn't wearing a shirt and I could see and feel the muscles in my arms. I knew the men were afraid of me.

The bus stopped and the woman and I disembarked. We were on a secluded road in the country surrounded by large, green trees. We walked to a clearing beside the road where we found a couch and what appeared to be a small movie screen set up in front of the couch. The girl sat down on the couch and I sat on the ground.

Two babies were sitting on the ground near me. I picked one up. It was a male (probably less than a year old). I lay back on my back and set the baby on my chest.

I enjoyed feeling its amazingly soft skin. It lay on my stomach, looked me in the face and smiled. I enjoyed that. Finally it clambered off me and sat nearby in the grass.

I looked to the couch and saw my sister (about 20 years old) sitting there. I realized the two babies were hers. My sister had short curly hair and reminded me of Brooks Shield. She was wearing a white slip and was extremely attractive.

I looked at the movie screen; pictures had begun appearing. Several pictures didn't seem to make sense to me. But suddenly the pictures moved

together in an animated way to form a large map-like picture of the continent of Africa. Each picture represented a different part of the continent. It was quite well done.

The music in the background was quite intriguing. It sounded like South American dance music. Listening to the music, I thought I would like to do some dances like the Cha-cha and I imagined dancing intricate steps around a ball room floor.

I thought about dancing with Nina Cahan (a Dallas acquaintance). If we went dancing we could dance most dances together, but we could also dance with other partners. I liked the idea.

My attention was momentarily distracted from the screen. When I looked back some kind of movie was on. It seemed rather desultory and I perceived a lack of energy in me as I watched it. I remembered recently reading somewhere about people who just watched television in the evenings when they returned home from work. Watching movies like that seemed to lower my energy level.

### **Dream of: 15 July 1985 "Falling From The Air"**

Louise and I were living in two separate houses next door to each other. She called me on the telephone and told me we were going to have to stop seeing each other completely. I said, "Fine."



I hung up the phone without saying another word.  
I thought if she meant what she said, there was  
nothing else to talk about.

I walked to a window and looked out into the large  
back yard. I rather felt like running out into the  
yard and screaming. I wondered what Louise  
would think if she came out and found me tangled  
up in some clothes lines as if I had fallen from the  
air.

The image of my falling from the air and becoming  
entangled in clothes lines fairly paralleled the  
mood I was in. The idea of Louise finding me thus  
seemed to somehow symbolize how I felt about  
things.

### **Dream of: 20 July 1985 "My Duty"**

I had been living in a large house with my mother  
and two other children which she had. When my  
grandfather came to visit us one day, the three of  
us began talking. My mother had recently been  
having some financial difficulties and my  
grandfather began saying it was my duty to  
provide for my mother. I flatly told him that  
providing for her wasn't my duty. Although I had  
recently been helping out my mother, I wanted it  
to be perfectly understood that I had no duty to  
assist her. I said, "It is not my duty to support  
her."

My mother spoke up and agreed with me. She told my grandfather that I was 27 years old and that I no longer had a duty to take care of her or her children.

My mother had been working as a secretary in one of my competitor's law office, but recently she had completely taken over that other law office and she was now trying to run the office herself. I considered the possibility of my hiring her to work in my law office and thereby possibly solving some of her financial problems. I knew she didn't speak Spanish, however, and I needed someone who spoke Spanish.

I walked into my bedroom. I had a small movie projector which I sat down on the floor on one side of the bed. I aimed the projector across the bed to the opposite wall. A black and white old-time movie began and an image of a man appeared on the wall. His image was just about my height and he seemed to be standing in front of some students in a classroom.

The man was named Brandeis and I recognized him as a Supreme Court Justice from the 1930s. Addressing the image of the man, I began arguing a case on which I was working. Delving into some detail about the case, I was rather impressed with the complexity of the case. Apparently the case was on appeal to a federal circuit court.

I looked at the image of the man on the screen before me and I said, "You are wrong in this case."

I knew the man had opposed me on the case which dealt with an issue of immigration. The man was opposed to the immigration of my client. I had once admired the man, but I now felt as if he were morally wrong about his stance on this case. Since I had never fully trusted the man, I therefore wasn't really disappointed in him.

As I continued talking about the case I felt rather proud of myself for having carried it to such a point and being able to challenge the rather formidable professor in such a worthy cause. I was certain I was right, but I thought the professor was unbendable in his position and I had only the merest scintilla of hope that he would change.

The picture on the wall changed and another man appeared. He was a short man and his features and the way he dressed reminded me of Charlie Chaplin. He likewise was apparently a judge. He certainly didn't seem as dignified as the first man and he looked a bit eccentric. But I realized he agreed with my version of the case and I felt a great deal of respect for him. The picture of the first man returned and I continued practicing my argument.

I felt good about practicing the way I was doing. I knew I had reached a point when it was important

to be doing what I was doing. I wondered if my mother could hear me from the other room. If it bothered her she would just have to accept it. I no longer felt diffident about what I was doing. I thought she would probably end up being proud of me.

I moved the projector a little to see if I could throw a better picture on the wall. The picture seemed to be somewhat cut off at the bottom by the bed the way it was. But when I moved the projector the whole image became too light to see. So I moved it back the way it was. It was a very good picture even though it looked as if it would be better if the bed weren't in the way.

### **Dream of: 21 July 1985 "Chasm In The Cemetery"**

I was at a party with several other people, including mother (only about 30 years old) who had black hair and who reminded me somewhat both of my sister and of my ex-wife, Louise. She seemed to be rather unhappy. I talked with her for a while and then turned around with my back to her. As I continued talking to her with my back to her, she reached around me and put her hand on my penis.

I turned back around toward her and continued talking to her. She apparently had been drinking

alcohol rather extensively and appeared intoxicated.

She decided to leave the party and go home and without saying anything, she picked up her coat and walked out the front door. When I realized she had left, I ran outside to follow her. I knew she lived nearby and I thought she was probably intending to simply walk home.

Outside, I found myself on the corner of a busy street which my mother had already crossed. But she had to again cross the street farther down the block to get to where she was going. I crossed the street and walked down the block to where she would have to cross, but she crossed the street at a different point from where I had expected and she ended up about a half block ahead of me. I began running toward her, with the street on my right. On my left was some kind of indistinct building, perhaps a church or a school. She walked onto the lawn of the building, took off her coat and laid it down. When some black men approached her, I called to her, "Patty. Watch out. There's a man."

She had her back to the man about whom I was hollering and she couldn't see him. When he stood still, I ran up to him and told him to stay away from my mother. He stood up on a marble rock and indicated that he had only come there to

practice making a speech and he declared, "I'm an astronaut."

I realized that he wasn't dangerous and that he wasn't going to bother anybody. I also looked around and realized that we were in a cemetery and I realized the man was going to talk about the dilapidated state of the cemetery. A large chasm (perhaps plowed by a bulldozer) about two or three meters deep ran down the cemetery's middle. I looked into the chasm and saw some clothes, as if some of the graves had been opened up.

When my mother descended into the chasm, I decided to follow her. I began climbing down two bookshelves standing in the chasm, until the one I was on began tipping over and fell into the second one. Before the bookshelves fell all the way over, my mother caught and stopped them.

I clambered down to the ground and we straightened the shelves back up. We tried to be quiet because the astronaut was beginning to make his speech.

### **Dream of: 22 July 1985 "For The Benefit Of God"**

I had been perfunctorily filing papers for some legal cases which I was preparing for trial. But as I looked more closely at the papers, I realized they

were actually parts of some board games which I had been playing. I was already fairly involved with one of the games, which was quite intriguing. Even as I was still trying to understand and figure out how to win, I continued playing the game.

It was quickly evident that at certain stages of the game, I would have to confront the devil. When I would first meet the devil in one of the early stages, I wouldn't need to be terribly concerned about the outcome of the confrontation. It wasn't necessary that I defeat the devil in the early stage. I simply needed to be aware of the confrontation and learn from it.

However, when I would confront the devil in a later stage of the game, I would definitely need to be concerned about the outcome. In the later stage I would need to use all the skill I could muster, because the devil would be using tricks on me.

As I continued playing the game, I encountered a small statue which looked humanoid, except that the head simply looked like a round ball. The ball-head could be opened to reveal a set of teeth inside. I immediately knew that as part of the game, I needed to twist the ball-head off the statue. I grabbed the ball-head with my hand, wrenched it off and threw it down. I also uttered some words to indicate that I was performing this

action for the benefit of God, and that I myself wasn't responsible for what I was doing.

Once I had performed the rite, I realized the statue had represented the devil. Since I had twisted the head off the devil for this one particular stage of the game, I no longer needed to concern myself about this stage. Now I should move on to other stages of the game.

I also knew that this was only an early stage. In a later stage of the game, I would once again be presented with the opportunity to twist off the head of the devil. But the next time, the task would be more complicated and require more cunning. Merely twisting off the head might not be sufficient. In the later stage, the devil might be able to live, even though the head had been wrenched off.

### **Dream of: 23 July 1985 "Screwing Around"**

I was visiting my mother at her home in Portsmouth. I was lying on a bed in one bedroom, talking to my mother who was in the adjoining room. We talked for a while about Kay (my father's blonde second ex-wife, a couple years older than I). When I told my mother that I might visit Kay and that I might even go to bed with Kay, my mother said, "Oh. You're going to screw around with her."



I said, "Yea. I might."

I thought I might indeed go to bed with Kay. I tried to remember whether Kay still lived in the neighboring town of New Boston or whether she lived on Eighth Street in Portsmouth just a few doors away from my father's home. I finally concluded that she lived in New Boston. I remembered the last time I had been in Portsmouth, Kay had invited me to come and visit her. I was uncertain whether I should first tell my father if I were going to visit her.

I was also concerned Kay might have a venereal disease. I thought I would need to be careful.

After my mother and I had talked about it for a while, I realized my mother might be somewhat jealous of Kay. Finally my mother walked into the bedroom where I was lying naked in the bed. We planned to sleep together in the bed. Wearing a tee shirt and a pair of blue panties, she lay down beside me.

I rolled over on top of her. I felt comfortable with her because I had frequently gone to bed with her in the past. I had an erection. She spread out her legs and I began hunching her. I slipped my hands inside her panties from behind and began feeling her buttocks. She grabbed my penis with her hand. It felt as if at the same time she were pulling down her panties and as if she were trying to

insert my penis into her vagina. I said, "Hold it.  
Hold it."

I wanted her to stop because I felt as if I were going to have a premature ejaculation; but it was too late – I suddenly ejaculated before she was even able to insert my penis into her.

### **Dream of: 24 July 1985 "Gray Lizards"**

I was in a park on a beach somewhere in Florida playing volleyball with some men and women, most of whom were quite good. At one point I bumped into one of my teammates, who somewhat reminded me of Beasley. We were going in opposite directions and I had to sit down to figure out which way we should be going. I was rather confused and I decided to draw a diagram showing how the players should move. On a piece of paper I drew a picture of the volleyball court and three lines to represent the lines of players. I had to redraw the diagram several times because I couldn't seem to get it right.

I was trying to determine exactly who served the ball each time and where the person went after the serve. I finally figured out which way to move, began playing again and found myself standing in the far-right corner of the court just as a ball was hit toward me. I tried to hit it, but I just touched it, so it went out of bounds causing the point to go against my team. If I hadn't touched the ball, we

probably would have received the point because the ball would have gone out of bounds by itself. I felt quite bad about that and I thought the other players probably thought I was losing the game for them, but no one said anything.

My turn came to serve. I was uncertain whether I could throw the ball up in the air and hit it overhand. I took a few practice shots hitting the ball overhand just to see if I could do it, but when it actually came time to serve, I hit the ball underhanded.

The game ended. I walked over to a small bench in an enclosure in a picnic area and sat down. I had been traveling around and felt quite happy and free, but I felt I needed to be using my time productively and I especially felt as if I needed to be writing something.

A tall woman walked over and spoke to me. She had shoulder-length blonde hair and was probably in her late 20s. She reminded me somewhat of Louise, Judith (a Dallas acquaintance) and Mary Circle (a woman I met in Chillicothe in 1980) at the same time. Her figure reminded me somewhat of Patricia Rogers (another Dallas acquaintance). She was wearing a white dress and her legs were tanned brown.

She spoke to me of an activity with which she was involved which was similar to surfing, only that

some kind of kite-like wings were attached to the person trying to ride the waves. A person could fly about from one wave to another and sometimes fly quite high over the waves. The woman thought I might be interested in trying it, but it sounded rather scary to me.

I asked her what would happen if someone broke a leg or something like that. She said the person would still be able to fly from wave to wave until the person reached the shore. One would simply have to be careful. She said little danger was involved. It seemed interesting, but I was unsure I wanted to try. It seemed dangerous to me, although I did imagine in my mind what it would be like flying over the waves coming toward the shore.

As we talked, I looked down in my lap and noticed I was nude. My penis was also standing erect; I vainly tried to cover it. The woman also noticed and said, "That must be embarrassing."

I told her it was sometimes embarrassing; I tried to cover myself, but she didn't seem to mind. After talking for a long time, we stood and walked to a nearby tree. A gray lizard (which blended in with the tree's gray bark) was climbing down the tree; I pointed the lizard out to the woman and said, "Well, you've probably seen a lot of those things down here."

Looking more closely at the tree I noticed several more gray lizards climbing around on it.

The woman and I walked back into the enclosure which, although it had no walls, had a large cement sliding door over a doorway. I pushed the door back and forth for a minute.

I wanted to kiss the woman, but I didn't think kissing her was appropriate because I thought I had become celibate. We talked a while longer.

Finally she left, but she soon returned with another fellow older than she. They walked around outside the enclosure together; seeing her with the other fellow upset me. I called out to her and said I was leaving, even though I really didn't have to leave.

I had the feeling she hadn't known I was still here until I called out. My calling seemed to surprise her, but apparently my leaving didn't make much difference to her. I gathered together a stuffed blue back pack and a sleeping bag I had with me. I wanted to walk to the entrance of the enclosure so she could see I was really intending to leave.

She was about to get into a car with the man just as I reached the entrance where she could see me. I hoped when she drove by she would look my way and see me leaving, but she boarded the car and drove past me without even looking. I felt quite

depressed because I was just going to leave without her knowing.

### **Dream of: 26 July 1985 "Rural Texas Town"**

I had ridden a bicycle to a town which was the county seat of a rural Texas county. I had only been planning on passing through the town without stopping, but I was attracted to a number of large, magnificent buildings in the town. I began riding up a steep hill in the center of the town and passed several large, beautiful, brick buildings which looked like large cathedrals.

I didn't see any people around and the town appeared deserted. I continued up the hill and came closer to the top. I suddenly realized that at the top of the hill was an abrupt cliff which went down the other side. When I came close to the top I stopped and parked my bicycle and began walking toward the edge. There I saw a vast valley spreading out down below me.

A cement floor led right up to the edge of the cliff. A small sign was there which said that it was dangerous and that the whole thing could fall in. A metal bar went along the edge. The area was covered by a roof and had the appearance of a patio. To my left was a door which appeared to lead into a little house which was apparently inhabited.

I looked through the door into the room and saw a table and a couple wooden chairs. Perhaps an old man lived there. I hollered inside. I couldn't see clearly but I thought someone might be sitting at the table. Finally someone did rise from a chair by the table.

It was a small old man (about 60 years old). At first I thought he was Chinese. He walked toward me and spoke to me in Spanish. I responded in Spanish and asked him some questions about the place.

### **Dream of: 27 July 1985 "Bowl Of Strawberries"**

I was in a field being bombed by enemy war planes. I wasn't exactly sure where I was, but I thought I was in either Puerto Rico or Cuba. Other people who resembled peasants were also in the fields with me. The area was basically clear except for some small clumps of trees scattered here and there. The people were hiding in the trees.

In my mind I could see the planes flying overhead and dropping their bombs. The pilots were zeroing in on the clumps of trees because they knew people were hiding in them. I likewise headed for a clump of trees growing in a circle and I hid in the middle of them.

The bombing let up for a while and I took off running. I wanted to reach a town where I could arrange to leave the country. Finally I reached a small village. I found a restaurant, walked in and sat down. A woman (in her early 20s) was sitting at my table. I spoke with her. I realized she likewise wanted to leave the country, but I was uncertain whether I should help her.

She rose, walked over to another table and sat down. Another woman walked up and sat down at my table. She likewise wanted to escape from the country. I had the feeling I would be more interested in helping the second woman than the first woman. Suddenly she spoke to me in German and said, "Ich war drei Jahre in Deutschland. Nein ich war zwei Jahre in Deutschalnd."

I was surprised to hear her speaking in German. Then she began speaking in English. Apparently she had worked in Germany for the United States military and had learned some German while she was there. I was impressed and thought I would probably prefer to help her rather than the first woman; but perhaps I would be able to help them both. I looked at the first girl sitting at the other table and I was surprised to see her sticking up her middle finger in an obscene gesture at the woman now sitting at my table.



I had the feeling the second woman liked me. So I wanted to make it perfectly clear to her before I helped her that I wasn't making any commitments in terms of romance even though it might be possible we would have some kind of romantic interlude together. I wanted to be sure she understood that.

We heard some noise in the background, realized some soldiers were coming and quickly left. We passed through some passageways. As we turned one corner we saw Fidel Castro approaching us in army fatigues, but we turned the corner and he didn't see us. We ran on. We knew Castro and the other soldiers were following us.

We wanted to try to find an airport and fly out of the country. I thought that might not be so difficult for me since I was an American citizen, but I didn't know if I was going to be able to help the girl out of the country. I felt she would be in terrible danger if she were left there.

We ran on and came to a hill. We began running up some steps on the hill. The tops of the steps were just made of dirt, but the front sides of the steps were made of marble slabs about a centimeter thick.

I knew Castro and his men were close behind. We continued on and on and finally we ended up back at the restaurant. We sat back down at the same

table. On the table was a bowl with some strawberries which I had been eating before. I was rather hungry and felt like eating the strawberries and perhaps even ordering something else, but I didn't know if I should do that because I was uncertain whether we had any money to pay for anything.

### **Dream of: 29 July 1985 "One Last Time"**

Louise and I were in a room in a big house having an argument. She had stayed out all night the night before.

She was lying on the couch and I started to leave; but suddenly I turned back to her and said, "But before I go, I'm going to fuck you one last time."

She said, "No."

I began taking my pants off and by the time I finished I saw that she had spread her legs apart.

She was wearing a black dress. I put my hands between her legs and began caressing her. She was obviously quite warm and moist. I got on my knees between her legs, inserted my penis in her vagina and began moving back and forth.

I was concerned, however, that she might have recently had sex with someone else and might have contracted herpes. I asked, "Have you fucked anybody lately? I want to know."

She denied that she had had sex with anyone. But finally she conceded that she had. I asked,  
"When?"

"Well, last night," she responded.

"Who was it?" I asked.

She told me the fellow's name. I didn't understand it completely, but it sounded like either Stuart Barber or Stuart Baker. I was unsure who that was. I began going back and forth harder and said,  
"You bitch. You whore. You fucking slut."

It seemed rather erotic when I called her names. She likewise seemed to be enjoying it and responded more forcefully. Suddenly I had an enormous ejaculation which was a tremendous relief.

### **Dream of: 31 July 1985 "Closing Door"**

Louise and I were sitting in the living room of the Travis Street Apartment when we suddenly clearly heard the back door to the kitchen shut. Louise and I both jumped up. I thought she headed for the front door to the living room, but I walked over to the door leading to the kitchen. I looked into the kitchen and as I did so I began moaning, "Oh, Oh, Oh."

But I didn't see anyone in the kitchen. I looked back into the living room. I didn't see Louise

anywhere and became somewhat frightened. I began thinking Louise was actually my sister and began hollering, "Linda! Linda!"

When no one answered, even though I was nude except for a cover wrapped around me, I opened the front door and ran outside. I didn't see anyone at first, but finally saw my sister, who looked like Louise, walking toward me. She asked, "What happened? What happened?"

I was unsure what had happened. I didn't know whether someone was still in the apartment or whether someone had shut the door and gone out the back way. I was quite frightened.

### **Dream of: 02 August 1985 "Money Making Scheme"**

While I was in the Gay Street House I called Buckner on the phone. His father, Jim Buckner answered and said, "Wait a minute."

Steve came to the phone and we began to talk. I was surprised to hear Steve speaking a foreign language instead of English. At first I thought he was speaking in Spanish, but then realized it was French, which he appeared to be speaking quite well. I was unsure whether I could speak French as well as he, but I said, "Je voudrai parler avec toi."

I realized I wasn't speaking French well, but thought he would be able to understand me. We talked a while and Buckner told me he had been living in Europe for seven months. I told him I had heard that Weinstein was also living in Europe.

I was quite excited to hear that Buckner had gone to Europe and told him I also was soon going to Europe. I asked Buckner what he had done in Europe and he told me he had worked as a clerk in a hotel.

We spoke of other matters. Previously Buckner and I had formed some kind of plan to obtain some money. Buckner now had a part of the money and I said to him, "Come on down to my father's house and bring it down."

He said he would come. I told him that Weinstein was also coming and we hung up. I waited for a while in the upstairs living room and finally decided to go downstairs.

Once downstairs, I looked outside and saw two cars parked the wrong way on Gay Street, which is one way north. One of the cars was a Gremlin and looked like Buckner's car. I walked outside onto the front porch and saw Buckner standing in the street talking with a girl (about 20 years old) who reminded me of the actress Kathleen Turner.

I hollered to Buckner and told him to come into the house. I felt that the girl was also involved in our scheme and that Buckner and she were conducting business in the street.

I saw a couple other people outside whom I had also been expecting and who were actually going to pay us the money. But I didn't really trust them because I thought they might possibly be the police.

The two strangers walked into the house. I had a cassette player with me and planned to ask them a few questions and record their responses on the cassette. I wanted to ask them the date and have them tell me they weren't police officers. I proceeded to obtain that information, told everyone I would be back and walked with the cassettes upstairs. I planned to hide the cassette in a place under the floor in the middle room.

When I arrived in the middle room upstairs I turned around and saw that a large, overweight man, who (except for his unusually huge size) reminded me of Kermit Byrd (a friend of my father's) had followed me upstairs. I walked to the door, pushed him back and said, "No. No. Go on downstairs and wait. I'll be right back down."

I closed the door, then looked through a crack in the door and watched him. He started down the stairs, but then turned around and began climbing

back up the stairs on the banister. He was hanging on the banister when I suddenly opened the door and said, "You shouldn't be doing that."

I stepped on his fingers which were hanging on to the banister and he fell. It was an extremely long drop and I heard him crash at the bottom. I thought he might be dead, but was unsure.

I quickly ran back into the middle room and pulled back the carpet from the hiding place. I knew my father also used that place to hide things. I pulled up one of the loose boards, pulled out the cassette and stuck it under the floor where I thought no one would be able to find it. Someone would have to do a thorough search to find it. I quickly covered the boards back up with the carpet.

I finished, stood up and saw my father walk into the room with George Medaci (another friend of my father's), who was wearing a black tee shirt.

They were also involved in the scheme with Buckner and me and they spoke about how 20 different people would be bringing money to us there today. That bothered me because I didn't think it was good for so many different people to be involved in the affair. The more people who were involved the greater chance there was that we would be caught.

But since I was planning to use the money to go to Europe, it was essential that I go through with the

plan. I was already in so deep I was unable to extricate myself.

### **Dream of: 06 August 1985 "Needing Transportation"**

I was on the Gallia County Farm and apparently was planning to live in my Cabin. I went to visit the Cabin and found my step-grandfather Clarence living in it.

I returned to the House and began thinking over what I was actually doing. The Cabin didn't appeal to me as much as it used to. I envisioned problems with not having electricity and running water. I was unsure how Clarence was managing to live there. Moreover, I began thinking I no longer had a car and I would need one. I owned a blue car which I had left on the Farm, having thought I would never need it again. But now I began thinking I might need to repair the blue car so I would have something to drive.

Clarence didn't have a car either. But I thought a vehicle was in the old shed at the bottom of the hill which he would be able to use. I walked down to the old shed and went inside. I was surprised to find a large truck which appeared to be in very good condition which apparently my father had bought for Clarence.



## **Dream of: 07 August 1985 "Image In The Well"**

I was watching a television program about the death of president Ronald Reagan and about a memorial which a woman in west Texas had made for Reagan. A picture showing Reagan talking appeared on the screen. He looked quite young and the way he talked reminded me somewhat of John F. Kennedy. Reagan explained that he would not hesitate to use nuclear weapons if the circumstances demanded it.

I suddenly realized the image on the screen was actually a reflection on the top of water. The camera then revealed that the image was actually atop the water in a deep well. The camera showed that a picture of Reagan was at the bottom of the well. Light was shining on the picture in the bottom of the well so that the image of Reagan was reflected to the top of the water. People could visit the top of the well and see the recorded images of Reagan talking about different subjects.

## **Dream of: 08 August 1985 "Chinese Vase"**

While in Portsmouth, driving toward the Gay Street House, I noticed some of the houses on Eighth Street near the Gay Street House had been torn down and spacious-looking parking lots were being built in their place.

When I arrived at the Gay Street House (which had been painted dark green), I found that the top story had been torn off and that the House was in the process of being torn down. My father, my step-grandfather Clarence and Kay were removing things from the House. Apparently my father had decided that very day to tear down the House and replace it with a parking lot.

As I stood in the parking lot behind the House (thinking I might help my father remove his things), Kay (who had gained some weight) walked up to me and talked about the lot the House was on being made into a parking lot; she said it was too bad the House hadn't been on the other side of the alley.

I replied, "Well there's nothing wrong with this side of the alley."

She pointed to the small house next door and said it would likewise have to be torn down before the House would be worth anything.

Kay moved closer and closer to me until she was finally rubbing against me. Finally she reached down and grabbed my penis. Even though I fell over onto my back, she held on to me. When she released her hold, I grabbed her hand and placed it back on my penis.

She then stuck her hand inside my pants and lay down on the ground beside me. We talked for a while, until I finally pulled my penis from my pants, stuck it into her mouth and began moving it back and forth. I was immensely enjoying what I was doing and I thought I would also like to have intercourse with Kay. I thrust my penis as far as I could into her mouth; she seemed to be able to take it all in. Finally I thrust it in as deeply as I could and she seemed to be trying to stop me. Suddenly I ejaculated in her mouth.

She angrily jumped up and when she spat out the sperm, part landed in my mouth. It had a dull, chalky taste which I didn't like. I quickly spat it out and told her I was sorry I had ejaculated in her mouth, but I hadn't thought she would mind. I quickly pulled my pants back up.

Just then my father walked out of the House. Since I didn't want him to know what I had been doing with Kay, I hid behind the car for a moment. Finally, feeling guilty, I walked over to the House. I thought perhaps I could atone by spending a couple hours helping my father carry some of the heavy items out of the House. I also thought lifting the heavy stuff would be good exercise for my muscles.

I walked inside, grabbed some stuff and carried it out. As I was descending the back steps, I knocked

something over. I looked down and saw a dull orange-colored ceramic vase of some sort. Even though fragile, the vase hadn't broken.

My step-grandfather Clarence saw what I had done; he looked at me and said I had really been lucky. Apparently it was a Chinese vase. I picked it up and I looked at it more closely. It had a number of holes in it and apparently wasn't designed to hold anything. About 10 centimeters in diameter, it had a long neck and was apparently quite valuable. I set the vase back upright and continued on to the parking lot. Some vehicles were in the lot into which the possessions were being loaded.

What would my father do now? Was he simply going to shut down his office or was he going to open new offices elsewhere?

### **Dream of: 10 August 1985 "Bad Omens"**

I was working in a field (which seemed to be inside a large building) on a farm where wheat was being harvested. I was walking alongside a large, red, intricate wheat-harvesting machine which was going back and forth the over the rows of wheat. At one point I stood on the machine and rode as it trudged along.

Many other men, most of whom looked Hispanic and were probably illegal aliens, were also

working in the field. Some of the men were talking about one Mexican named Juan who had been doing some bad things. The men had informed the man who owned the farm about Juan and it was decided that Juan was to be disposed of.

Later that night I learned Juan had been smashed inside a large book just like a bug. I walked over to where the incident was supposed to have occurred and found a book sitting on an end table next to a couch. I sat down and looked at the book. I was rather upset because I thought I might have somehow played a part just by knowing about Juan.

As I looked at the book I was amazed to see a bic pen start to come out of the pages of the book and thought something must still be alive in the book. I then saw something liquid coming out of the end of the bic pen. At first I thought it was blood but then realized it was blue ink dripping on to rust-colored carpet on the floor.

I grabbed some papers lying there and put them on the floor so the ink wouldn't get on the carpet. But it had been coming out in a flood and some fell on the carpet before I did anything. Then I saw a cloth with which I began trying to wipe up the ink.

As I was wiping I noticed a cat running around nearby. I suddenly thought the things that were happening were bad omens for me. The dripping

ink was like dripping blood. And cats were bad luck. I thought the things signified some kind of bad luck for me.

Suddenly I heard a door slam that seemed to be downstairs. That seemed to me likewise to signify bad luck.

### **Dream of: 10 August 1985 (2) "Can-Player"**

I met some members of my family and among them was my grandfather Liston. I was quite surprised to see him. I ran up to him and hugged him tightly. My brother Chris was also here. I was very happy to see him. My grandmother Mabel was also present.

We all got into a car together. I got into the back seat and Liston drove. I looked at Liston and saw that his hair was mostly gray but still had some black in it. I thought I needed to get to know him better because he might not live much longer.

We continued along until we came to a place in the country. We drove to the bottom of a deep ravine until we reached what appeared to be a picnic area. We all stepped out of the car. Almost immediately it began raining. I was concerned that with the rain we wouldn't be able to go back up to the top of the hill. The road was just dirt and was becoming very slippery with the rain. Some of the people here started trying to walk up some dirt

paths but they were too slippery. We were simply stuck here.

The water began to rise in the ravine. I was afraid of what might happen if the water rose too high.

We would be trapped. I saw an older woman protecting Chris from the rain. I was sliding around but finally found a muddy ledge to stand on.

Finally the rain stopped and the ground began drying up. I looked around and realized many more people were here than I had originally thought. They seemed to be having a good time. I looked out over the valley and saw that the water had gone away and some people were now folk dancing. Nina Cahan (a Dallas acquaintance) was leading a group of four or five other dancers in a line dance. She was wearing something blue and was making some very intricate and delicate steps.

She was quite light on her feet as she moved around. She was leading four or five other people who likewise were doing quite well. One or two of the others would occasionally miss a step; but Nina didn't miss any steps. She was quite graceful.

I walked around and the place reminded me in a way of a Roman coliseum. Some seats were here. One fellow was playing a trumpet quite loudly. He would occasionally miss a note. I realized I was carrying my flute. I didn't really want to play with

the trumpet player so I walked on. I then began playing my flute. It was a little squeaky at first; but then the notes began coming out better.

I saw another group of dancers near where I was. They didn't have any music so I walked toward them playing the flute. They were doing what seemed to be some kind of South American dance. They would take two steps forward and then one back. They swung their arms as they danced. I sat down and played my flute to the rhythm of their dance. They continued to dance and seemed to like my playing. I was becoming quite engrossed in the affair.

Suddenly someone walked up and sat down to my right and began playing what sounded like a drum. But I saw that it was merely a very large can turned upside down. They were pounding away and I didn't mind. But the fellow playing the can got closer and closer to me until finally he was right in front of me and I couldn't even hear my own flute. All I could hear was his drum. Then he moved to my left.

I noticed the dancers had stopped dancing and had dispersed. I stopped playing the flute. The can-player spoke to me. He was a rather heavy-set fellow. He was apparently just learning to play the drums. He asked me if I had any music written down. I told him I didn't. But I thought I really



needed to have some written music if I wanted to play with someone.

I hadn't minded playing music with him but I really didn't care to talk with him. I wondered why the dancers had left. Had I not been playing the flute right? Had they wanted to leave? Or was it because of the guy playing the can? I had certainly enjoyed watching them dance and playing for them.

### **Dream of: 15 August 1985 "Eating Paint"**

A male friend and I went to visit the man's girlfriend. When we arrived at her apartment we found she wasn't home, but we went in anyway. My friend had brought a couple small sculptures which he had made to give to his girlfriend as presents.

We sat down and waited for her to return home. I thought about hiding and surprising her when she came in, but instead I just sat down in the open.

Some clothes were hanging behind the front door on the inside. For some reason I put a piece of paper there behind the door with the clothes. But the paper was making strange noises and I went over to take it away. Just as I stepped behind the door, the door opened and the woman walked in. She didn't see me at first but then she saw me.

She was happy to see us both. My friend showed her the two sculptures. One was very nicely done. It was of a woman and could be positioned in two different ways. It could be either lying down on its stomach or could be sitting up. The statue had a blouse and when it was in a sitting position the blouse was open in front to form a slit. The slit extended on down between the legs of the statue.

I began to regret I hadn't brought anything and thought, "Well I could have made her a collage or something today."

She seemed to enjoy the presents. She was also an artist. She began mixing some orange and brown paint. She walked over to some stairs and began painting the board along the side of the stairs. But then she began eating the paint. I asked her if she was eating the same paint she was using to paint the steps and she said she was.

### **Dream of: 23 August 1985 "Missing Trees"**

I was riding in a car with some other people headed toward the Gallia County Farmhouse. I noticed one of the people in the car was president Harry Truman, who apparently was also going to the Farmhouse for a few days of vacation.

When we finally reached the Farmhouse, I saw many of the trees on the hills around the Farmhouse had been cut down. Part of the trees

had also been destroyed by a fire and the hills appeared desolate. I felt profoundly sad and tears formed in my eyes.

We pulled in back of the Farmhouse and I jumped from the car. I ran and hugged my grandmother Mabel, who was standing on the back porch. She appeared quite young and her skin was soft, although her hair was gray.

I immediately asked her what had happened to the trees and she explained. Someone, apparently from the government, had cut the trees down. She also described the fire which apparently had been large. I looked at the hill in back of the Farmhouse and saw how the fire had burned almost all the hill. The fire had reached almost to some of the largest trees at the bottom of the hill. It saddened me to see the charred dry leaves on the trees. The fire had burned part of the very hill the Farmhouse was on. Burned trees were standing near the Farmhouse. Many trees were nothing more than large pieces of charcoal stretching toward the sky.

I was happy to see some trees had escaped the fire and still had green leaves. At least some of the trees had been saved.

Finally the other people and I walked into the Farmhouse where some members of my family were. I thought perhaps Harry Truman would like to see my family gathered here like this.

Mabel had prepared supper. When Truman and I walked into the kitchen, sat down at the kitchen table and began to eat, I noted how uncouth Truman's eating manners were. He held his fork like someone who had never learned how to hold silverware. He was also dressed quite coarsely and was somewhat overweight.

The meal ended and I went into the other room. I needed to work awhile. But I had some baseball cards with me which I wanted to put in order first. I wanted to arrange the cards in groups of four. I also had some other kinds of cards which I wanted to file with the baseball cards.

As I began working on the cards, Mireya (a Dallas acquaintance) appeared. She told me that I had some other things which I needed to take care of first and that I needed to leave here so I could begin. But I ignored what she said and I continued filing my baseball cards. Mireya continued talking and complaining.

Apparently Mireya had fallen in love with me. But I certainly didn't care for her and I tried to ignore her. Finally she threw herself at me and hugged me. I immediately escaped from her arms, stood up and told her she must leave. I said, "I don't like you Mireya."

But she still wanted to remain and she wanted me to explain to her why I didn't like her. Finally I said, "You are fat."

I didn't want to offend her but it was true she was overweight. Finally I grabbed her by the arm, pushed her through the door and locked it behind her. She stood outside the door crying. I walked into the other room where I could still see her through a mirror and I watched her cry. Finally I noticed she could also see me.

I returned to the door, allowed her to enter and said, "You are not the one who gives the orders. I pay you four dollars an hour and you are not the one who pays me. Therefore I am the one who gives you the orders and it is not you who gives me the orders. If you pay me four dollars an hour, then you can give me the orders."

I noticed I was speaking in English and I thought I should speak Spanish when talking with her.

I left her, went to speak with some other people and encountered my old friend Ramo in the Farmhouse. He had arrived in the car with me and now he wanted to leave. But I explained I couldn't leave right now. I said we had to wait at least another hour. He became angry and wanted to leave immediately. His brother was also with him and for a minute I thought they were going to hit

me. But finally they quieted down and they realized they needed to wait a while longer.

### **Dream of: 01 September 1985 "Wheelchair Accident"**

I was with my brother Chris in a store. He was in his red wheelchair and was moving along in it very quickly while I ran behind him. Chris suddenly ran into a rope which caught Chris's stomach. I screamed and ran up to him. The wheelchair seemed damaged but Chris seemed unharmed. I noticed however some kind of liquid under the chair and deduced Chris had shit his pants as a result of the crash.

I told him that he shouldn't have done that and that I would take him to a bathroom. I started thinking I would have to clean him after he was finished but that didn't really bother me because I understood that since Chris was crippled he wouldn't be able to help himself.

I picked up a list which showed the prices of wheelchairs. A wheelchair like Chris's would cost \$45.00. I was going to ask for one.

### **Dream of: 02 September 1985 "Ball Of Snakes"**

I was near Portsmouth with someone who was talking about my great-uncle Ray. The person said

Ray had told him that Ray had already put Christmas lights up on his house in Rosemount, Ohio. That seemed a bit vain to me, like something that someone who didn't have anything better to do with their time would do.

I left riding a motorcycle and headed in the direction of Rosemount. The road had recently had fresh tar poured on it. I also noticed that along the right side of the road someone, apparently working for the road department, had placed Christmas lights all along the road. The lights were arranged so four lights would be grouped together, then a space, then four more lights. They didn't look bad.

That made me start thinking that I might even want to drive by Ray's house in Rosemount to see how the lights he had put up looked.

I continued along and arrived at the top of a small hill. I decided to stop for a moment to look around. I had been in Texas so long without seeing hills that even this small one pleased me.

Suddenly I realized I actually was in Texas and was south of Dallas near a small town called Cockrell Hill. I remembered I had recently read that Cockrell Hill was the highest town in Dallas County.

Leland suddenly walked up and we began talking about the view. I pointed out to him how on neighboring hills one could see where the decidiferous trees were and where the pines were. He saw it.

At the side of the road was a small pool of water. Leland and I looked into the pool and he pointed out a snake that was in the pool and he called it a "smothers." It was only five or six centimeters long. It was brown with yellow circles around it. I saw another one like it -- then suddenly I saw another type of snake in the water. It was very flat and looked more like some kind of flat, feathery eel. It was about a half meter long. It raised its head out of the water.

Near one edge of the pool was an overhang over the water. I saw some more snakes there, which looked more like regular snakes. They were black and about a meter long. They swam about over the surface.

Suddenly I saw a large ball of snakes, about a half meter in diameter. I told Leland what I had seen and he didn't believe me. But then I pointed out the ball to him and he saw it with his own eyes. But nothing was moving in the ball and I wasn't completely sure it was a ball of snakes. I told Leland I was going to touch it.



I touched the ball with a stick and the snakes began moving in it. I backed away but some of the snakes were swimming toward me. I felt something and thought perhaps one of the snakes had bitten me.

### **Dream of: 03 September 1985 "Message From God"**

While sitting in a high school class, I noticed someone had begun smoking marijuana. A joint was passed around the room until it reached me. I greedily took several hits from the joint and then extinguished it. The effects of the pot were immediate: my mental abilities immediately deteriorated. I couldn't think well and I didn't even know what I was doing. I remembered I would soon have to take some exams, but I couldn't recall the subject matter. My only clue was a Latin book lying open on my desk. I read a few lines of the Latin, which I mostly (but not completely) understood. However I still didn't know what I was supposed to be studying.

The class ended and I shambled out. Just as I exited the school, I ran into one of my teachers. As he stopped and spoke with me about Julius Caesar, I recalled I had once begun reading Caesar's *Gallic Wars* in Latin, but I hadn't finished the book because it had seemed rather trite and because Caesar had seemed so egotistical to me.

The teacher soon left and I continued meandering aimlessly. I was becoming very tired, and when I spotted an empty car, I climbed in, lay down and fell straight to sleep. When I finally awoke and opened my eyes the next morning, my thoughts still seemed scattered and hazy. I struggled to remember where I was and what I was doing. I knew I was in my last year of high school, but I couldn't recall the subjects I was taking. However, I realized I should be concerned, because my final exams would be coming up soon.

While I had been in the car, I had taken off my pants, so I had to pull them back on. Once I was fully dressed, I opened the car door and stepped out. I still didn't know where I was. but I could see a circus had been set up across the street. Since it was still so early in the morning, practically no one was there.

Once again I began walking. I hadn't ambled far before I encountered Hurley (a classmate whom I knew for a short while in junior high school and high school). I had never known Hurley well, and I hadn't seen him in many years, since the time he had dropped out of high school and joined the military. As I approached him, I noticed he quickly discarded something which looked like a joint. As soon as I was close enough, I told him I had something I wanted to ask him. Then I asked him if he had any pot.

Before Hurley could answer, a vivid image suddenly formed in my mind: a red bust of Julius Caesar, his wizened face plowed with wrinkles. The stark image seemed to represent my own mind; specifically the bust seemed to illustrate what marijuana was doing to me, aging and wrinkling my mind. The bust also seemed meant to convey a message to me from God. Since I had once again begun smoking marijuana, I felt God was telling me that I would never be able to stop using marijuana, that I would have to smoke marijuana for the rest of my life. Although I would be free to determine how much marijuana I would smoke, I would never be able to completely stop. This rueful message was extremely disconcerting to me. I knew that every time I smoked, I would be unable to function properly and that I would be incapable of remembering things well. I thought perhaps I would only smoke once a week; but I knew even that would be painful. Shaking the image from my mind, I turned and walked away from Hurley without obtaining any pot.

I crossed the street and headed toward the circus, where I could see some people gathering, all of whom appeared to be strong and healthy. Next to the circus stood a bar named "Cellars," a place where people drank booze and played music. Although I wasn't interested in drinking anything, I thought I would like to hear some music. As I changed my course toward "Cellars," I suddenly

heard a voice – not my own – saying, "Steven, this is where you ought to live. You need to go there before it's too late."

The voice startled me. I instantly understood its import. The voice was directing me to go to Cellars because of the music there. The voice didn't merely want me to listen to the music. I understood the voice was a strong commandment for me to go to Cellars to learn to play music. The idea of learning to play music didn't please me, but I knew it was exactly what I ought to do. It seemed my destiny was to play music before it was too late.

### **Dream of: 04 May 1985 "Wheelchair Down the Stairs"**

I had become involved with a black-haired married woman. One day her husband came home and threatened her with some guns he had bought. She came to me asking for help. I accompanied her back to her house, walked inside and took the guns from the husband. I then shot him, but didn't kill him.

I put him in a wheelchair and began rolling him down some stairs. His wife hadn't seen me roll him down the steps, and when I subsequently talked to her about it, she wanted to know what it had looked like. Referring to the way the man had

gone down the stairs, I said, "It wasn't that great.  
It wasn't that great at all."

### **Dream of: 05 September 1985 "Burning Buildings"**

I awoke in the night and realized I was in the upstairs back bedroom of the Gay Street House. I walked to the back window, looked at a flat roof outside and climbed out the window onto it. In the distance in the West End of town I could see smoke billowing up from a fire. I thought I might like to go see the fire, but then I noticed some buildings on fire on the other side of the street and saw some orange flames on the roof of one building.

Upon closer scrutiny, I saw some large buildings had already been completely burned out. Some firemen were fighting the fires on the other side of the street. One fireman screamed at me and told me to get out of there, but I screamed back to him, "You're not my boss."

I didn't abandon the roof, but noticed another man had climbed out onto the roof with me through the same window I had come through. He was an oriental man (about 25 years old), apparently a television news reporter, carrying a video camera.

I asked him, "Didn't we work earlier on something together?"

Although I recognized him and apparently had worked with him once before, I couldn't remember where.

Suddenly the roof we were on began to collapse and we fell through. The other fellow fell farther down than I, and I reached out my hand to help him. He grabbed my hand and I pulled him up.

A black man and a small black girl showed up on the roof with us and I also helped them escape. In the process I realized my brother Chris was also out on the roof. I grabbed him and helped him back up and through the window into the house. I then told him I had to go downstairs and outside, because I had a car parked in the front yard which had some of my possessions which I wanted to get before something happened to them.

Instead, I just lay down and began dreaming. In my mind I had an image of a man dreaming in a room. Beside the bed were some things which he used to write his dreams with. I wondered what a psychologist would think if he could read what the man had written.

### **Dream of: 06 September 1985 "A Hot Day"**

My crippled brother Chris (about 10 years old), a second brother and I were sitting together in a car waiting for my mother. It was a hot day and we were suffering from the heat. We were planning to

go to the Gay Street House. We waited for quite a while in the hot sunshine. Finally I jumped out of the car and announced that I was going to go get my mother.

We were in front of a tall luxurious apartment building. I walked into the building, boarded the elevator, ascended to one of the upper floors and got off. I walked into a room and found my mother inside talking on the phone, apparently with my father.

She was wearing a dress. I walked over to her, pulled her legs back and whispered, "I'm going to fuck you."

I quickly pulled down my pants. She immediately recoiled into a ball and threatened to kick me with her high-heel shoes. I stopped. I already had an erection and suddenly a small squirt of urine spurted from my penis.

My mother handled the situation so that my father didn't hear anything on the other end of the phone, but since she obviously wasn't going to let me continue, I backed off. She finally hung up the phone, but it immediately rang again. She answered and apparently a brother of mine was calling to say he had tried to come up and get into the room, but someone was standing outside the door.

I thought someone must be outside who was going to try to harm us. Worried, I thought I might be able to shoot through the door with a gun which I thought was in the room. But then I thought whoever was outside might likewise be able to shoot back at us through the door.

**Dream of: 06 September 1985 (2) "Definitely In Pain"**

Louise and I were standing outside the House in Patriot having an argument. Suddenly a tall, good looking, blond-haired fellow (probably in his early 20s) showed up. He was dressed in an elegant-looking black suit and I thought he was Victor Caballero (an acquaintance of Louise's).

I quickly learned that Louise had either already married him or was about to marry him and that she had also been lying to him about some things concerning me.

The three of us walked into the House and I told the fellow Louise had lied to him. He told me a woman physician who worked for him had told him the same thing. The physician had also told him I had asked the physician out. I said, "Well that is absolutely untrue. But of course you realize that Louise and she are good friends. Apparently Louise's put her up to that."



The fellow, who seemed intelligent, began thinking about what I had said; he didn't seem particularly angry with me. And I knew I hadn't done anything wrong to him. It was Louise who had been deceitful to both him and me.

Finally Louise and he left. I took off all my clothes, sat down nude in the kitchen sink and thought about what had just occurred.

I began playing with some pop bottle tops in the sink. I wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing and some of the lids fell into the drain. Some of the lids had some writing on them for a game. They had a Dallas address and I inferred there was probably a game sheet which had different addresses on it. The lids could then be pasted on the game sheet and if someone got all the addresses, the person probably won something.

I began thinking I probably needed to retrieve the lids which had fallen down the drain. I knew a garbage disposal was under the drain; perhaps I could open the disposal and get the lids out of it.

Suddenly I heard a scream from outside. I jumped out of the sink and ran to the door. I saw my gray 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit sitting outside with its hood raised. It looked as if someone was standing in front of the car. I ran outside and whoever was there left running. I ran over to another car which was also parked nearby and realized my brother

Chris was in the car with some other people. Chris screamed, "Help! Help!"

I pointed a little instrument which resembled a gun toward a young girl dressed in black in the car; I acted as if I were shooting at her. I then opened the back door; Chris was lying there as if he were definitely in pain. He screamed again, "Help! Help!"

I screamed, "Where are you, Chris!"

"Here I am, Steve," he cried out.

### **Dream of: 07 September 1985 "The Seashore"**

As a girl and I walked along a beach, I noticed many pretty seashells on the shore. I picked up one shell which opened like a clam and showed it to the girl. It was beautifully colored with all the colors of the rainbow and was immaculately clean and pearly white inside. It appeared to be empty and I stuck the fingers of my right hand inside it. Suddenly it lightly closed on my fingers; I quickly pulled them out. I was surprised to see the shell was obviously alive.

I then found what looked like a natural sculpture consisting of many pieces of gold-colored metal stuck together. I showed it to the girl, thought about giving it to her but instead decided to keep it for myself.

## **Dream of: 08 September 1985 "Blisson"**

I was in what appeared to be an antique or novelty shop. Some people apparently part of a symphony orchestra were in one part of the shop, preparing to practice playing their instruments without actually producing any sound. They needed someone to play a tall wooden instrument which reminded me of a coat rack. I was unsure what the name of the instrument was, but someone told me it was a "blisson." I sat down in a seat in front of the blisson.

The store had another side and I could see a similar symphony orchestra playing there.

Suddenly my orchestra began playing. The blisson was a rather complicated instrument and I was uncertain how to play it. I looked toward the orchestra on the other side and saw someone playing a blisson there and I realized I needed to be standing, rather than sitting, when playing the blisson.

The blisson had a mouthpiece similar to that of a saxophone. Moreover, the player's feet had to be put in what appeared to be little, wooden, Dutch shoes to make a clapping noise. It was necessary to put what appeared to be little cymbals on the hands. The cymbals were almost like castanets, except flat, like cymbals. They were about the size of my hand and gold-colored. Thus -- playing

consisted of blowing in the mouthpiece, clapping the Dutch shoes, and striking the cymbals. When I began playing the instrument, I was afraid everyone was looking at me because I was doing it incorrectly.

We paused and I ran to the orchestra on the other side to watch the other fellow playing his blisson, which appeared to be prettier than mine. It had cloth as decoration while mine was just a plain old wooden blisson.

I watched the orchestra for a moment, until it stopped playing and the people began leaving. I returned to my orchestra, but found the people with whom I had been playing had likewise disbanded. I was still wearing the shoes and I still had the cymbals on my hands; I began clapping them both.

My ex-wife Louise was standing nearby. I walked over to her, pointed out the blisson and (since I had never heard of a blisson before) asked her if the name was correct. She likewise was uncertain exactly what a blisson was and she didn't seem to care one way or the other. Since she knew I hadn't been playing music lately, she said, "You miss playing music, don't you."

I said playfully, "No."

I left her and headed back to the side where the other orchestra had been playing. When I got there, I found the main door shut, but I found an open garage door with some ropes across it, which I slipped through. I found no one inside and thought someone could easily come in and steal everything.

I walked back outside, found the owner and told him someone could go in there and steal everything. I told him I was going to go inside and wait because I knew some people were out here who might try it. I said, "And when they do try it, I'm going to catch them."

I went back inside where I saw a small smoking pipe and thought, "Somebody could easily steal that."

Many other antiques were sitting around. I decided to simply wait and try to catch anyone who tried to steal something.

### **Dream of: 08 September 1985 (2) "Anglica"**

I was walking across a parking lot and noticed a woman about my age walking toward her car. She had black shoulder-length hair and was slightly shorter than I. She was slender, good-looking and Hispanic. As she continued, I noticed a shadow figure split off from her body and walked toward me. I couldn't believe my eyes. The figure walked

up close to me. I touched my finger to her nose to see if she was real and I could feel her nose. I said, "You're a witch, aren't you."

She didn't say anything. I didn't think she was a bad person. I just thought she was a sorceress and a powerful person. I immediately knew I needed to establish some kind of contact with her. She stopped for a second and then walked away. I looked at the original body and it had gotten into the car and was starting to pull away.

I walked toward the car. I knew I needed to do something to stop her, but suddenly she stopped the car and got out. I thought, "Oh what a relief."

I realized then something was wrong with her car. She walked around and pulled up the hood of the car. I walked up to her and looked at the engine, painted red. Some papers had been plastered over part of the motor. She said her water was leaking. Apparently her water pump was broken.

I asked her if I could talk with her. She turned from the car and walked close to me. I felt very close to her and started to put my left arm around her. She started to allow it; but suddenly she jerked away from me as if she didn't know what I was doing.

Then she realized I wasn't going to hurt her and she let me put my left arm on her hip. I felt

ecstatic being with her. I pulled her close to me and asked, "What's your name?"

She said her name was Anglica. The name seemed so fitting. It seemed like the perfect name for her.

I looked back at the car and saw another woman working on the car. That disconcerted me because I realized there were actually two women. I had the feeling one was good and one was bad but I couldn't tell which was which.

I let go of Anglica and backed away from her. I was uncertain about her. I thought she might be putting a spell on me to make me think she was good.

I walked toward the car and Anglica followed me. The woman at the car had black hair. I realized she apparently had been the driver of the car. I began helping her. She said her name was Donna.

Donna didn't appeal to me nearly as much as Anglica. I wanted to be with Anglica, but I wanted to be absolutely sure I wasn't deceiving myself.

Perhaps Donna was the right one.

### **Dream of: 21 September 1985 "Wad Of Money"**

I had moved into a house with some other fellows.

I and some other fellows were getting ready to take a shower in the house. I walked down a long

hallway toward the shower room. At the end of the hall was a sharp turn to the right to the shower room. But before I reached the turn, I passed a bathroom on my right. I looked through the door and noticed a wad of money lying on a shelf over the sink. The wad was folded in half. I saw a crinkled up ten-dollar bill on top. Next was a hundred-dollar bill and a number of other crisp, new bills.

I thought there might be some other hundreds in the wad. I was curious and wanted to look, but I thought it would be better if I didn't touch them.

Even though I knew and trusted most of the other people in the house I still thought it was dangerous leaving that much money out there. So I hollered out, "Somebody left a wad of money in the bathroom!"

One guy stepped into the hall and said it was his. He was naked and was getting ready to take a shower. He suddenly realized some girls were standing down at the end of the hall. He jumped back into a room. He then looked out and saw girls also down at the other end of the hall.

I had the same problem. I was also nude and realized girls were at both ends of the hall. I jumped into the same room with the other fellow. I wasn't certain what to do. I realized it was a girl's room I was in. I saw a pair of red shorts on the



floor. I realized I had been in the room before and left the shorts there. I picked them up and put them on. I then told the fellow I would get his money for him. I walked back into the bathroom, picked up the money and brought it back to the fellow.

He and I both then walked into the shower room where some other fellows were also standing around naked.

### **Dream of: 21 September 1985 (2) "Divorce Papers"**

I was working for a lawyer doing some courier service. When he gave me five papers to take to Sullivan (a Dallas attorney), I looked over the papers and realized they were divorce papers.

Apparently the lawyer I worked for was representing Sullivan's wife.

I reached Sullivan's office and asked the receptionist if she could reach Sullivan for me, but she was unable to get him. So I walked on back to his office to where his personal secretary was. I could see him in the other room. He was on the phone and I didn't want to barge in. The secretary was also on the phone. I debated whether it might be better to return to the reception area, but I decided to wait where I was since I knew Sullivan personally.

I realized I had recently had a dream that Sullivan would be getting a divorce. I knew I had also seen him at the courthouse and he had looked rather disheveled and unshaven. Besides, I thought he was a rather debauched character to begin with. So I wasn't surprised he was now actually getting a divorce.

I looked over the documents and saw the number 26 multiplied by two figures. I thought the figures probably represented bi-weekly payments.

### **Dream of: 21 September 1985 (3) "A Dark Cloud"**

I was driving along in a dark-colored Lincoln Continental; Louise was in the front seat with me. I no longer felt very close to her. I told her one of our problems had been our inability to talk about things. I mentioned, for example, that she didn't like to talk with me about her legal clients. I said, "In the last few months especially, we just stopped talking about things."

She said, "In the last few months Bunnie has been living under a dark cloud."

I said, "Bunnie? Who's Bunnie?"

Apparently the name had been given to her by someone for an imaginary creature which she had invented for herself. But it was really herself she

was talking about. Apparently in the last few months she had been pulling more into herself. But I thought maybe she was beginning to come out of it somewhat.

She spoke about one of her legal clients, the wife in a divorce case. She said she had recently followed the husband to some go-go girl clubs, because she thought he was seeing a go-go girl. One night she had waited in her car outside the club for over two hours. Finally the man had come out with the go-go girl and had gotten in her car with her. They stayed in the car for about a half hour while Louise had watched. I asked, "Did you take pictures of her?"

She said, "No."

I asked, "Well did the girl finally go down on him?"

She said she didn't know, but she thought that she did toward the end. I said, "Well you needed to get pictures of everything."

It was starting to rain outside. Suddenly I lost control of the car and it began spinning around and around. I was almost about to go off the road and stuck my foot out the door to try to stabilize the car. But it was too late - I ran off the road. I jumped from the car, rolled down the hill and stopped.

Louise had fallen out of the car; I saw her rolling down the hill, but she looked as if she was uninjured. I went to her, picked her up and asked if she were OK. She smiled and acted as if there was no problem. Some other cars began pulling up and stopping. Most cars drove on, but a couple stayed and watched. I wanted them to leave.

The embankment the car had rolled down wasn't more than three meters high. But when I walked down to the car I found that it had been smashed flat. I found a pump there, hooked it up to the car and when I began pumping, the car began expanding like a balloon. I then tried to start the car but it wouldn't start. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I knew I wasn't going to ask any of the people here for help.

### **Dream of: 22 September 1985 "Water Park"**

I had stopped at one of the water amusement parks in Arlington, Texas. I knew it was already September and I was surprised to see the park still open. I debated whether I should go in. A line of people led up to the largest water slide. I watched some people slide down the tortuous slide and finally land in the water.

Two pools were separated by a cement walkway. A rather obese girl jumped from a high tower over the first pool into the second pool. I thought her jumping was extremely dangerous – if she had hit

the cement walkway she could have been  
smashed.

I walked on in and was surprised to find I could walk right up to the edge of some of the pools without paying. Some kind of lift with small, round cages carried people up to the top of one of the towers. Someone was operating the cages at the bottom. A boy walked up and wanted to board, but the cages were coming down right then instead of up. He wanted to be put in anyway. The operator refused to let the boy board, but did allow the boy to walk up a short ways and then slide back down.

Some girls wearing bathing suits were getting out of one of the cages. They spread their legs in an erotic way when they stepped out.

### **Dream of: 23 September 1985 "Responsive Horse"**

Several other people and I were taking part in a class in the basement of the House in Patriot. The man in charge of the class proposed a project which involved constructing a building. Chairs with name plates attached to them would be located in the building for people using the building. The man proposed only six different names would be used for everyone who used the building. Name plates were going to be sold to the people using them and would be quite expensive.

By only using six different names, the man

obviously hoped to reduce his costs in making the plates. I figured the whole idea was a scheme to make money.

I objected to the idea. I thought it was absurd to only use six different names for everyone using the building and I said, "It's ridiculous to think we're only going to use so many names. We're going to have somebody named Clyde #36? Clyde #236? Or Clyde #23? Clyde #236?"

The man was adamant and finally the people in the room were given tasks to perform to prepare for the project. I noticed one girl who reminded me of a girl I had seen at the Dallas Zen Center. I liked her. But she left and went upstairs. I looked around and saw everyone else in the room had fallen asleep.

I rose and went upstairs to look for the girl. I walked into the kitchen, looked out the window over the kitchen sink and saw the girl in the garden behind the house trying to mount a large, brown horse. She had her foot in the stirrup but she couldn't seem to raise herself all the way into the saddle.

I thought I would go out and help her. Barefoot, I began scurrying around and looking for my shoes. By the time I finally found my shoes and walked outside, the girl was already in the saddle. She wasn't only riding the horse, but was maneuvering

it so that it moved laterally step by step. She leaned over to the side of the horse as she road it.

She saw me and motioned for me to come to her. That made me happy because I liked her. I walked across the garden toward her and she dismounted. I came close to her and she said something to me in Spanish. When I asked her if she spoke Spanish and she said she did, I thought, "Well that just settles it. She's the one for me."

I asked her what she thought about the plan with the name plates. She asked me what I thought about it. I told her it was ridiculous because it had no value and no one would benefit from it. It was merely a scheme to gain some money. I thought how true that was about so many things. I thought, "If you were going to work on something you need to investigate it to see if it had any value first; otherwise it was useless to work on it even though you might end up making money at it."

I made a quick movement to touch the horse's nose and it recoiled. I concluded that the girl said I shouldn't try to touch the horse so quickly. Finally the horse let me pet it. I scratched its nose all the way along its length and was very gentle with it. I continued to pet it and it seemed to like that. I talked sweetly to the horse and then kissed it on its nose. The horse was very responsive to me and even seemed different from a horse. It was

very pleasant. For a moment I almost thought it was going to speak back to me.

### **Dream of: 25 September 1985 "Spreading Cancer"**

I was riding a motorcycle from the direction of Patriot to the Gallia County Farm. I told someone riding on the back of the motorcycle that we were having some problems on the Farm.

I knew it would be early morning when we arrived and we didn't want to go to the Farmhouse because we were having some problems with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. It was almost as if we were at war.

When we arrived, I parked my motorcycle by the milk house at the bottom of the hill and went straight up to the Farmhouse. I hollered out because I didn't want to go inside. Mabel came out onto the back porch. I spoke with her and put my arm around her. She was extremely thin and I said, "You've become much thinner, haven't you."

She shook her head up and down and I said, "You look good. But are you OK?"

She indicated she wasn't. We stepped inside and she said she had been to a doctor who had told her it was spreading across her chest. I thought she



was talking about cancer. She said, "Let's be prepared for the worst."

I asked, "Have they given you a date? Have they given you a time?"

I was referring to how long she was expected to live. She shook her head up and down. We sat down and tears began welling up inside my eyes. She bent her head down. Large tears began rolling down my cheeks and dropping off.

She looked at me and tried to comfort me. She asked me if I had found out where I could take French lessons. She was thinking about what I needed to do and she thought I needed to take French lessons.

My head was above hers and my tears were falling on her. I told her to look into my eyes and tell me. She looked up and said it would be two to four months, maybe only two to three months.

The tears poured out of my eyes.

### **Dream of: 26 September 1985 "Flying Low"**

My father, another man, a woman and I were in a small airplane together which my father was piloting. The man and woman were each probably about 25 years old. We were all standing up in the plane and our bodies were sticking out of the plane from our waists up. The young man was

standing at the back of the plane and the woman was between him and me.

We were flying around in the general area of Patriot. We were traveling about 40-50 miles per hour and were flying quite low.

I knew that later that afternoon a running race was going to take place between Patriot and the intersection of a road about five kilometers from Patriot. I wanted to be in that race. Someone in the plane commented that if I were in the race, I wouldn't finish it. I said, "Well, it might take me 10 or 15 minutes but I would finish."

I thought the winner would probably finish in about eight minutes.

My father's flying was beginning to alarm me somewhat because he was flying so close to the ground. He flew between some trees and just barely made it. We began flying over a road. The trees came together over the road and formed what appeared to be a tunnel through which we flew. The wings of the plane clipped some leaves a few times; I told my father I was a bit worried, but he said he had been down those roads before. I asked him why he didn't go higher. He said he had had a difficult time before going higher than that.

While we were talking the other man quipped, "Yes, I'm very high."

I thought perhaps he had taken some kind of drug.

I was rather concerned because I couldn't tell my directions from where we were. I looked at the sun; it was low on the horizon. It was an orange ball; I looked almost fiercely at it without feeling any discomfort. I surmised it was in a westerly direction. Someone asked me which way was East. I stopped, thought about which direction the sun was headed and pointed in the direction opposite of the sun.

Finally we came to a village either called "HV" or "Have." I saw a Holiday Inn there. I asked where we were. I knew we were close to Patriot but I had never seen any of these places before. We passed another village called "Spectrum." The towns looked quite interesting. I had never seen them before and thought sometime I would like to come back on the ground and see them.

Flying was quite exhilarating although I wished we could be up a little higher. I spat over the side and we were so low I could even see where my spit landed. We were probably only about 10-20 meters in the air.

We reached another small town and flew down the streets. Finally we flew down one street which appeared to be a dead end. In addition, a roof seemed to be over our heads so we couldn't fly straight up. We began flying slower and slower,

until we finally reached the end of the street. At first I thought we were going to crash; but then we all reached out, grabbed hold of a building, and turned the plane around. We flew back down the street and back into the open air again.

It was approaching 2 o'clock and I feared I was going to miss the race. I really wanted to race. I thought perhaps it might be delayed 10 minutes.

### **Dream of: 05 October 1985 "Mutual Dream"**

I was driving a car which contained three other people: my brother Chris, a woman who seemed like my mother, and a man. As we drove my mother became worried about my driving and she wanted to drive herself. She seemed to think I was going too fast. So we exchanged places and she began to drive, but she had a difficulty driving and the rest of us were afraid she was going to crash.

She seemed to realize that driving was more difficult than she had thought and she agreed to let me take over again.

Once I was behind the steering wheel, I immediately again began driving fast again to show off my driving skills, even though I knew my driving fast would frighten my mother. We were on a narrow, windy country road. No other cars were in sight and I raced along exuberantly.

Suddenly we approached a bend and before I knew it, I had lost control of the car. We plunged

off the road to the left into the field. Our car actually left the ground when we flew off the highway. We landed in the field, but the car never stopped moving. The ground in the field was wet and it looked as if it might have been raining. I was afraid if we didn't actually crash that we would get stuck. I pushed on the accelerator to pull us out of the wet ground and the car ground back to the highway.

Once back on the highway I realized I had been going too fast and I thought perhaps I had indeed better slow down. Suddenly, however, I found myself in another predicament. The road had unexpectedly led to the roof of what appeared to be a house. When we reached the edge of the roof, the road suddenly ended in a sharp drop-off. It was too late for me to stop and I simply tried to guide the car as best I could as we dropped over the edge toward the ground below where the road picked up again.

We lightly touched down and I was quite satisfied with how I had handled the crisis. However I slowed my speed down to almost a crawl and I knew the others were relieved.

We approached what appeared to be a small village which almost looked like a ghost town and we rode through. The rather bizarre-looking buildings appeared completely deserted except for

a television playing in one window. Suddenly I noticed on the horizon behind the village the outline of many buildings in what appeared to be a large city. Those buildings likewise seemed very strange. It looked as if many of the buildings had fallen down and as if the city had been in a war.

I stopped the car and we all got out. Chris tried to stand up but was unable to stay on his feet. I walked over to him and helped him stand. I held him in my arms with his feet on the ground.

I continued looking at the large buildings in the distance until the image gradually faded and I found myself in a room with the other three. We were gathered around a table and all of us sat down. I realized that the four of us had been having a mutual dream. The images of the dream had somewhat faded but they were still in my mind. The other three and I were still in the dream state even though we were now able to momentarily see our waking bodies.

We began discussing the images in the dream as they had occurred up to that point. I retraced the driving episode and until I reached the point where I had seen the large buildings behind the village. The man and woman who seemed like my mother described what they had seen and their descriptions were somewhat different from mine. I told them that among the buildings I had seen

quite a bit of twisted metal which at times seemed to have been twisted into some sort of artistic shape. The others apparently hadn't noticed it.

I was in a dual state. I was still dreaming, but I had control of the dream and I could either stop or continue. The man and my mother were in the same state as I, but Chris, I realized, had slipped out of the dream state and was again in his normal state. He was having difficulty relating to what the rest of us were saying.

The question before us at the moment was whether we should continue with the dream or whether we should stop the dream and return to the dream state together at another time. I wanted to continue, but after some discussion we decided we should stop for the time being and return again at 11 o'clock that night. I told them that I was going to snap my fingers and that we would all awaken. I snapped my fingers and immediately the dream state began to dispel.

I wondered what awakening was going to be like awakening since I had already been awake. I was surprised to find that I felt as if I were awaking from a deep sleep. The visions of the entire experience seemed just like a dream and I began trying to remember them.

**Dream of: 07 October 1985 "Soap Opera"**

I walked into a building and found what appeared to be a theater or the set of a television soap opera. I walked over to the side of the stage where I couldn't actually see the set and sat down near another man.

One man, one of the actors in the soap opera, apparently became confused and came over to where I was instead of going onto the set. He was in the process of acting and talked as he walked in front of us. I grabbed something he was holding in his hand and spoke to him. He stopped talking in the middle of his dialogue.

He walked away from me and went over to a dresser which had a mirror on it; his movements were quite feminine. He stood in front of the mirror and acted as if he were putting on some perfume.

Meanwhile the people out on the stage were waiting for him to come out and do his lines. Finally, someone came back to where we were and told the actor that he wasn't on stage and that he needed to go out front. He turned around and looked angrily at me. Then he walked out onto the stage

A young actress (probably in her early 20s) walked back to where I was and she likewise was acting. But she seemed to realize she wasn't actually on stage back here. She was dressed in a white dress



and was quite beautiful. She walked up to me. I was sitting on the left end of a couch attached to a frame and metal tracks so that it slid back and forth in a rocking motion. The actress sat down on the arm rest to my left and then leaned back onto my lap.

She was pretending as if she were acting and as if I were someone in the play. As part of the act she began kissing me; her lips lightly touched mine. I was quite surprised. I put my arms around her. She was very beautiful. I couldn't understand why she was here with me; I didn't feel as if I were handsome enough for her.

But apparently she was attracted to me because I felt certain she knew we weren't actually in a play at the moment. I felt her tongue in my mouth. I couldn't help myself; I wanted to kiss her back. But I stopped for a moment and felt like asking her if she thought people could catch any diseases simply by kissing each other. I knew I had seen her acting before and knew she kissed people when she acted.

The other fellow sitting near us spoke up and commented about the woman's presence. I responded, "Well, she's just doing this probably to make somebody else feel funny."

I had almost said "jealous" instead of "funny," but specifically said "funny" instead. The woman

continued kissing me and I was really uncertain if she was trying to make someone else jealous or if she were genuinely interested in me. I was definitely interested in her; it felt very good to have a beautiful young actress in my arms.

### **Dream of: 08 October 1985 "South Africa"**

I was with my father, my mother, my crippled brother Chris and my sister at the Gay Street House. My mother was quite upset and was talking. I was surprised to hear she was planning to take a Greyhound bus and leave town. I finally realized she was leaving because she had discovered something about my father, who agreed with her that she should leave.

She spoke to me in German and talked for quite a while. I was unable to understand everything she said and finally she asked me why I wasn't answering her. I answered, "Du sprichst zu schnell. Ich kann dich nicht verstehen."

After she began speaking more slowly, I began understanding what she was saying. The issue in question was what was going to happen to Chris after she left on the Greyhound. I walked over to Chris and picked him up. He was beginning to cry. I held him in my arms and told him not to worry. I told him nothing was going to happen to him and I made the decision to take care of him. I thought I might need to hire someone like a Mexican woman

to come in once every day to bathe him and take care of him. I didn't want Chris to worry about it anymore.

My father seemed basically unconcerned about the whole matter.

Finally everyone including Chris left and a man who had heard about my father and my mother separating walked into the room. Someone had once sold my father and my mother some stone dinner ware and this man now had a lien on the dinner ware. The man said about \$200 was still owed on the plates, but that he would probably only be able to get about ten cents on the dollar out of it.

I looked at the plates which were sitting in the room. They were rather pretty and had colored rings around their edges. Basically, however, I was unconcerned about the whole matter. I picked up some of the plates and threw them across the room. The man left.

Suddenly I realized quite a few black people and one or two other white people were also in the room. It suddenly occurred to me that we were in South Africa. Apparently there had been a revolt and the blacks had taken over the country. It appeared I might be in danger.

In the room I saw another white family, which consisted of a man, his wife and two children. I walked over to the man and spoke with him. From where we were, we could see outside through a small door; I asked him what was going on. Apparently he had just been captured and brought there. He said about 400 "reds" were in another building down the road. When he said "reds" I thought he was referring to some other white people, but I thought they might be communists since he referred to them as "reds." Apparently they still had a stronghold nearby.

The man said he was going to run down to where the reds were. Suddenly he jumped up and ran out the back door; I followed him outside, where we appeared to be in a jungle. Some blacks were chasing us, so I separated from the man. Suddenly a black boy grabbed my arm, but I threw him off me.

I ran toward some nearby bungalows, reached one and crawled underneath it. I could hear voices overhead inside the bungalow. I was able to see inside; it was full of black people.

I slipped out from under the bungalow and ran over to another one. It was empty, but I heard a radio playing. I walked in. Some short bunk beds, only about a meter long, were in the room along with some longer bunk beds. On the radio it was

announced that there had been an order that four black people were to sleep in each short bunk bed, while white people were each given a long bunk bed to sleep in.

The radio went on to say that that order had been one of the reasons why the black people had revolted; the situation had become too intolerable for them.

I snuck out of the building and began crawling outside on something which appeared to be plastic. Finally I reached another bungalow, where I heard people talking inside. I hoped it was white people and crawled through a hole in the side of the building. It was dark inside and I couldn't tell the peoples' color. Finally a bit of light appeared in the room and I saw one person's arm. It was black and I realized the room was full of black people.

They immediately realized I was there. I jumped up and ran out; they began chasing me. I couldn't figure out where the reds were; but I knew I was in terrible danger at that point.

### **Dream of: 10 October 1985 "Reading Test"**

I was lying in a bed in what appeared to be a classroom. A woman, who reminded me somewhat of a former teacher, handed me and some other people in the room something to read. It was

supposed to be a literary piece and we were being examined for reading comprehension.

I immediately recognized the piece was a case of the United States Supreme Court. The writer was Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. I thought I should have little trouble and I began reading.

Basically I understood the case; but still it wasn't entirely clear. The basic question appeared to be whether a man could be arrested and tried for a crime if the indictment charging the crime didn't specifically name that man.

Justice Douglas explained the law on the subject.

He wrote that the authorities must know specifically whom they are charging with the crime before they can arrest someone. He bemoaned the situation where a crime had been committed and the authorities had a general idea about who did it. But he said the law didn't permit criminal prosecution of someone who hadn't been named with specificity in the charging document.

Douglas admitted that information had come to his attention about this particular case which inclined him to believe in the accused's guilt. However, Douglas admitted that that evidence wasn't admissible before the court and I saw that part of the words had been blotted out in that paragraph.

So although Douglas himself was convinced of the guilt of the accused person, he strongly maintained that the law must be upheld and that in this particular case the accused must be set free.

I had to leaf back to an earlier page to be able to finally understand the case. I felt pleased with my understanding and I thought probably few others in the room had understood it so well. I was almost to the end of the opinion when I noticed that the teacher seemed to be becoming impatient.

Meanwhile three or four very young babies had been laid on my bed at its foot. I didn't notice them at first and I almost pushed one off the side with my foot. I wondered if the baby would have been seriously injured had I done so.

I picked the baby up I had almost pushed off and signaled to the lady that the babies were in a precarious position. Another baby was lying dangerously close to the edge also.

### **Dream of: 10 October 1985 (2) "Mogan-David"**

I found myself talking with a slender fellow (in his early 20s) interested in going to California to bid on a car to be sold at an auction. Apparently the car was being foreclosed upon. I mentioned I had

some experience in buying real property at foreclosure sales and I offered some advice.

The price on the car was only \$1,800.00 and apparently it was worth about \$20,000.00. I explained to the fellow that quite a few other people would probably show up to bid. I began telling him about one of my clients who had bought a piece of real property at a foreclosure sale. Then I said, "No. Wait a minute. I represented the person whose property was sold and not the person who bought it."

I then explained that the buyer of the property had paid \$10,000.00 to some other people so they wouldn't bid on the property. I told him that was an anti-trust violation and that the person may have been subject to criminal prosecution.

I explained that a method existed whereby a legal agreement could be reached so all the bidders could make money. I told him he needed to find out who the bidders were before the sale and then enter into a partnership agreement with them. He immediately seemed to understand and he wanted to know if I could prepare the agreement for him. I knew I had once written such an agreement for myself and I thought I might be able to use it for him.

He told me he needed to go somewhere and he asked me to go with him. We got into a car which I



drove. I realized then we were in Portsmouth. We drove along Eighth Street. He told me to pull over on a corner in front of a house that appeared to have been converted into a store. I pulled over and we stepped from the car.

I recognized the house as the one Maxie (a former female high school schoolmate) used to live in. I said, "What happened to the Maxies?"

He explained that the house had been converted into a duplex and that the Maxies still lived on one side of it. The other side had been converted into some kind of auction house which he apparently was at least part owner of.

We walked inside. Quite a few people were milling about and apparently an auction was either in process or about to begin. Quite a few things were sitting around. I noticed a number of old empty wine bottles which were apparently antiques sitting on a table. I looked at them and I thought I saw the words "Mogan-David" written on one. I vaguely thought about my grandfather Cole, who had died before I had been born and I wondered if he had ever drunk from bottles like those.

The auctioneer began selling things. He held up a silver musical instrument. It looked something like a flute or a clarinet. Part of it was missing and it was obviously useless. The auctioneer pointed out

that the brand name was engraved on the instrument. I thought I might bid 50 cents for it.

### **Dream of: 17 October 1985 "Remarried"**

Early in the morning I was in the Travis Street Apartment. Louise had already moved out and I hadn't seen her in several days. She had left some of her things behind and I had put them out on the back balcony in brown paper sacks. I expected her to come by and pick the stuff up.

I heard someone pull up out back and slightly opened the kitchen door to see out onto the balcony. There was Louise going up and down the steps carrying the sacks to the car. She didn't see me. I looked at the car but could only see the lower portion of it because my vision was blocked by the roof of the carport behind the Apartment. I was surprised that the car, a gray Cadillac Coup de Ville, wasn't Louise's. I couldn't tell if anyone else was in the car.

I opened the door, walked out onto the back steps and said, "Well come on in a minute."

She said she would step in for just a minute. She looked a little different. I looked at her and said, "Well, how's it going."

She said things were going OK for her. I had the feeling she was now living with another man and asked, "Well, have you moved in with somebody?"

She looked at me, half smiled and replied, "No. I got married."

I was rather surprised, but not terribly so. I said, "Well, I was afraid you might do something like that."

I wasn't particularly bothered that she had remarried, although I thought it was probably an obvious mistake for her to rush into another marriage. But it was something she would just have to live with.

I didn't feel close to her and certainly didn't want to touch her. She wasn't wearing a wedding ring, but had a ring with a pearl in it on her left ring finger. She took off the gray coat she was wearing, revealing a long, elegant dress which she obviously wanted to show me.

I had an idea who the man she had married was and figured the Cadillac must belong to him. I thought he was well-to-do. Probably the main reason she had married him was because he was well-off. It appeared to me that she had made a mistake. She looked quite unhappy.

We were standing in the kitchen, she with her back to the door to the living room and I facing the living room and looking at her. From where I was, I could clearly see the front door to the living room. Suddenly that door opened and a man walked in.

He was a tall husky fellow wearing a large beige jacket. Louise didn't see him. I pointed to him and said, "Who's that? Is that your husband?"

She looked and said, "Yes."

He walked into the kitchen and Louise stopped him. He pushed her aside and advanced toward me. He apparently suspected Louise was doing something with me and appeared belligerent. He began swinging his fists at me; I prepared to defend myself.

### **Dream of: 19 October 1985 "Well In The Library"**

On the day before Christmas I had returned to Portsmouth for a short visit.

I had been in the army for two years and was thinking of rejoining for another two years. I thought I might try to be stationed in New York City. If I were in the army, I could probably find a job I liked. During the previous two years in the army I had spent much time studying law and I

hadn't had to work at anything terribly disagreeable.

I would also like to learn more about modern weapons systems and I thought the army would be a good place to do so. I was opposed to weapons systems, but I thought I needed to know more about them to understand exactly what I opposed.

I was more intelligent than most people in the army, so I would be able to find a position where I wouldn't have to do very much. But certain regulations might exist which would prevent my moving from one position to another. I would need to plan out which position I wanted to obtain.

I walked to a spot on Waller Street in the middle of the black section of Portsmouth and sat down on a bench on the corner. Wittenburg (a former high school classmate) was also sitting there and we began talking. A car drove by with Steve Weinstein sitting in the back seat. Another fellow was in the back with Weinstein and two fellows were in the front. I knew everyone in the car and I hollered out Weinstein's name as the car passed by.

Weinstein quickly looked at me but the car drove on. When the car turned at the next corner, I thought it would probably come back around the block. I knew that Wittenburg was also a friend of Weinstein's and that Weinstein would also

probably want to see Wittenburg. When the car didn't return after I waited for a few minutes, I thought, "Well, I'll go on to the library."

I thought I might be able to find a book about the army there; perhaps Weinstein would also come to the library if he came back around. I entered the library and found a book which had a picture of many stars on the front cover and I wanted to check out the book. I carried it to the check-out counter and handed it and my library card to the woman behind the counter. She said, "That'll be ninety cents, please."

This was the first time I had used that library card.

I thought for a minute and I wondered why she had charged me ninety cents. Then I remembered that when I had obtained the card, I had been told the first check-out would cost 90 cents.

I pulled out a large pocketful of change, laid it on the counter and began counting out some money. I picked out three quarters, a nickel and a dime and pushed them off from the rest of the change. Then

I scrapped the remaining change off the counter into my hand and put it back into my pocket. Some small pieces of white lint were still on the counter; the lint had apparently been in my pocket with the change.

Some commotion was going on behind me. I turned around and saw what appeared to be a well

in the middle of the room. It was round and had a circular wall which rose to about my waist. Some people were talking about something they were pulling up out of the well in a net.

When the people pulled a large fish all the way to the top, I asked how long the fish was and someone said it was three foot two inches long. I asked what kind of fish it was and someone said it was a "polypus." It looked like some kind of prehistoric fish. I was amazed. It was so long I didn't see how it had been able to move around in the narrow well.

Looking at the fish more closely, I realized it was dead, had apparently been dead for a while, and had already begun to decompose. I stood looking at it a while longer, but I really wanted to leave.

Unfortunately, the woman hadn't yet returned the book to me, but had laid it on a shelf behind the check-out counter. I looked at the woman and asked, "May I have my book?"

She asked someone to run behind the counter and get it. He did so and the woman gave me the book.

I walked to the door and saw four fellows, including Weinstein and Roger Anderson, coming in. I walked to Weinstein and hugged him. Then I embraced Anderson and the other two fellows one at a time. Hugging everyone felt good. I told Weinstein, "I recently talked with someone who

said that a person needs at least four hugs a day to survive."

I was happy to see Weinstein, who looked young and clean-shaven. I thought he would probably be spending the next day, Christmas, with his parents and would be leaving the following day. This might be the only time I would have a chance to see him.

When I asked Weinstein what he had been doing, he said that he had just played a couple major games of pool for that year and that he had lost both games. I asked, "Is that an indication of how things have been going generally for the last couple of years?"

He smiled, walked back into the library, and told him I wanted to show him the fish. But I was unsure whether the fish was still there or whether it had been thrown away already.

### **Dream of: 21 October 1985 "Buddha In The Well"**

My mother had a well in her back yard which had been covered by some old boards. Since the well looked rather dangerous, I told her I was going to try to repair it. After I walked outside and looked at the well, I found that sacks of clothes had been stacked up on the boards which covered the well. After looking through the sacks and finding some blue jeans, one pair of which was brand new, I



decided I would distribute the clothes to needy people.

I looked more closely at the boards over the well and saw that some kind of covering had been placed on the boards. I took the covering off the boards and I began working on the boards which were not in bad shape themselves, although they were loose. After I had fitted the boards together as best I could, they looked good and formed a round cover about two meters in diameter over the top of well. The more I looked at the cover, the more it reminded me of a table top.

I finally decided to place a table on top of the boards. I found a rather elegant-looking, rectangular table and set it on the boards. When I noticed that one leg of the table was sticking out incorrectly. I worked on it and tried to fix it. When I finished working, I stood back and I realized that what I had in front of me was not a table at all, but a handsome, life-sized, dark wooden statue of a sitting Buddha. It was quite lifeless, but still quite remarkable.

Suddenly the boards broke and the bottom half of the Buddha fell into the well.

### **Dream of: 28 October 1985 "Praise The Lord"**

While on the Gallia County Farm, I decided to roam up into the hills and be among the trees.

After strolling down into the field behind the Farmhouse, I headed toward the hill at the west end of the field. When I reached the foot of the hill, I was dismayed to discover someone had chopped down the trees which had been growing on the hill, and apparently had sold them for timber. I thought whoever had sold the trees had probably made quite a bit of money.

I was concerned the hill would erode, now that all the trees had been felled. I recalled the many deep gullies which gutted the hill directly behind the Farmhouse. That hill must also have been covered by trees at one time. When the hill had been cleared off, the deep trenches must have formed.

My attention was distracted by something I saw on the ground – a cellophane baggie which appeared to contain marijuana. I picked up the baggie and looked more closely at the content. Seeing the substance inside had a lighter color than marijuana, I concluded it probably wasn't marijuana. Other baggies also lay scattered around on the ground, one of which had the corner torn off as if someone had twisted the baggie to extract the last little bit of marijuana.

I wondered who might have left the baggies there and although unsure, thought perhaps the person had been my brother-in-law James. I knew he smoked a lot of pot.

Kneeling down behind a large log, I opened the baggie with the substance inside to take a closer look at it. The contents were quite damp. When I saw some seeds which clearly resembled marijuana seeds, I thought perhaps the substance actually was marijuana. Raising the stuff to my nose, I detected an odor resembling marijuana.

When I had finished, I closed the baggie and stood up. Suddenly I noticed several people standing nearby. Since two of them had walked past me while I had been looking inside the baggie, I figured they had probably seen me.

I paid them little mind. Instead I turned back toward the Farmhouse and began walking along the small creek which flowed through the field. The creek had quite a bit of water in it, apparently from a recent rain. Some people were trying to cross the creek at a ford; but I decided to walk on down to the old hay barn and cross over there at the little bridge. My only concern was that the ground might be muddy near the barn, and that I might become stuck in the mud.

One of the people trying to cross the creek resembled my first cousin Alan. Although I didn't focus on the fellow, I did begin having images of Alan in my mind, imagining he had become a movie producer who was going to need someone

to be in one of his movies. Suddenly I envisioned myself as that very person.

I also had images of Leo Alonzo, a fellow whom I had once met on a trip to Mexico City, Mexico. In my imagination, this Mexican fellow and I had been sent to Mexico City to be in the movie which Alan was producing.

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The Mexican fellow and I were walking along a street in Mexico City. At least the place seemed like Mexico City, although I thought it was possible the street had just been created for the movie to resemble a street in Mexico City. The street was crowded with people screaming and shouting. Amid the hustle and bustle, a red car suddenly came ripping down the street and jumped onto the sidewalk. People scurried out of the way as fast as they could to avoid being run over.

As the Mexican man and I walked past a store front, a man bowed over so a large billfold was visible in his back pocket. Abruptly, a young boy grabbed the billfold, and tried to run off with it, but the boy was unsuccessful because the billfold was attached by a chain to the man's belt. The man immediately grabbed the billfold and thrust it back into his pocket. The man didn't seem angry -

he just seemed to think it was natural for someone to try to steal his billfold.

Sitting next to the man were a number of tin cans stuffed with money. I imagined the cans were used for contributions to a church, and I even thought I saw the word "Baptist" written on them.

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The Mexican man and I were walking down a country road. I was still thinking about the movie, realizing I knew nothing about it. But something took my mind away from the movie: on the ground ahead of us, an old bi-wing airplane was taking off.

Once the plane attained the air, it flew briskly across the horizon and then straight up into the sky. But suddenly the plane began smoking, turned into a nose dive and headed straight toward the ground. Just as the plane was about to smash into the earth, it pulled out of the dive, and lifted back into the sky. Finally the plane headed in for a landing and safely touched down.

My companion and I hurried toward the plane. As soon as we reached it, I realized we were looking at a stunt plane. Apparently the pilot was taking people on rides, and once he was in the air, he would pretend to crash, only to pull out of the dive at the last second.

With little thought, the Mexican man and I decided we wanted to take a ride on the stunt plane, and after paying the pilot some money, climbed aboard. As soon as we were in the plane, I took off my shoes and sat down in the seat, which resembled a seat in a car. But unlike a car, the plane had no top – our upper bodies were completely exposed to the elements and we didn't have any seat belts; instead, we were given a couple pieces of wood, which we were supposed to stick into some hooks, and then hang onto for dear life. The pilot revved up the motor and we began taxiing down what appeared to be a city street. I immediately became apprehensive; I was afraid this time, when the pilot began his stunt dive, he would be unable to pull out, and we would crash. Thinking I might need to put my shoes back on, I asked the pilot if anyone ever jumped out when the plane spun into a nose dive. He answered, "Yea." I asked him what happened to those people and he responded, "Oh they just break their leg or they lose it."

"Lose it?!" I answered incredulously. That sounded quite ominous to me. I said, "This is probably the stupidest thing I've ever done in my life."

Still holding the two pieces of wood in my hands, I handed one to my companion and advised him to stick it in something and try to brace himself with it. I also pulled on my shoes, thinking that if I did

decide to jump out of the plane, I would need to be wearing them. But I also thought staying in the plane might be safer, even if it did look as if the plane were going to crash. If I stayed in the plane, there would still be a chance the plane would pull out of the dive.

I asked my companion what he thought. When he responded that he was unafraid, I said, "Judgment day is near."

He responded, "Praise the Lord."

It sounded as if he were also beginning to feel a little apprehensive about the whole matter.

### **Dream of: 29 October 1985 "I Am The Devil"**

I was showing Louise some pictures I had taken and I handed her a couple. I pulled out one picture of about five by five centimeters which showed a woman named Petty (a former law student) lying on a bed wearing only a pair of beige panties. Her shapely breasts were clearly visible.

When I handed the picture to Louise and told her I had taken the picture, Louise seemed surprised I had been able to take the picture of Petty.

I thought back to when I had taken the picture and visualized myself as having worn a long white robe at the time. I had acted in an almost saintly way and I hadn't tried to do anything more than take

the picture. I half regretted I hadn't attempted to have some relationship with Petty, but I thought that I had earned Petty's respect by not trying anything with her and that she had trusted me.

Louise and I began walking down a street; I was headed toward my office. When I finally reached the building where my office was located, I found a rather heavy-set woman of (about 25 years old) sitting and crying in front of the building. I walked up to her and realized the woman was the wife of Paniagua (a legal client from Central America). Someone had told me earlier that Bernardo had been put in jail. The woman asked me if I had heard and I told her I had.

I put my arm around the woman and held her close to me. As she continued crying, I noticed her hips rubbing against me. I didn't mind, but I didn't really want to have anything to do with her. I told her to go ahead into my office and that I would be in in a minute.

Since my office was in the basement, the woman walked down some stairs to reach it. I stood outside for a moment and had a vision of a small girl being in my office. I then walked into the office and there found the girl whom I had just imagined sitting in front of my desk.



When I looked at the girl I had the impression I was watching a movie and I understood the girl was being tormented by the devil.

On the desk was a small white vase which contained some hard red candy wrapped in cellophane. The girl picked up the vase, looked at it, and began chanting words which were supposed to make the devil go away. I almost expected something to happen -- such as the candy exploding.

As I watched the scene, it seemed almost as if I weren't really there and as if I were watching a movie. I vaguely thought I was dreaming, but I didn't try to manipulate the dream in any way. I thought, "Well, I'll just let this proceed along."

I walked behind the desk and sat down, unsure the girl even knew I was there. I watched and listened to her as she looked around the room as if waiting for something to appear. I kept expecting something to happen to the vase she was holding such as what might happen in a modern horror movie with dramatic special effects.

As I sat there, I began feeling changes come over me. I began thinking maybe the special effects were going to take place with me instead. I felt my body changing. I was quite calm. I felt the change occurring but I felt no real sensation and no pain.

I suddenly realized the little girl was no longer there. But I still sensed her presence; I said to her,  
"Darling, I am the devil."

I felt no remorse that such a strong change had come over me. I simply felt it was a part of me.

### **Dream of: 29 October 1985 (2) "New Devices"**

I was about two kilometers away from Patriot, on the road which leads into Patriot. I had set up a camp here. I was sitting next to the road watching a new console television which I had recently bought. I noticed the television actually had two screens. One screen was large and to its right was a smaller screen.

The smaller screen had some kind of plastic on it. On the plastic were some numbers flashing on and off. I thought the numbers were the price I had paid for the TV. It surprised me that the numbers would be flashing on the plastic like that. I pulled off the plastic and underneath was the actual screen. Apparently some electronic gadgetry had made the plastic flash on and off.

I examined the TV and realized I had another small portable TV sitting on top of the larger one. Apparently the two were somehow connected together. I couldn't quite get the picture to come in on the smaller screen. The picture would flash

on and off but wouldn't remain. I began toying with the antennas.

I knew I needed to go somewhere soon and began thinking that it might not be a good idea to leave the TVs here. I had been camping here for several days and had left the TVs here before when I had left, but even though no one had stolen them yet, I thought it wasn't wise to leave them here.

I had bought a Bronco Jeep and I loaded the small TV into the Jeep. However, I left the larger TV sitting there. I began driving down the road. I noticed that a car was right behind me and traveling very close to me.

Inside the jeep I had a vacuum cleaner. The jeep had a door right in the very front of it. I suddenly stopped the jeep, opened the front door and put the vacuum outside into the middle of the road. But I immediately realized I should not have done that, picked the vacuum back up and put it back inside the jeep. I then continued going down the road.

I was quite impressed by how the jeep handled on the road. I began thinking perhaps I would just get my tent and go on an extended camping trip in the jeep.

I still had my Volkswagen Rabbit. But I had only needed to pay a couple hundred dollars down for

the jeep and the monthly payments were only a couple of hundred a month. I thought it was indeed nice to have the jeep.

### **Dream of: 30 October 1985 "Noah's Ark"**

I was living in Portsmouth in a two-story partially red brick, partially frame house, located on the lot where my father's cellulose insulation factory normally stood.

I had been looking for my pet Dalmatian, Dac, who had been missing for about a year. Someone offered to tell me where Dac was if I would pay \$1,000. I agreed to do so, and having paid the \$1,000, I boarded a car with the person. After traveling a short ways down the street, the person began telling me that Dac was close to a nearby dump. Since I hadn't been aware a dump was in this area, I asked if the person was sure. The person responded, "Yea."

The person continued to say that a lake was also nearby and that recently the carcass of a large fish almost the size of a whale had washed up on shore. Some people in a nearby church had thought the bones were the frame of Noah's ark. The people had gone to the lake and begun praying in front of the structure. But some scientists had come along and explained the thing was actually the skeleton of a large fish and not an ark.

When we came closer to the dump, I began thinking I might like to forage about in the dump to see if I could find anything interesting. We went down a little road and suddenly I saw Dac standing in the road. The other person stopped the car and stepped out. When I jumped out of the car, Dac ran to me. I began petting him. He was excited to see me and danced about. When he rolled over on his back, I petted his stomach.

I learned Dac had disappeared because he had had four babies. I thought that since Dac was a male, he wouldn't have been able to have nursed the babies and that someone else must have been taking care of them. Realizing the person with me had been caring for the babies, I said, "I want to see the babies."

The person took me to where the babies were. I was expecting to find babies which wouldn't be pure Dalmatians like Dac. I thought they might even have some red coloring in them. I anticipated I wouldn't want to keep them. I thought it would be hard to separate Dac from his babies, but I would simply have to do it.

When I was shown the babies I was surprised to discover they weren't baby dogs, but little human girls. I thought since Dac had been missing for about a year, the little girls wouldn't have developed correctly. But I was amazed at what I

found. The girls looked as if they were 7-8 years old and had obviously developed wonderfully. All four were extremely beautiful. They seemed quite artistic and talented. One was playing piano and the others were marching around.

They also looked quite sexy. They were all wearing tops, but were naked from the waists down. I looked at the pubic area of one girl and saw that she still didn't have pubic hairs. I could clearly discern the slit between her legs.

I was attracted to them. But reflecting further, I began to think they were actually my daughters. I debated whether I should keep them or give them up for adoption. I immediately decided I was going to keep them. It worried me that I might have some kind of sexual contact with them since I found them so sexually attractive, but I definitely wanted to keep them anyway.

### **Dream of: 30 October 1985 (2) "Excavations"**

After picking up my father and my mother in a car in Portsmouth, I wanted to visit Babcock (a former high school classmate). I drove to the house of Anderson (another former high school classmate), found Babcock there and asked Babcock if he would like to go to a movie with me. He said he would and he climbed into the front seat of the car with me. My father and my mother were sitting in the back seat, along with a man who was my

grandfather (and who reminded me of Don Juan Mateos, a character from books by Carlos Castaneda).

As I drove down Coles Boulevard, I asked Babcock how he had been and he said he had been fine. When I asked him if he had seen Anderson, he said that he had no desire to see Anderson and that he and Anderson weren't getting along well together. Obviously they had had a falling out. But he did say that Anderson was planning to marry someone named "Lindsey." I thought the girl's name was Lindsey Wittenburg and that she was the sister of Wittenburg (another former high school schoolmate).

I began wondering whether having Babcock together with my father and my mother like this was a good idea. I continued asking Babcock questions and thought about how I tended to ask many questions when I was having a conversation.

I asked Babcock if he were a dentist (even though I already knew he was). When I mentioned that I was planning to move to Paris in about three months, Babcock said he had been there. He said that he had liked Paris and that he would like to live there himself. I had the feeling he had toured Europe with some other dentists. I asked him if he had visited Paris, Rome and Berlin. Apparently he had.

I was planning to drive down Coles Boulevard to where it intersected with Route 23 and then drive out to the neighboring community of Rosemount, but someone said the road had been changed where Coles Boulevard and Route 23 intersect. However my grandfather said to continue down Coles because he knew how to get to Rosemount anyway.

I continued along until we came to the intersection. Indeed it had been radically changed. A large, impressive-looking, clover leaf intersection was now there.

Coles Boulevard had been extended past Route 23 into the bottom land close to the Scioto River. I continued on past the intersection until the road turned into a dirt road. My grandfather told me to drive up a small hill there, where he said we would be able to circle around.

I said, "Boy it really seems strange seeing places so near Portsmouth that I've never seen before. I thought I'd seen everything in Portsmouth."

I hadn't been in that area where I now was because the road hadn't been there before. I found it quite interesting. It was quite green and pretty there.

Finally the road came to an end, got out of the car and began walking up the side of a barren hill



which had been created by the excavations there. Although we couldn't quite reach the top because of a steep cliff, we could see to our left that no road circled around like my grandfather had thought. Obviously we were going to have to turn around and go back. But no one was really concerned that my grandfather had made a mistake. I thought walking around there had been interesting anyway.

### **Dream of: 08 November 1985 "Floating Clown"**

Louise and I were sitting in an auditorium with some children for whom I was apparently a teacher. A man planning to give the children some psychological tests walked into the room. Before administering the tests to the children, he decided to test me in front of the children. I didn't mind taking the test; but I thought it might be rather embarrassing if I did poorly with the children watching.

The test was a simple word test. The man was going to say some words, and to each of his words I was supposed to answer back with another word.

I was a bit apprehensive, but was basically unconcerned. I wondered what Louise was going to think of everything.

I was seated facing the stage of the auditorium. It seemed like a screen should have been on the

stage for movies. But there was no screen and instead, at the back of the stage, a large window the size of a movie screen gave on to the outside world. I looked through the window and was almost mesmerized by the vista. I saw some buildings outside, but mostly I just saw blue sky. I wondered if what I was looking at would affect my responses on the word test.

The man began reading off words and I began responding. I responded directly and spontaneously to the words which he spoke but noticed that my responses were also slightly affected by what I saw outside through the window. It seemed that my answers somehow had something to do with the sky.

To one of the words he asked me I answered "skydiving." To the word "jump," I responded "leap." He said another word and I answered "spite." I stopped and thought that "spite" wasn't a very good answer. He said "melody" and I said "light." I wondered what I had meant when I had said "light." I didn't know whether I had been thinking of "light" in the sense of energy or in the sense of something of little substance.

To another word I answered "preservation." The word I had answered to had also ended in "-tion" and I realized several of my answers ended in "-tion." It struck me how those words rhymed; I

wondered if the mind worked by rhyming words like that.

Suddenly I noticed that a clown dressed in something red seemed to be floating in the air outside. I wondered if the sight of the clown would begin to affect my answers.

The man stopped and said the exam was over. I turned to Louise and asked her how she thought I had done and whether she thought I was crazy. She said something and I thought she had said I had answered incorrectly and that I indeed was crazy. But then I realized I had misunderstood her. She said, "No. No. You did just fine. It didn't show you were crazy at all."

The test had been rather exhilarating and I felt quite good about it. It had been interesting to see how my mind had functioned. I fancied that my mind had demonstrated a poetic bent when I had thought of the words.

### **Dream of: 13 November 1985 "Philippine Jail"**

I had gone to the Philippines, a country located in Eastern Europe. It was rather primitive and appeared basically as I had expected. I was riding around a city with a couple other people. One of them, a relative of mine (about 25 years old) looked like a Filipino.

We stopped the car and spoke to some people. Among them was a girl (about 20 years old) who caught my attention. When our eyes met, I was immediately attracted to her and felt she likewise was attracted to me. Finally my companions and I left the girl and the other people and began driving around again.

I had some brown envelopes stamped for express mail which I needed to take to the post office. I asked my companions if I could simply put the envelopes in a mail box the way they were; they told me I could. We pulled up in front of a building which had some mail boxes in front of it.

As I started to get out of the car, I looked up the street and saw the same girl I had seen earlier. She had gone into the middle of the street and sat down. Suddenly she stood up and jumped onto a bicycle. I jumped out of the car, ran toward her and stopped her. I spoke to her and she spoke back to me in English. I could tell she wasn't as intelligent as I had hoped and was probably not very educated. However, I was still quite attracted to her and asked her if I could see her. She said,  
"Yes."

She pulled out a paper and began writing the name of a place where we could meet. She didn't want to give me her home address, but gave me the name of another place. We continued talking

and walked into what appeared to be a small garage where some other people were congregated and we sat down on a couch. As she talked I moved closer to her and put my arm around her waist. I felt good being close to her, but I was uncertain exactly how close to her I was going to get. We continued talking. With my arm around her, I realized she was slightly overweight; but the weight wasn't enough to make any difference. She just needed to lose a few pounds.

I looked up to see a large Filipino man dressed in dark blue walk into the room. He grabbed the girl and pulled her away from me. He was her father. He grabbed me and made threatening gestures as if he were going to hit me; but instead of hitting me he threw me against the wall and then grabbed me again.

I picked up a folding metal chair and hit him with it. I was uncertain whether I should have hit him, but thought I needed to defend myself somehow.

My two friends were standing outside, but I couldn't seem to scream. When I finally managed to reach the door where my friends could see me, the fellow who was my relative saw my predicament and ripped off his outer clothing to reveal a karate suit underneath. He ran toward my attacker and kicked him in the back. The man let go of me and my relative hit him a few more times until the man backed away.

I walked toward the door, saw some other Americans standing there and said sarcastically, "Thanks a lot for helping me."

I very lightly tapped each of the Americans on the head with the foldable chair I was still holding in my hand. They then showed me why they hadn't helped me by pointing behind the door to a gang of Filipinos who apparently would have attacked them if they had tried to help me. I understood then the Americans had been unable to assist me since they feared for their own safety.

Obviously we were in a very repressive society. My friends and I began walking around again and another thin black-haired girl (about 30 years old) wearing a light green dress approached us. I spoke with her and she seemed rather intelligent. I asked her what she did here and she replied she simply tried to get enough to eat. Apparently things were so repressive here that it was difficult for even an intelligent person like herself to find enough to eat.

I put my arm around her shoulder and we walked along together. My ex-wife Louise was standing nearby wearing a dark blue dress. I hoped Louise would see me with the girl and be jealous, but Louise was moving in another direction and I didn't think she saw us. I continued walking along with the girl thinking about the situation in the

Philippines. Finally we parted and I said, "I'll see you later."

As I walked away from her I realized I didn't even know her name. However, I didn't ask her because I thought I actually probably never would see her again. She might be interesting, but I was really not very attracted to her.

I suddenly realized I was walking inside a jail in the Philippines. I saw many men inside small glass cages less than a square meter in size lined up next to each other. The arms of the men were held up in the air by chains on each side of the cage and the men were slowly withering away. I was appalled by the sight.

I thought I had already been in trouble and possibly could be put in one of the cages. I didn't know if I would be able to endure such an ordeal; I would probably die if I were chained up all the time like that. How terrible it would be not to be able to talk with anyone or read anything and to be watched constantly by the guards as they walked up and down the aisles. Probably the American government wouldn't even be able to help me. I probably ought to be trying to leave the country.

As I thought about the situation, I found myself inside what appeared to be a radio station. A man was preparing to broadcast an English message

being received on the television. He had hooked up a microphone to the speaker on the television to be broadcast across the radio. I thought it might be a message from president Ronald Reagan. Referring to the way he had hooked up the television to the radio microphone I said, "That's the most important connection in this country."

I thought the country desperately needed to hear some broadcasts from the United States.

**Dream of: 13 November 1985 (2) "The Intruder"**

I was with my ex-wife Louise at her apartment on Skillman Road in Dallas. Around midnight we took off our clothes and got into bed nude together. We were just about to have sex when Louise rose from the bed and told me I was going to have to leave. I was startled because I had been planning to stay overnight. She explained that she knew her boyfriend Vernon's habits and that she expected he would probably come by around midnight. At first I was perturbed because I thought she had just used me. But then I thought, "Oh well, it doesn't really matter."

I rose and began gathering my clothes together. I had a pair of blue jeans and a short sleeved blue shirt. Someone else's blue shirt was hanging on the doorknob of the bedroom door. I thought it



must be Vernon's and that if he left his clothes here like that, he must regularly be spending his nights here.

I still wanted to have sex, although I had qualms about seeing Louise merely for sex. However, I was still sexually attracted to her. I turned to her and asked her when she was going to give me a blow job.

Suddenly we heard a noise outside in front of the apartment. I thought it might have been a car door. Louise immediately became frightened, ran to the front door to make sure it was locked and put something over the peep hole. I had the feeling she was afraid of Vernon. I also was afraid of him. Louise said, "You're afraid of him, right?"

I replied, "Well sure I'm afraid of him."

I was afraid because I knew he had killed his own father. I thought that anyone who could kill his father was capable of just about anything. I thought the man was basically insane. I knew he and Louise were now engaged. Therefore if he found me here with her just about anything could happen. I said something to Louise about Vernon's having killed his father. Louise had never discussed the subject with me and I was intrigued. I wanted to find out more about what had happened, but she didn't want to discuss it, and

she replied, "There you go again about his brother."

She seemed confused about the matter because I hadn't been talking about Vernon's brother. I wondered if she was talking about her own brother. I pressed on, "He killed his fucking father. You've got to deal with that situation."

Apparently she couldn't deal with the situation and she ran back into the bedroom. I continued gathering up my clothes and putting them on.

Suddenly I heard someone pounding on the back patio door to her living room. We were both standing in the bedroom. I asked her if she could look through the bedroom window to see if Vernon was pounding on the door. But she was terrified. I thought, "I can run out the front door quickly. No. I can't do that."

Finally I said, "Well just tell him I was here visiting."

Louise was obviously extremely terrified. I also was frightened. I thought since Vernon was now engaged to her, he obviously had some claim to her and I was now the intruder.

### **Dream of: 19 November 1985 "Jane Roberts"**

I seemed to be watching a movie about either a Mexican or an Indian family trying to escape from

someone. The members of the family had the ability to camouflage themselves in desert-like areas by covering themselves with dirt, mud or sand. But they needed to be near some rocks, which were used as a back wall, and cover themselves with the soil in front. If they were to just bury themselves in an open area they might be trampled if someone were chasing them on horse.

They covered themselves up and late at night some of the pursuers passed by the place where the family had hidden without detecting the family. But as the rest of the pursuers walked past, the guide of the pursuers stopped, looked over the entire area and then over the place where the family had hidden.

The hiding place was covered with mud, under which were sticks. Some of the sticks showed through the mud, having clearly been arranged in some kind of order. One large stick ran down the middle and other sticks crossing it and almost resembled the rib cage of an animal. The guide realized someone had arranged the sticks in that order.

The father of the family, who was slender and appeared healthy, realizing the family was in danger, crept out of the hiding place toward the guide and killed him. It was then obvious to the

family that they must quickly leave. They escaped before the dead guide was discovered.

They traveled until daybreak when they reached what appeared to be the border of the United States. Some train tracks led across the border. One at a time, with the father leading, the family crossed the border walking along the train tracks, which had some freight cars on it. When the father had walked a ways along the tracks, two men suddenly jumped out and flashed some badges at the poor man. They were from the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

One of the men told the poor man to turn around. As the man did so, an immigration man (about 35 years old) jerked the man's pants down and told the old man to let his penis hang down and urinate. Although the men were visible to me only from the waist up, clearly the immigration official was preparing to insert his penis into the older man's anus.

The chagrin and humiliation of the older man were evident on his face. He was almost in tears.

Suddenly the picture focused on the older man's son, who had snuck onto the freight car directly in front of the scene. The son had some kind of devices which resembled Molotov cocktails and some kind of guns. Obviously he was going to use them to protect his father.

The immigration official and the father both suddenly saw the son. The father said, "Nino, no. Don't do that."

The father knew his son was about to kill the Immigration official and the father wanted to stop the son from killing him because he didn't want his son to have to kill anyone.

Suddenly the screen went blank. I was very confused and disturbed by what I had seen. I didn't know what it had signified for me personally.

Suddenly I saw a figure of a mature woman who appeared to be floating in the air above me. I couldn't clearly see her features, but she seemed quite amazing and beautiful. She spoke, "My name is ...."

I wasn't entirely sure what name she had given but thought it sounded like "Jane Roberts." She continued, "I am the source of these dreams and I formed these dreams long ago for you. I am the source of your ESP. No, you are not a homosexual and this dream, for example, represents something quite different from that."

I was astounded by what she had said. I realized she was some kind of unearthly messenger who had communicated with me. She appeared to be a teacher trying to help me.

## **Dream of: 22 November 1985 "Attempted Murder"**

I had been appointed by a court to represent a woman trying to get a divorce. She was also accused of attempting to murder her husband.

I went to the courtroom and found a room full of people from which the jury was to be picked. Both the attorney for the opposing side and I were allowed to eliminate four people whom we didn't want to be on the jury. We both had a list of names. We decided not to waste much time in asking the people any questions before eliminating any of the people and the opposing attorney first called out the names of four people he wanted eliminated. The four people walked out of the courtroom.

Since I hadn't asked anyone any questions, I wasn't really sure who I wanted to eliminate. But I noticed one black man whom I didn't think I wanted on the jury and I called out his name. I also decided to eliminate another man dressed in a purple robe. His name was "Pastor" and he was apparently a preacher. I called out his name.

I was uncertain whom else I should eliminate. So I simply picked a name at random from my list. The name was Brewer and I called it out. Brewer turned out to be a man about 25 years old with a mustache and longish hair. When I saw him I

thought perhaps I had made a mistake in eliminating him; he might have benefited our side.

I called out another name and the four people I had called walked outside.

Louise was one of the people on the jury panel; I wondered if I should have eliminated her. I was unsure I could trust her to be on my side.

A man walked up to me and identified himself as the referee. He was wearing a black and white striped shirt such as a referee would wear in a sports contest. He began looking through my client's file and pulled a paper out of the file which contained some information about the case. A woman on the jury was standing next to him and appeared to be reading the paper. I grabbed the paper away from the man and explained to the woman that the paper contained evidence to be used in the case and that she couldn't see it yet.

I looked through the file. My client was a Russian citizen who had moved to the United States. She was a dissident who had married an American citizen. The file also contained some nasty pictures which someone had drawn of my client. One picture was drawn in red and was rather abstract. It was quite clear and showed her with a big, round, scary head.

I talked with Louise about the case. I told her the case represented almost every aspect of a relationship which one could imagine. I had never tried an attempted murder case before and was becoming quite emotionally involved in the matter.

Someone on the jury mentioned something which I needed to prove in the case to show that my client hadn't tried to murder anyone. I thought it was a good idea and wrote it down on a tablet I had.

I thought one issue in the case might be whether my client had been able to afford her own attorney or whether the court had to appoint an attorney for her. I didn't think it should be brought before the jury that she hadn't been able to pay an attorney and that I had been appointed.

### **Dream of: 25 November 1985 "Evidence Of A Bomb"**

In the Dallas County courthouse, I walked into County Criminal Court #3 where judge Schwille was the judge. I was scheduled to have a trial and defend Mr. Barelo, who had been charged with driving while intoxicated on alcohol.

I felt quite prepared for the trial and expected to perform well. I hadn't actually spent time preparing the previous day because I had already prepared on previous occasions when the trial had



been scheduled and postponed. It appeared this time the trial would actually take place.

It was almost time for the trial to begin when I entered. My client was already in the courtroom and seated at the table. I walked over to the judge and stood before his bench. Barely able to see over the top of the bench to where the judge was I said, "Judge, I'm ready."

He looked at me and smiled. I wondered if I should have filed any more pleadings. I said, "The only thing I want to do is invoke the Rule."

I was referring to the rule that potential witnesses not be allowed in the courtroom while other witnesses were testifying. Judge Schwille replied, "Well, as soon as the prosecutor gets out here you can start."

I started to walk to the back room where I thought the prosecutor would be. I didn't know if the prosecutor's witnesses were here so we could proceed with the trial; but then I glanced out into the courtroom and realized the prosecutor had already impaneled the six-person jury without my having even been present. The jury was sitting in the courtroom where the audience usually sat.

A young woman attorney whom I had never seen before was seated in the courtroom talking with the jury. She wasn't a prosecutor, but apparently

was representing someone on the opposing side.

She apparently had been hired by someone to work on the case and was working independently of the prosecutor's office. She looked as if she were about 25 years old. I had the feeling this was her first case.

I walked closer to the lady attorney and realized she was actually already questioning witnesses in front of the jury. I objected to what she was doing and the judge sustained my objection. It struck me that I had taken no part in picking the jury. I regretted that because I needed to have had some personal contact with the jury and talk with them about the case.

The judge rose and walked to the back of the room; I walked over to him. The courtroom was beginning to take on a carnival-like atmosphere – people were milling all about the room. I said, "Judge, look at this courtroom."

He walked back to the bench; I thought he would try to take charge of the situation, but he simply couldn't seem to maintain order.

I turned my attention back to the lady attorney who had begun questioning another witness and I said, "Objection your honor."

I was objecting because I hadn't been able to hear the questions. I was becoming quite upset with the

conduct of the female attorney. I felt a surge of anger possess me for a moment, but I didn't want the jury to see me angry. Through it all, however, I felt quite confident about what I was doing. Finally I walked over and sat down at the table.

The judge said that the lady attorney had made motions concerning almost all her client's rights and that he had already granted almost all of them. I was still unsure who the lady attorney's client was. I said, "Well those motions were made when I wasn't even here. I object to that fact."

When I made my objection, I wanted to assure it was recorded; I looked around the courtroom to see if a court reporter was here. I saw the court reporter sitting near Barelo. It was a woman who reminded me of someone I knew, but I couldn't exactly place who it was.

Francis, one of the clerks in the court, came out and spoke with me. She said earlier that morning the woman attorney had tried to get my client to sign a statement saying he was guilty. I said, "Well, he's not guilty."

Francis agreed with me that he wasn't guilty.

A friend of Barelo's appeared. The friend was going to testify as a character witness for Barelo. I thought the friend's testimony would help.

I began walking about the courtroom and overheard someone say that the day Barello had been arrested for driving while intoxicated, he had been working on a bomb at his place of work before he left driving. I thought even though that fact would be irrelevant even if it were true, if it were offered into evidence it could nevertheless harm our case.

I walked over to Barello, put my hand on his shoulder and said to him, "Somebody said that there was a bomb that was being made at your place of work that day."

Barello replied that he would have to explain that to me. I said, "Actually someone mentioned that to me once before and I meant to talk to you about it but I hadn't gotten around to it."

Apparently someone had walked into the room where Barello had been working and had found Barello making a bomb that day. I definitely needed to talk with Barello about that.

### **Dream of: 26 November 1985 "Bang"**

Louise and I had spent the night together at my apartment; we were getting along well with each other when we rose the next morning. I wanted to ask her some questions about how she was doing. She was rather friendly when I began asking the

questions. Finally I said, "And I want to know something about your husband."

She suddenly became very defensive and said, "No, I'm not going to talk with you about that. I'll just have to leave."

I walked over to her, grabbed both her arms, shook her and said, "No, I want you to tell me about it. I want you to tell me why he killed his father."

She became very upset and began crying. I had the impression she was afraid of her husband. I said, "You're married to a killer."

Suddenly I imagined another woman in the room. I turned toward the woman, pointed my finger at her as if my finger were a gun and said, "He walked up to her with a gun and went "Bang." I want to know what happened."

Louise was becoming hysterical. She said, "Somebody broke into his apartment. He thought they were carrying a knife. He jumped up and ...."

The way she talked was rather frightening. I thought I heard someone outside and wondered if it were Louise's husband. I became rather frightened. I thought he was probably mentally ill.

**Dream of: 01 December 1985 "So Much Time In Jail"**

I had been arrested, put in jail and given a three-year sentence. Several other people were in jail with me. It almost seemed as if I were serving a three-year stint in the military.

The jail was in a forest area and I was allowed to move around in different rooms in the building I was in. The room I was presently in was quite spacious. It had a dirt floor with grass growing on it. It wasn't that bad.

I saw Buckner there. He was sitting on a couch and looking at several pornographic magazines spread out on the ground in front of him. Another fellow here was also looking at some pornographic magazines.

I found some small nuts and decided I wanted to grind them up and smoke them. I ground them up and then put some pieces of wood which looked like matches into a little pipe I had made. I lit the wood, put the nuts on top and began smoking them.

Buckner came over and began smoking with me.

We anticipated becoming intoxicated. Finally I dumped out the wood and only the powder from the nuts was left, which we continued smoking.

We were being rather cautious because I was afraid a man in a room next to ours might see us and report us.

After we had finished smoking I began feeling the effects. But I began to wonder if it might have some damaging effects on me and doubted whether I should have smoked it in the first place.

I thought I might be able to get out of prison if I were to go to school for a year. I knew there was a room in the prison which had a lot of law books in it. I told Buckner I was going to begin reading the law books to try to determine what kind of remedies I might have in order to get out of here. I thought about how much of my life I had already spent in jail. I thought I had been arrested five or six times in my life and knew I had spent eight months in jail in Iran. I certainly didn't want to spend another three years in jail. I said, "I've spent so much of my life in jail already."

I started walking toward the law library. I noticed Weinstein and Anderson were also in the jail. Anderson came up to me and told me I had five days from the time of my arrest within which to appeal. I thought I needed to write some kind of appeal even if it were only a hand-written one.

### **Dream of: 02 December 1985 "Conflagration"**

I was riding around in a car with someone when we heard a siren. We followed the sound of the siren a short distance until the person with me said he saw some firemen. We stopped and my companion said he saw one of the fireman fall. I

saw a ladder leaning against a house. A fireman had been climbing the ladder and had fallen through it. He was now hanging on to one of the rungs on the underside of the ladder.

Suddenly he simply dropped to the ground. The whole scene seemed rather comical to me. It didn't appear the house was even on fire.

We drove on around the corner and discovered a large duplex, two story house which indeed was on fire. One room in the house was burning quite fast.

We pulled up and I got out of the car. At first I didn't think anyone was in danger, but then I walked around the house and realized many people were still inside the house. They were climbing out the windows. Many other people were standing very close to the house.

I walked up to a window and reached my hand to someone to help him out. I thought there was going to be time for everyone to escape without injury.

I heard one man screaming, "Cathy! Cathy! Where are you? Cathy! Cathy!"

I couldn't see him but heard him screaming the same thing over and over. Apparently he had lost his girlfriend or wife in the section of the house where the fire was burning the hottest.



One fireman screamed that everyone needed to get out immediately because the house could fall down. Suddenly I saw part of the house collapsing. I jumped back and watched as the burning house fell on the people still trapped inside. I was thunder-struck that the people inside hadn't been able to escape. I saw the house fall on top of two women. After the initial collapse one of the women was still alive, but then more of the building fell on her and buried her.

Next the section of the house where the man had been hollering caved in and the hollering ceased. Many of the other people standing in front of the house likewise couldn't believe what had happened.

I saw one small girl who had escaped from the house and was now sitting in the yard in front of the house. Some other people were standing between the girl and the house. Suddenly the house collapsed over on top of those people. The metal roof collapsed onto some more people and then curled up with the people inside.

The little girl was sitting slightly beyond where the roof had collapsed. She stood up and backed up. Smoke was all around her but it appeared she was going to escape unharmed.

The fire was becoming very hot. I stood in horror. I wondered if I had somehow been responsible for

the fire because I had simply been here. I thought,  
"Well it would have happened even if I hadn't of  
been here. Just my seeing it didn't make it  
happen."

I really didn't know what I could have done to  
have helped prevent the conflagration. Yet I still  
felt quasi-responsible. Finally I walked away.

Later after the fire had burnt out, I came back. All  
that was left was black debris. I thought that  
dozens of bodies must be buried in the rubble and  
that I even saw one body amidst the black ashes.

**Dream of: 05 December 1985**  
**"Uncontaminated Baby"**

To roll up a cigarette, I used two cigarette papers,  
placed some tobacco in them and rolled it up. The  
rolling took a long time to accomplish and when I  
finally finished, the cigarette broke right in the  
middle. Upset, I threw it out the window.

I looked around and realized I was in Portsmouth,  
Ohio, sitting in a van being driven by my old high  
school chum, Mark Tindall. We had earlier gone  
somewhere and each of us had bought a small  
baggie of marijuana. I rolled up a couple rather  
large joints out of my baggie.

We also had some alcohol which we were drinking.  
I turned to Tindall and said, "Let's go over to  
Walls' house."

Since Tindall had said something at the same time  
I had spoken, I asked, "What did you say?"

I thought he also had suggested we go to Mike  
Walls' house, but he repeated what he had said  
and it was something different.

We drove to Walls' house (which was nearby),  
pulled up and stepped out of the van. I picked up  
some tennis shoes I had earlier taken off and I  
walked toward Walls' porch with the shoes, still  
also carrying the two joints in my hand. Walls was  
standing in front of the house and I said, "There he  
is - Mikey boy."

When I said "Mikey boy" I wondered if Walls  
would be offended because I had referred to him  
as a boy instead of a man. I thought of him as  
someone who had never fully matured.

I hadn't seen Walls for a long time and I was  
happy to see him again. I thought about putting  
my arms around him, but I decided that probably  
wouldn't be appropriate. I thought he would be  
surprised to see me in Portsmouth again. When  
Walls saw us coming, he walked around behind  
the house.

I began thinking it had really been a long time since I had smoked any marijuana or drunk any alcohol. I decided that for once I was just going to cut loose today and not worry about anything for a change.

I walked into the house and saw a blonde woman in the room. She said, "Come on in. Make yourself at home. Don't mind the mess."

Walls' wife Connie was also in the room and she said something about her "new baby." Indeed, in the room was a pretty little baby boy (probably only a few weeks old), smiling and wearing some little, blue, bib pants. It seemed so happy. It seemed strange to me that I was preparing to smoke marijuana and this little, fresh, uncontaminated baby was right there.

Realizing that I was still carrying my tennis shoes and that I wasn't going to put them on right now, I carried them back out onto the front porch. When I put them on the porch, I realized I had mistakenly carried in two black tennis shoes and a white tennis shoe. I had only wanted the white ones. I looked at the white shoe (which had a red stripe around it). I thought the shoes hadn't been the right ones, but then I said, "Those aren't the shoes I wanted. Well one of them was."

I walked back inside, sat down and wondered whether I should light up one of the joints. I

looked up and saw that a girl who reminded me of Marilyn Phipps (a pretty blonde Portsmouth acquaintance whom I barely knew around 1970) had walked through the front door. I hadn't seen her in a long time. Her hair was blonde-red and she was wearing quite a bit of make-up. She attracted me in a cosmetic way. She said something and I replied, "Come on in."

I stood up and walked toward her with the intention of striking up a conversation. When I reached the door where she was, I saw another fellow dressed in a black suit who was apparently with her walking up the front sidewalk toward the house. When I also noticed some other people smoking marijuana on the front porch, I thought maybe Walls had sold them the marijuana.

Someone carried a joint into the house and began passing it around. When the joint came to me, I took a hit, then offered the joint to Connie, who was standing near me, but she didn't want any. So I handed it to someone else and it was passed around a few times.

I looked more closely at Connie. She was almost flat-chested and looked very hollow, almost insubstantial.

I passed the joint to Tindall who was sitting down. He dropped it and I said to Tindall, "Pick it up. Come on."

## **Dream of: 07 December 1985 "Barber's Chair"**

I was lying in a bed in a room which had several people in it. Two other people were also in the bed with me, one of whom was a pretty woman (about 20 years old) to whom I was very attracted. The other person was a man. The three of us were nude and apparently the woman was going to have sex with both of us.

The woman rolled over toward me and I began having sex with her. I only had sex for about five minutes before I had an orgasm. The other fellow then wanted to have sex with the woman, but she stopped him. He became angry and rose from the bed. She rolled back over to me and apparently wanted to have sex again, but I wasn't quite ready yet to begin again.

Standing near the bed, the other fellow made an angry comment about how I hadn't lasted very long when I had had sex. I thought I hadn't lasted long because I had been nervous because another man had been in bed with us and because other people had also been in the room.

The fellow walked out of the room. As the woman and I sat here things seemed to be changing until finally the bed disappeared and we found ourselves sitting on some furniture. I had noticed the changes and I didn't want them to take place;

but I couldn't stop them. We now had our clothing on and some other people were in the room. It was daylight outside.

I didn't know if we were going to be able to have sex again. I wasn't even sure the woman cared about me, even though I was definitely attracted to her. It looked as if we wouldn't be able to make love again with the other people present. Besides I was beginning to realize the woman was actually quite a sophisticated lady. I was quite uncertain whether she wanted to have anything else to do with me.

I decided to leave and walked out. I walked to the downtown section of the city I was in and went into a pornographic book store. I noticed a woman whom I had earlier seen on a bus and who attracted me walking around in the store.

I walked into a room which I knew I had been in before and in which I had masturbated. I was looking for a specific pornographic magazine in the room. The room contained what appeared to be a barber's chair. Several other people were in the room, but I didn't pay much attention to them. In front of the chair was a rack of pornographic books and I thought the book I was looking for was on that rack. I sat down in the chair and was planning to look for the book on the rack. I was

only wearing a pair of undershorts and when I sat in the chair I pulled them down.

I was just about to pick up the book when a blonde-haired woman (about 25 years old) walked over to me and stuck my penis in her mouth. I was concerned she might have some kind of venereal disease like herpes, but I let her continue anyway. She continued moving her mouth back and forth with my penis in it for about 30 seconds. Finally she stopped and placed my penis between her breasts. It was a soft and pleasant feeling.

She asked me what I was going to do for her. I thought she was probably a prostitute and wanted me to pay her. I indicated that I wasn't going to be able to pay her but that I might be able to do something else for her. Finally I asked her, "Are you sure you don't have any kind of disease?"

She stopped, looked at me and said, "Well, I can't be absolutely positive. So there's a possibility."

I immediately became disenchanted with her. My erection began to go away. I knew herpes could be transmitted by oral sex. I thought, "I can't let her continue. I'm going to have to stop this. I can't let her continue this with the chance of getting herpes."

**Dream of: 07 December 1985 (2) "What God Wanted Me To Do"**



Some other people and I were sitting in chairs scattered around a spacious room and were watching a movie. Among those present was a woman whom I had recently met in Dallas, Judith

Varadachar, a slender blonde-haired legal secretary, (around 40 years old, several years my senior). Wrapped in a blanket and lying at my feet, Judith seemed nervous and withdrawn. She was almost shaking.

When I noticed that Judith was clutching a knife with a five- or six-centimeter blade, I abruptly became concerned about her mental health and about how lonely and distraught she looked.

Hoping she would sit up next to me so I could console her, I nudged her with my foot and indicated that she should scoot up beside me and declined to be close to me.

I finally managed to move around until we were side by side. I wrapped my arm around her shoulder, squeezed her and pulled her next to me.

There was nothing sexual about my actions; I merely wanted to comfort her. However, I was preoccupied by the knife, which Judith still held in her hand. I simply didn't know what she intended to do with it. However I didn't think she was so unstable that she would try to harm me with the knife.

Suddenly Judith seemed infused with energy. She quickly stowed the knife inside her shirt close to her breast and jumped to her feet. Once she was standing, another man joined her, and together the two of them tore off running into the next room. I likewise jumped up and followed their lead, running along behind them, across the next room, which turned out to be a gigantic gymnasium.

As I ran behind Judith and the man, I noticed what appeared to be thousands and thousands of miniature people, about one centimeter tall, running in a gigantic race beside us on the floor to my left. The miniatures resembled small silhouettes whose features couldn't be distinguished.

Although all the little figures were racing as fast as they could, one was out in front of the others. Up ahead was yet another group of miniature runners also apparently in the race. I thought it a bit unfair that the lead group had apparently had a head start over the rear group. But the fellow running ahead of the rear group seemed undaunted by the head start of the lead group. He sprinted forth, caught up with the lead group and ran through them. He was easy to pick out because his pants had a bright, white strip down the side of his leg.

Suddenly I looked back up in front of us and saw that we were approaching a white wall at the end of the gym. When Judith and her running companion, who were ahead of me, reached the wall, instead of halting, they continued running and passed right through the wall, one after the other. Their passing through the wall puzzled me – even Judith's knife must have passed through. Since I also was quickly approaching the wall, I asked myself if I also were going to try to run through it.

Instead of racing straight ahead into the wall, I began slowing down, and when I reached the wall, I came to a halt. Standing in front of the wall, I reached out and struck it with my hand. When my hand didn't pass through, I concluded that Judith and the other man apparently had some strange ability to pass through walls which I hadn't yet mastered.

Glancing to my right, I noticed a door in the wall, and decided it would be more prudent to take the door if I wanted to follow Judith and the man. I turned and walked through the door. But once I stepped through the door, I still couldn't see into the room which Judith had entered, because another wall was immediately to my left inside the door, blocking my view.

Instead, what I found in front of me was a narrow stairway leading down, with walls on both sides. I was uncertain where the stairs led, but I quickly dashed down them anyway. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw a narrow hallway leading to the left. I peered down the hall and could see what appeared to be a doorway at the end of the hall on the left. However, as I began walking down the hall toward the doorway, I suddenly had a chilling premonition that some danger was lurking at the end of the hall. Immediately I became frightened. It occurred to me that Judith might have had good reason for carrying the knife to protect herself; I wished I had one myself.

Alarmed by my frightening premonition of danger, I wondered what God wanted me to do. I was unsure whether God wanted me to continue down the hall or go back. But I didn't reflect long enough to be fully aware of what God wanted. Instead, I gave into my fear, reeled around and ran back down the hall and up the stairs. Only when I was on the stairs did I reflect that perhaps God had actually wanted me to continue to the doorway at the end of the hall. Nevertheless, I didn't stop. I hurried up the steps, reached the top and stepped back into the gym.

When I saw that the gym was completely empty, I hollered out, "Art?" I was uncertain why I had

shouted such a word. But it occurred to me that once many years before I had known a Chicano fellow named Art in Laredo, Texas. He had been a connection for me when I had been purchasing some marijuana there. He seemed to be a rather sordid part of my past which I would have preferred not to think about anymore. But it mystified me that I would suddenly be thinking about his name since I hadn't thought about him in such a long time.

As I looked out over the empty gym, I felt exhilarated, strong and healthy. Abruptly I felt like exercising and decided to do some handsprings. I took a running leap, sprung onto my hands and flipped over. But I didn't actually execute a hand spring; instead I merely rolled over onto my back and then jumped back onto my feet. I repeated the same maneuver several times as I continued running across the gym. I was somewhat concerned that I no longer seemed to have the strength to push myself all the way over in a hand spring; perhaps I had lost my ability to actually do handsprings, I hadn't practiced them for so long.

I continued across the gym floor until I finally reached and entered the spacious room from which Judith and I had originally exited before we had run across the gym. A number of people were still in the room, which seemed as if it might be located in a school.

A rather diminutive, out-of-proportion looking man was standing in the middle of the room. Although he seemed of normal height, he somewhat resembled a midget. With a paint brush in his hand, he was standing in front of a canvas, obviously an artist painting a picture. He was dressed in ebony and wearing a huge sombrero. He had a black mustache and appeared to be Hispanic. His intriguing mannerisms reminded me of Salvador Dalí.

I walked toward him, but with a brusque motion of his hand, he waived me to the side of the room. Although I remembered that I had been able to talk when I had been in the room earlier, I immediately knew I should not say anything to now disturb this man.

As other people began marching into the room, I sat down in a folding chair with my back to the wall. The people entering the room gave the impression that we were in a school, even though I was unsure of the nature of the school. Wherever we were, I was intrigued and thought this was an interesting place to be. But I also wondered whether I should really be there, or whether I should be somewhere else.

Noticing a girl lolling behind a bar to my left, I wondered if I should step over to the bar and ask the girl if I needed to register to be there.

Some strong-looking men were gathered in one area of the room, an area which had the air of a carnival. One of the men seemed to be buying some balls to throw at something. I also felt strong, although I felt as if I needed to work out with some weights. I wondered what would happen if I were to push one of the fellows in a challenging way. Although I wasn't afraid of the men, I concluded it would probably not be wise to provoke them. Yet I was a bit concerned that one of them might start a fight with me. Again I thought I needed to work out more and become stronger, so I would feel more confident in situations like this.

A black girl (about 19-20 years old) was leaning against a juke box to my left. She wasn't attractive and had a bit of a complexion problem, but I thought if I were polite and courteous to her, I would probably endear myself to the people there. I thought I would ask her if she would like to have my seat. I started to say to her, "May you want to sit here?" But realizing that my use of the word "may" sounded phony, I instead cheerily asked, "Do you want to sit here?"

She indicated that she would like to sit down and I stood up. Once I was on my feet, I wondered whether I should start asking her questions to try to understand exactly what was going on there. However I decided not to do so. It seemed better

to simply stand there and observe. I thought the time for me to be asking questions had passed – I needed to come to grips with the situation without bothering people with a bunch of questions. Anyway, there was only one main question in my mind, "Should I really be here?"

I simply couldn't seem to relate well with what was going on in the room. It seemed as if I should be doing something else. But I was unsure what else to do.

### **Dream of: 11 December 1985 "The Other Daughter"**

I was with Ramo and his sister in Ramo's bedroom. Ramo's sister looked like his wife Jan and also reminded me of another girl Ramo dated around 1970. She had just returned from either the Middle East or Africa and had brought back some hash with her. I asked them if we could smoke some and Ramo said, "Sure."

He put a hunk of the hash into a pipe, lit it and handed it to me. I took a long deep draw from the pipe. Since I had inhaled so deeply, I thought, "Well, just one hit will probably be sufficient to get me stoned."

I didn't feel the effects immediately and passed the pipe to Ramo's sister who passed it to Ramo. He apparently thought we had smoked enough and



set the pipe aside. I began feeling the pleasurable effects of the hash.

I stood and walked into my own room. I stayed there a while, walked back over to Ramo's room and inquired of the girl whether she had any hash to sell. She said she did and asked if I wanted to buy any. I said, "Sure."

She said she had four kilos which she apparently had smuggled back with her. I was amazed. She said she was selling it for \$200.00 an ounce. I asked her if I could buy a half ounce for \$100.00. She said, "Sure."

One hundred dollars seemed to be a lot of money to spend for hash. I wondered if they were deceiving me when they said they were selling it for \$200.00 an ounce; I told them I used to only pay \$75.00 for a whole ounce of hash. It seemed exorbitant to now be paying \$100.00 for only a half-ounce. Plus I didn't like the idea of having hash around for a long time because I would be tempted to smoke it.

Ramo pulled out a jar which contained the hash, which was in cubes weighing one ounce each. He took a cube out of the jar and began cutting it for me. It looked quite dark at first, but when he began cutting it, it appeared blond. I wondered if I should smoke some of my hash with them after I bought it, but decided since they had so much they

should be the ones to smoke theirs with me instead of using up what little I had.

The girl was lying down on the bed and I was sitting on the side of the bed. I was very attracted to her and let my hands began caressing her. She didn't resist and my hands were soon roaming all over her body. I slipped my hands underneath the tee shirt she was wearing and began squeezing her breasts. They weren't terribly large, but they felt quite good.

Ramo meanwhile was at the foot of the bed cutting up the hash. I was uncertain whether he was going to object to my conduct with his sister. Finally he left the room. I pulled the girl to me and engaged her in a long passionate kiss. My feet were on the bed on top of a pillow and while I was kissing I felt the pillow move. I looked up and saw Louise's mother, Vivian, had entered the room and taken the pillow. Vivian was the mother of both Ramo and his sister.

I knew Vivian disliked me intensely because she didn't want me with her daughter Louise. I realized I was now with her other daughter. Vivian took the pillow and left without saying anything. I thought, "She must be terribly angry at the thought that I'm back again and now with her other daughter."

**Dream of: 12 December 1985 "Daredevil"**

I had gone to a newspaper rack to buy a newspaper. I opened up the rack and inside instead of newspapers I found a bunch of comic books. I wasn't sure who the comic books belonged to, but I rather wanted some for myself. I began going through them. I saw some Marvel comics.

Some other children came up and took some of the comic books. I had the impression that people had ordered the comic books and had already paid for them. Even though I hadn't ordered any, I thought I would take some anyway.

I saw a "Spiderman" and a "Fantastic Four" comic book. I pulled them out. I saw some other very thick comic books which I had never heard of. I thought they were probably some new editions of Marvel comics. I saw a "Daredevil" comic book but I didn't take it. I likewise passed over an "X-Men."

I decided to only take the two books I had pulled out. Plus I then found part of a newspaper and decided to take it also.

### **Dream of: 12 December 1985 (2) "Obscene And Absurd"**

Louise and I had gone to see a play at the Southern Methodist University in Dallas. We walked into the auditorium and sat down in some portable chairs in the front row. The whole place

seemed to be improvised and impermanent. Probably about 40 other people were in the audience when the play began.

The actors were all men. They were only wearing beige shorts and looked nude. I thought the play was both obscene and absurd. I didn't know what Louise thought about it, but I was rather offended by the whole production. At one point all the male actors began holding green pickles in front of themselves as if they were penises. The actors ran among the audience. One of the actors had a bucket of ice and dumped it in the lap of someone sitting in the back of the audience.

Some people, who apparently couldn't take any more, stood up to leave. I felt as if we should also leave to show our disdain for the whole affair. I grabbed Louise's arm and we both stood up. We walked outside where we saw the person who had had the ice thrown in his lap. He was a little boy (about 10 years old). Apparently he had known it was going to happen, but he still hadn't been prepared for the full impact of it.

I began to have second thoughts about whether we should have watched the play to the end. We looked back inside through a window in the door. All the actors were on the stage holding up their hands and people in the audience were applauding. The play had apparently ended and

we hadn't really missed anything by walking out. Louise agreed with me that we needed to leave.

### **Dream of: 14 December 1985 "Fingerprints"**

I was in Portsmouth and had been associating with a girl (about 14-15 years old). One night we went out together and while we were out the girl killed another girl. She then cut off the head of the dead girl and put it in a sack. We took the body and boarded a motorcycle which I was driving. We rode down the street and dumped the body in front of a house.

We were going to dump the head somewhere else, but the girl panicked and threw the head in some bushes in front of the house where we had dumped the body. I immediately knew we were going to be in big trouble. I quickly drove off.

I rode around that evening on the motorcycle and thought, "Well it will take probably several days before they realize that the head is there anyway."

I thought it would be disastrous when the head was found. I also realized some other evidence had been left behind. I thought I was going to need an alibi. Perhaps I would go to Walls' house and spend the rest of the night there. At least then he could say I had been there part of the night.

I wondered if the police could tell from decomposition of the body exactly when the murder had taken place. I knew it had occurred about 8:30 that night and I wondered if the autopsy would reveal that.

Several days later the head was found by the police. Some other things were also found. A coin and part of a dollar bill which had been torn up were found near the body. The dollar bill had a partial finger print on one side and on the other side it had a full finger print. The police said the dollar bill was the most important thing in the case.

The police arrested some fellow, took him in and began asking him why he had done it. He was about 25 years old and had a beard and mustache. His fingerprint didn't match the one on the dollar bill, but he confessed to the crime anyway. He began trying to explain to them why he had done it. I knew he was obviously mixed up because he hadn't really committed the offense.

### **Dream of: 15 December 1985 "Running Like A Goat"**

My ex-wife Louise and I were at the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child, located in the small rural village of Patriot, in southeastern Ohio). Louise and I were getting along quite well – she had been

learning French and we were conversing in French. She was even considering going to France with me. She seemed as if she had matured quite a bit recently and as if she were on the verge of accepting some responsibilities in life.

After walking into a room by ourselves, we began hugging, kissing and being affectionate. Gradually we took off all our clothes and I decided to have sex with her. When I climbed on top of her, however, my erection had disappeared.

Nevertheless, I inserted my penis about half way into her vagina. She was very wet and seemed rather loose. I reflected that she was planning to marry her new boyfriend Vernon and that she had probably been having sex with him. I also worried that she might have had sex with someone else besides Vernon, and that she might have contracted a venereal disease. Having sex with her was probably dangerous for me (I didn't think she had a venereal disease – but I was unsure). Since the thoughts were causing my erection to disappear, I stopped and climbed off. After we both rose, Louise said she was going to leave and come back later. She left.

After a while I thought about calling her on the phone. I knew she had gone to the house of her mother, Violet (who was my aunt, Violet). I knew Violet didn't really like me and I didn't care to talk

with her. I didn't know whether I should try to call and simply hang up if Violet answered. I thought perhaps I should just wait for Louise to return.

I walked into the toilet, looked into the mirror, and saw my hair had grown quite long. It was hanging down to my nose in front and was also long on the sides and the back. Since I was going to France soon, I wondered if I should cut my hair before I left? The more I looked at the hair, the more I realized I liked long hair. I thought, "Why do people cut their hair when it looks so much better long?"

My hair was still at a stage where it didn't look that good - but I thought if I let it grow a little longer it would look fine. Why didn't I also let my beard grow? I looked better with a beard and I thought having a beard seemed more natural. Nevertheless I thought I needed to get a haircut - finding employment would be more difficult if my hair were long.

It was Saturday, either the eighth or ninth of June. I was still in law school. The day actually seemed like Sunday to me because I had just had a two-day vacation on Thursday and Friday when I hadn't had to go to school. I was only going to have a few more days of school in the coming week and then I would be out for summer vacation.



Since it was Saturday, I thought the barber shop in the little town of Gallipolis (about 30 kilometers away) would be open. Plus I knew there was an open barber shop in the village of Rio Grande (about 12 kilometers away) where I had once had my hair cut.

I walked back into the kitchen where I found my mother and my maternal grandmother Leacy. I looked through the window outside and saw large snowflakes – as large as softballs – falling outside. My mother and my grandmother commented that they had never seen snowflakes so large. I was surprised that my grandmother, as old as she was, had never seen snowflakes that large.

I looked at the flakes more closely; the large flakes were actually made of many smaller flakes which had accumulated together on the earthward fall. The flakes reminded me of a kind of wind-blown seed I had seen before floating in the air.

After I walked outside, the flakes suddenly stopped falling, but I saw one large flake lying on the ground. I picked it up, held it in my hands and examined it. It was indeed composed of a number of snowflakes. In the center of each flake was a nucleus which looked like a seed. I examined the large flake more closely, showed it to someone standing next to me, and said, "Look at this."

As the person looked at the flake, I scrutinized it further and began pulling on the nucleus until I finally jerked a large evergreen branch right out of the snowflake. It had seemed as if the snowflake had actually just turned into the evergreen branch, about 10 centimeters long. I held the branch in my hand, uncertain what to think of the development.

My father and my maternal grandfather Liston walked up. My grandfather was a very small and a very old man. He wasn't getting around well. When my father said he was going to go for a ride and asked me if I wanted to go with him, I replied, "Yes."

The three of us walked over to my car and boarded, my father in the driver's seat and I in the back. My father wanted to take a ride to see the countryside and he began driving down the snow-covered road toward Gallipolis. However, he was driving the car backward instead of forward. The road was scenic and had farms along it. As he drove, my father talked to my grandfather about another road which might have been even more scenic.

As we rode along, I was concerned that Louise might call the House for me, and I wouldn't be there. So I wanted to return as quickly as possible. I thought my relationship with Louise shouldn't be

so fragile that I would worry about never seeing or hearing from her again if I weren't there when she called. Nevertheless, since I couldn't really call her at her home, I was worried about what would happen if she were unable to reach me.

The road became clearer and clearer until it was free of snow. I made an uncertain comment to my father about his driving backward – but he seemed unperturbed by my comment. I asked him if he were able to see (apparently he was looking through the rearview mirror as he drove) and he said he could. I looked out the rear window in the direction we were going to see if any traffic was coming. As we were going down one hill I suddenly saw a car coming toward us very fast up the hill and said, "There's one coming."

My father saw the car and stayed on the right side of the road and the car passed. We continued on until the road gradually became smaller and smaller. We went up a hill and crossed over some wooden bridges so small (they looked like foot bridges) I didn't even think the car would be able to get across them. I advised my father to be careful. Some stakes were sticking up out of the bridges and I was afraid he would tear up the bottom of the car, but we made it over the bridges.

We continued going up a hill. By the time we had almost reached the top, we were no longer in the

car, but were walking. My father was in the lead, followed by my grandfather and finally by me. The hill was very steep – almost like a cliff. We continued climbing until we had almost reached a thick cloud right over our heads.

I thought it was a shame the cloud was there because it would block our view. I didn't see much point in being there on the hill in the first place if we weren't going to be able to see anything.

My father seemed anxious to get into the cloud. When we reached a tiny plateau, my father and my grandfather walked into the thick cloud – I didn't. I could hear them talking in the cloud and I thought they might be trying to play a game with me. But I wasn't sure exactly what was going on and I was unsure I wanted to enter the cloud, which was so thick that a person wouldn't be able to see his hand in front of his face.

As they wandered around in the cloud, I listened to them talk. Right beside the cloud was a steep cliff. Suddenly my grandfather stepped out of the cloud, didn't see the cliff and fell over it. He bounced and plunged down the side of the cliff. It was a ghastly sight. After he finally hit bottom, I looked over the edge of the cliff and saw him lying at the bottom, moaning.

When my father stuck his head out of the cloud, I warned him to be careful and pointed out what had just happened to my grandfather.

For an instant I was uncertain what to do. Suddenly I began running down the side of the cliff. Although I had experienced trouble coming up the cliff, my feet were now steady. I ran almost like a goat. I was able to jump from rock to rock as I darted almost straight down the precipice.

I knew I must reach my grandfather immediately if there was to be any hope of saving him. We could jump into the car and drive as quickly as possible – I wished we had flashing lights to put on top of the car. I thought I would need to be very careful when I picked up my grandfather because he might have broken bones. Since he was so old, he had little chance of survival; but I thought I must try my best.

Meanwhile, even though my father was having difficulty descending, I confidently raced ahead. I heard my grandfather moan and I hollered, "I'm coming. I'm coming. Don't worry. I'll be there soon."

I knew my grandfather must be in terrible pain and I wanted him to know that someone was coming. I continued hollering out soothing words to him. His moans seemed to diminish somewhat when he heard me speaking to him.

## **Dream of: 16 December 1985 "Returning The Dog"**

I had been staying with my mother and my sister. They had earlier gone to a dog pound and adopted a medium-sized, unfriendly dog with longish, white hair. Every night the dog would run away and come back dirty the next day. My mother and my sister couldn't seem to control it. Finally my sister returned to the pound and told the people there she was going to give the dog back.

I learned a certain woman had been the former owner of the dog and I rode out into the country to the woman's house. I found the woman and began talking to her about the dog. I asked her why she had given the dog up and learned she had had the same problem with the dog's running away.

I told the woman that when my mother and my sister had gone to the pound they had only been shown a small selection of dogs from which to choose, whereas I, once during a visit to the pound, had been shown two large rooms which each contained about 100 dogs. I had seen some beautiful dogs and had even been tempted to get one myself. A Dalmatian there had especially attracted me since I had once owned a Dalmatian.

The woman was lying on a bed. I sat down next to her and put my arm around her; I was merely being friendly and not affectionate. Apparently she

was married and she quickly pushed my arm off. She also shoved me close to the bed's edge so I was just hanging on.

But she didn't tell me to leave and we continued talking about the dog. She mentioned the breed of the dog but could not remember its specific name. I asked if it was a Schnauzer and she said it was.

She said the dog was sometimes playful and I envisioned it as being so at times. Nevertheless the dog just didn't seem to like my family. It seemed to be using my family's home as some place to stay; but my family didn't feel any love from the dog. So I explained that my family had decided to surrender the dog.

Apparently she already knew that because the pound had called and told her my sister had returned the dog. I told her I had simply come to talk to her as a courtesy. But I realized I was wasting time at this point because it didn't really matter to her what happened to the dog.

### **Dream of: 16 December 1985 (2) "Cantaloupe And Cream"**

Louise and I had gone to a restaurant and had sat down at a table in a spacious room. A dark-skinned waiter (probably 30 years old) dressed in white came to our table. He looked Arabic. He took Louise's order.

Several pieces of fruit were in a bowl on the table. At first I thought the fruit was grapefruit, but then realized the fruit was actually pieces of cantaloupe cut in half.

Louise said she wanted some cantaloupe. I picked up a slice and put it into a bowl in front of her. The cantaloupe looked a bit mushy and I wondered if it might have already started to decompose. Since I didn't think the cantaloupe looked enticing, I picked it up and returned it to the bowl with the other pieces.

I informed the waiter that Louise wanted some cantaloupe, but she didn't want any cream with the cantaloupe. The waiter said that wasn't possible, that she must order cream with the cantaloupe, but she could pour the cream off if she liked. The idea seemed ludicrous to me. I asked several times if she could simply have the cantaloupe plain and every time the waiter insisted she must have it with cream.

Finally I said, "Well just forget it."

I thought the waiter's insistence on serving the cantaloupe with cream was absurd; I wanted to ask someone else about the necessity of having cream with the cantaloupe. I rose to look for someone else and said, "Well, we'll see about that."



I walked to a counter and asked someone to tell me who was in charge of the waiters. The person I asked pointed to the kitchen. I walked to the kitchen where I found a black woman whose name was Cathy (about 32 years old). Tall, slender and dressed in white, she was apparently in charge of the waiters. I said, "Cathy..."

But something was apparently going on in one part of the kitchen and someone cried, "Shhh."

We walked over to another place where we could talk without interrupting anyone and I explained the situation to her. She was upset by what I told her and she likewise thought it was ridiculous. She said she would take care of the matter and she walked out into the dining area. I followed and began thinking I should tell her I wanted to order a meatless pizza for myself. I wanted her to know I had eaten here before; I therefore knew I would have to order a pizza with meat and would then have to pick off the meat if I didn't want to eat it. I thought pleading with Cathy to leave the meat off the pizza would be futile, and I decided not to even bring the subject up.

Cathy walked over to our table; but Louise wasn't setting there anymore. Louise was walking toward another table with a tray of food. Louise's hair was quite dark and short. She was wearing a small round hat and a blue outfit which made her look

cute. I noticed a hamburger on her tray but I didn't not see a cantaloupe. When she sat down at another table, I walked over to her, sat down and told her she was going to be able to have her cantaloupe. But the cantaloupe didn't seem to matter to her any longer.

### **Dream of: 20 December 1985 "Manya"**

About 3 a.m., as I was walking down the road near the House in Patriot, I suddenly saw an accident on the road in front of me. I approached the scene with the intention of passing it, but I stopped to see if anyone had been seriously hurt.

One car had struck what appeared to be a large van and an injured person was in each vehicle. Through a window of the van I could see someone lying on a bed and I spoke to that person. He told me he was injured and was waiting for someone to come and help.

Some other people, who weren't medical professionals, were helping the injured people while they waited for an ambulance to come. The van was going to be driven to town after the ambulance arrived, but a driver was needed. Finally one of the injured people asked me if I would be good enough to drive the van into town for them.

I didn't want to go into town and I asked them how I would return if I were to drive to town. They said a neighbor who lived across the street would bring me back. I thought it would probably be 5 or 6 a.m. before I would actually be able to return. But I felt I should be a good Samaritan and I decided to drive the van.

When I climbed behind the wheel, I realized the van was rather complicated. It had a large stick shift and was difficult to drive. I thought I would be able to manage it, but I hoped I wouldn't drive off the road. I began driving in the direction of Gallipolis. I had a little trouble at first but then managed fine. Finally someone else took over the driving for a while and I walked into the van's back, which resembled a large kitchen.

Other people were in the room. On the floor right in my way were several boxes of bottles of wine. I wasn't interested in drinking any of the wine and I was even rather disgusted at seeing it here.

Someone asked me if I would put the wine into a closet. I asked one of the men here, who seemed to be in charge, if he would help me and he refused. That made me angry and I was just going to let it sit there. But finally I began picking up the boxes and throwing them into the closet.

I noticed a top-loading dishwasher in the room, looked into it and saw it was empty except for the

blades at the bottom and some ice. I began taking some of the bottles of wine out of the boxes and slamming them into the ice in the dishwasher. The bottles didn't break and they began piling up. Finally I turned the dishwasher on and the bottles began clanging and breaking in the dishwasher.

The glass, wine and ice mixed together as they might in a blender. The blades continued spinning around until all the contents of the dishwasher were thoroughly blended. The resulting substance resembled icy slush. I wondered if the glass slivers in the concoction would hurt someone if they were to eat it, but I had the feeling the glass was probably ground up so fine it wouldn't injure anyone. Some people began sticking their fingers into the mixture and tasting it. Apparently it was quite good. I didn't want to have anything alcoholic and I didn't taste the concoction.

The injured man in the van began telling me we were going to a place near the Gallia County fairgrounds where some kind of cult resided.

Someone began describing the place and I envisioned large, wooden buildings beautifully and intricately designed which covered the side of a hill.

I was suspicious of the cult's nature but thought at least the buildings could certainly be put to good use. Someone described some small hutches on

the side of the hill where the cult members lived and I likewise envisioned them. The hutches were only about a half meter high and barely had space enough for someone to crawl inside and lie down. Apparently the cult's devotees lived in these small structures.

I suddenly realized the hutches had been constructed on atop a cemetery and stood on top of graves. The person describing the area to me explained that the structures had been placed over graves so people living in the structures could be near loved ones who had died. They felt as if they could embrace one another there. The idea seemed rather eerie and macabre to me.

As the area was being described, I realized I was actually standing in front of it. A short, Japanese man walked up and stood next to me. I had the feeling most of the cult members were Japanese. The man next to me turned out to be a tourist who had simply come to see the cult. I put my arm around his shoulder, asked him what he thought about the whole thing and he agreed with me that it seemed rather eerie.

I asked him if the cult had a Japanese origin. He said that it was Japanese in origin, but that he couldn't explain it any better than I.

I walked into one of the buildings and found the man who hadn't helped me earlier with the wine

bottles and I realized he was actually the leader of the cult. I recognized him as a man I had seen on a religious program on television and who had struck me as being phony. He was only about 40 years old, but already had a white beard. He wore a hat and dressed unconventionally. Many people probably thrived on the kind of unconventionality which he projected.

He walked into the next room and someone said the man was going to check his mail. He supported his cult by means of contributions which he received from television viewers of his religious programs. I heard him reading one letter from a woman who was impressed with him. She had been unable to relate well to other preachers, but she had related well to him.

I almost felt like an investigative reporter and I wanted to discover the exact nature of the organization. A female (likewise intrigued by the situation) and I walked out into a hallway and began walking down a narrow passageway. We finally reached a room with an open door and walked through. A woman in the room immediately told us to leave. I realized the woman was somebody important and I wanted to ask her some questions. But the woman who had come in with me distracted my attention for a moment. I looked away from the lady I wanted to question and when I looked back, I discovered she had

slipped into a closet. When I looked back at my companion I found she likewise had disappeared into a closet.

I began opening closet doors, but finding no one inside, I suddenly realized the closet doors actually led to secret passageways. As I pushed on the closet doors I realized they were made of cardboard. Even the walls of the room seemed to be made of cardboard and they suddenly began collapsing about me.

As the room fell down around me, I walked past one of the walls into what appeared to be a gymnasium. My female companion again appeared at my side. We looked around and discovered about 100 people doing aerobic dance routines. I realized they were the cult members.

They were mostly young ordinary white people. They were all moving in synchronization and obviously knew why I was here.

I was determined by now to learn what was going on here. But I was also apprehensive because these people could possibly attack my companion and me and kill us. I made some kind of statement about other people knowing I was here and I said something about cameras.

I began walking around the room and watching the people as they moved. I didn't hear any music.

I began looking into the eyes of some girls and of some men and I decided I needed to talk with someone to try to get to the bottom of the situation. I began moving somewhat in the way they were moving to put myself somewhat in synchronization with them. I realized they probably weren't going to try to harm me. I looked out over the room, told them I was going to leave and added, "But that's not enough. I'm going to take one of you with me."

I looked around and said, "I want one of you who can tell us about what's really going on here."

One girl walked over to me and said a woman wasn't far from us who might be willing to help me. I walked in the direction where the woman was supposed to be, soon found a cluster of women bunched together and scrutinized their faces. The women began moving away from each other and their movements reminded me of an unfolding flower. At the center of the flower stood an exquisitely beautiful woman.

Someone said, "That's Manya."

They said she was a Russian. She was probably about 20 years old and reminded me of the actress Natasha Kinski. She also reminded me of someone else I had known in my life and who had been close to me. She was dressed in an elegant, theatrical, dance costume, had black hair and



seemed to be the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was physically beautiful but it wasn't her physical beauty which attracted me. She simply exuded a natural beauty.

I walked up to her and said, "You're the one."

She began backing away from me. She seemed alert and aware but she didn't look me in the eye. Instead her eyes seemed to dance to the side.

I had the feeling she had immigrated to the United States from Russia and had probably been recruited into the cult without really knowing what was going on due to her unfamiliarity with the culture. Like most of the people here, she had probably been brainwashed.

Finally I cornered her and pulled her close to me. I held her as I would hold someone to waltz with and we began waltzing around the room.

I was mesmerized by her. I knew I needed to take her out of here and learn as much as I could from her.

She was an excellent dancer and I was dancing quite well myself as we glided waltzing about the room. We immediately seemed to click together. It was the most pleasurable experience I could remember having ever had.

I asked her if she would leave with me. I asked,  
"Are you ready?"

She answered, "Well, I suppose I am."

I was extremely attracted to her. I was no longer simply trying to get her out of here to obtain a good story - I now had personal reasons for wanting her to go with me.

I didn't think I was going to have a great deal of trouble leaving with her.

### **Dream of: 21 December 1985 "Strength Of Mind"**

My father and my mother had been having a dispute and I had become involved in it, siding with my mother. My father had then gone to the Mental Illness Court and filed an application to have my maternal grandmother Leacy committed to a mental hospital. I, in retaliation, had then filed to have my paternal grandmother Mabel committed. My father then filed to have me committed.

Hearings were immediately set at the mental illness court and I found myself in the court room, quite indignant about the whole situation (I was just wearing a white tee shirt and I wished I had had time to put on a shirt). About five cases were going to be heard and a panel of four people had

been chosen to decide the outcome of each case. My case was scheduled to be heard to determine whether I was suffering from a mental illness. I began thinking about how I was going to handle the situation. I knew in these hearings a person couldn't be committed to a mental institute for more than 90 days.

I hadn't yet been examined by a medical doctor and unless I waived the examination, it would be necessary for two certificates of medical examination to be made before I could be tried. I contemplated whether I should demand that medical examinations take place or whether I should demand the trial right now. I felt that if I were examined, the doctors would conclude I had no mental illness, and that the case would be dismissed. However, if I chose to be examined, I would have to wait a couple more days before I could be examined and released.

If I decided to waive the examinations and be tried immediately, and if I could adequately demonstrate by my testimony that I didn't suffer from a mental illness and that the application had been maliciously filed against me, I would be released immediately. Feeling as if I could prevail at a hearing, I decided to demand a hearing be held right now. The five files were brought out and I put mine in front so I would go first.

I also wanted to defend both Leacy and Mabel. I knew neither of them was mentally ill and I regretted my having filed the application against Mabel. I questioned the wisdom of a system which allowed applications to be filed so easily by just one person to have another person committed.

Channell (a Dallas mental illness judge) was the judge. I thought since I had just worked with him a week earlier when I had been appointed by the court as attorney to represent a number of indigent proposed mental illness patients, he would surely know I wasn't mentally ill and he wouldn't have me committed.

The first proposed patient was brought in. I was surprised to see that she was Frieda (a Dallas attorney). She looked as if she were about 40 years old. She was very overweight and was rather short. I knew she likewise had been appointed the previous week to defend proposed mental illness patients. Apparently now someone had filed an application against her.

She began giving testimony and apologized for the way she had handled her mental illness cases the previous week. She said she now realized she hadn't devoted enough time to each case and she also realized, since she herself was now on trial, how important the matter was to each person.

The next case was against the warden of a mental illness institute. He likewise was obviously not mentally ill and I imagined that probably a relative of one of the patients in his institute had filed an application against him. I figured the patients themselves wouldn't have been allowed to file applications.

I decided I was simply going to represent myself – I didn't want another attorney. If I wanted, I could drag the trial on for weeks with character witnesses. I then noticed Nina Cahan (a Dallas friend) pass the door in the hall. I thought she might be able to testify on my behalf; since she was a medical doctor, she would be a good witness.

I thought about mental illness and I wondered exactly what it meant. I concluded that more than anything, mental illness involved the strength of the mind. I thought of myself: my mind was indeed quite strong, perhaps even stronger than I sometimes gave myself credit for.

### **Dream of: 23 December 1985 "Lobotomy"**

I was in a room with several other people. One man in the room (much bigger and stronger than I) had been behaving like a bully to me. I mentioned to him that he was stronger than I. I put my left arm against his right arm. His arm was

extremely muscular and I pointed out that his arm was probably five times bigger than mine.

I told him there was obviously no issue whether he was stronger than I. However, I said, there was an issue between us. That issue was whether he was mentally stronger than I.

We then began eating something. Without his knowing it, I put some LSD into his food. It didn't take long before he began feeling the effects. I had also taken some LSD myself. I began explaining to him what I had done. He wasn't at all angry.

Indeed, he seemed to have become quite docile. His personality had seemed to completely change once the LSD had taken effect. The difference was amazing. It almost seemed as if he had undergone a lobotomy. I took him by the hand, led him outside and told him not to worry about anything. I told him he should probably follow me because I had had more experience with LSD and I would probably be able to show him the way.

Outside he climbed onto a tractor for a while. He then climbed back off and we stood together near the tractor, parked on a hill. I asked him if he had put on the emergency brake of the tractor. He said he hadn't, and he climbed back onto the tractor. He began backing it up and ran over a tire (lying behind the tractor) which got tangled up in the tractor. But he finally managed to back the tractor

around so it was sitting sideways and no longer in danger of rolling down the hill.

A woman walked up and spoke to me about the man. I was unsure who she was, but I thought she seemed like the mother of the man. She told me that that very day the man's wife had divorced him. The three of us walked over to a nearby building where we found the man's wife. She was quite upset. Apparently she had been married to the man for 16 years. She said it would become easier with time.

I asked her how many times she had been married. She said, "This was the fifth time."

When I heard her reply, I wasn't so concerned for her. Another woman here (who seemed to be the first woman's friend) likewise had been divorced five times.

The man's wife explained to me that she had divorced him because he drank alcohol too much. The man and I had discussed his drinking earlier. I thought now that he had taken the LSD there was a good possibility he would stop drinking. But I realized it was probably too late to be able to save his marriage. Even if he told his wife now that he was going to stop drinking, she wouldn't change her mind.

The man's wife was rather attractive. I thought for a moment I might even be interested in having an affair with her. But I really didn't think that would be advisable since she had just obtained a divorce from this fellow toward whom I felt friendly.

However there was still a slim possibility. I held her hand for a moment in front of the man. But it was merely a comforting gesture without romantic overtones.

I talked again with the man. He seemed rather downcast and I tried to console him.

Some other people walked up and they were crying. I told them not to cry. They said they weren't crying because of the divorce. They pointed to another couple who were getting married and they said they were crying because that couple was getting married. I realized they were right. The fact they were getting married was a good reason for crying.

We walked into a building and the man had to sign some papers concerning the divorce. The date was February 19th and the year appeared to be sometime in the nineteenth century.

### **Dream of: 26 December 1985 "The Great American Classic"**

I was asleep when I heard someone call out,  
"Steve Collier."



I awoke and found myself in what appeared to be a locker room where some other people were also sleeping. Among the rows of lockers was one locker which I knew was mine and into which I had earlier put my things, including my billfold.

One fellow (probably in his early 20s) was going from one locker to the next looking through them.

I thought he was probably the person who had called out my name, but I feigned sleep and watched what he was doing. When he finally came to my locker I jumped up and looked at him. He ignored me, opened up my locker and pulled out my pants. When I asked him what he was doing, he said that it didn't matter what he was doing and that I should go back to sleep. While he was holding my pants I reached into the pocket and pulled out my billfold.

I began to realize I was in some kind of school where I was actually living. I thought perhaps the fellow looking in the lockers might be a security man, but I still thought he might be trying to steal something and I persisted in trying to learn what he was doing. I insisted he tell me why he was going through the lockers.

Three other fellows were also going through the lockers in the room. I addressed all of them and asked what they were doing. They refused to tell

me and they looked as if they were becoming nervous.

I ran to the door, stepped into the hall and stuck my billfold in a small indentation in the wall next to the door. I hollered out that we needed security. I told some people sitting at a desk in the hall that someone had broken in and the security people from downstairs should be called. I turned back into the room and hollered out to the other people sleeping in the room to wake up and help.

The fellows who had been going through the lockers began to disperse. Some security guards suddenly rushed in and grabbed one of them. The other three escaped down the stairs, but the security guards quickly were able to catch them.

I walked back out into the hall and talked with the people who had called the security guards and with the security guards themselves. They said they had apprehended all the intruders and had taken them away.

Some of the other people who had been sleeping in the room were also standing around. I began explaining to everyone how I had come to notice what had been happening. I related how I had heard my name called out and I had surmised one of the men had seen my name written on something while he had been going through my

locker. I told them I had immediately awakened when I had heard my name.

One fellow asked if the men had used some kind of wire to open a door or if they had had a key. The building was very secure and people wondered how the intruders had been able to enter.

Most people began going back to bed and I lay back down in my bed. Suddenly I remembered I had left my billfold out in the hall. I rose to go fetch it but realized I was completely nude. I put on some clothes, walked out into the hall and retrieved my billfold.

I returned to the room and spoke again with some people. I got myself a can of beer, sat down in a chair and began drinking it. It relaxed me somewhat. A fellow who was a friend of mine spoke to me about how he and I had once broken into a school when we had been younger. He said we however hadn't taken anything. I remembered the incident and it seemed to me we had taken some money from some people's lockers. I thought what those fellows had just done was no worse than what we had done and they might end up going to jail for a year because of it. I wondered what they would think when they woke up in jail the next morning and realized how stupid they had been the night before.

Some females were also among the people here.

One girl standing next to me to my left was wearing dark sunglasses and had a cane. I thought she was blind. She had also opened a can of beer. She said something to me but I didn't understand it. She continued talking and I reached out with my left hand and held her hand. At first I thought she might want to sit on my lap while she talked with me, but she didn't seem to want to sit down so I stood up and spoke with her. She was so close to me, her lips touched the top of my upper lip. I had had a pimple on the top of my lip and I thought even if she were blind she would have felt it with her lips.

We walked together outside into the corridor. She asked me if I would be interested in going with her that night to see "The Great American Classic." I told her I thought I would like to go. I thought I might have already made plans with another girl for that night, but I really liked this girl. However I didn't know what the Great American Classic was and asked her. She told me I wasn't much of a scientist if I didn't know that and said it was the name of a modern punk rock group.

We walked over to a little store located in the hall. Some record albums were there and I began going through them. They were arranged in alphabetical order with name tabs sticking out above them. I

went all the way back to "g" but I still couldn't find the one I was looking for.

The albums I had already passed over suddenly fell down some kind of slot and I had to pull them back up and put them in place.

The girl was also going through the albums. I asked, "Can you see those names?"

She responded, "Well, sure."

I said, "I thought you were blind."

She was astonished I had thought she was blind. She said, "I thought maybe these glasses were a little bit too big."

I didn't say anything about the cane she had been carrying. I thought, "Well then she must have some kind of walking problem."

She turned to me and I looked at her face. She was about 20 years old. She had a smooth complexion and a beautiful face. I thought I would be able to relate well with her and thought I would indeed like to spend the evening with her.

### **Dream of: 27 December 1985 "Gun To The Head"**

Louise had returned to live with me and together we had moved into a house similar to the House in

New Boston. I was lying on the bed in the bedroom when Louise walked in. I was a bit concerned because after she had returned she had begun following her usual pattern of becoming distant. I pulled her to the bed and down beside me. I wanted to talk with her because I could feel the distance growing between us and I wanted to try to resolve it. I asked her if she were planning to stay with me. She answered, "No."

I responded, "Louise, you do this every time. You come back and you say you're going to stay with me and then you turn around and say you're going to leave."

I was upset because she had done the same thing repeatedly. I told her it had become a habit for her. I wanted to explain to her how insecure it made me feel when she constantly told me she was going to do one thing and then she did the opposite. Since she made me feel so insecure I couldn't treat her the way I wanted to. I needed someone who would do what they said they would do.

I was also beginning to suspect that she was seeing another man but I was unsure of that.

Lying on the bed was a deposit slip from the bank for more than a thousand dollars I had just deposited for the week. I had been working hard and the money represented my savings for the

week. Our total savings at that point was about \$2,500.00 although we had only been together for about a week. We also had some other savings which needed to be added into the savings total.

Also on the bank statement was a list of debits. Louise had apparently been responsible for the debits. I looked them over and noticed that one was for a topless bar. The date appeared to be sometime in March and therefore several months old. I was going to ask Louise if she had been to any topless bars lately, but decided not to bring it up since it was so old.

Some large sliding window doors were on one side of the room. The curtains in front of them had been pulled back. Although it was around four o'clock in the morning, it was already light outside.

A little boy was walking around outside. He was far away at first but then came closer. He reminded me of a boy who lived in the same apartment complex as Travis Street Apartment. Since Louise and I were both nude, I thought he might be trying to peek in. I thought maybe I should pull the curtains, although it didn't really make any difference to me if he looked in.

I began thinking I wanted to have sex with Louise. I rolled over on top of her and we began having intercourse, continued for a while and then turned

around to have oral sex. I lay on my back and she got on top.

Before we began, I noticed the boy outside again. I pulled the curtain, but part of the bottom of the curtain didn't close.

Louise and I continued and then I noticed that someone was standing outside. I raised up, knocked on the window and scarred off whoever was outside. I rose from the bed and walked into the next room. I looked out the window in that room and saw the person outside run past the window. I pushed the sliding door open which led outside and stepped out. There I encountered a blonde-haired teenage girl trying to hide and a man standing behind her. I knew some things had been stolen from the house before and wondered if these were the people who had stolen them. I said, "Hold it. I want you out of here. I don't want you coming back."

The girl had nice breasts and was attractive. I really didn't mind if she came back. But the man was rough-looking and he worried me. He had black hair, was thin and was probably about 30. He was still trying to peak through the window and I wanted him to leave. He and the girl then left.

I walked back into the room and found that another man had already somehow sneaked into



the house. We had a shotgun in the house, although I was unsure where it was or if it were loaded. I hollered to Louise, "Get the gun! Get the gun!"

The man was bent down on his knees looking at something. I picked up an end table, slammed it onto the man's head and knocked him out.

I looked back outside and saw that the other man was still out there. I wondered if Louise was going to get the shotgun. I wondered what would happen if the man came into the house with a gun, grabbed Louise and held the gun to her head while I had the shotgun and had it pointed at his head. What would I do in a situation like that? If I were to shoot him, there would be the danger that he would pull the trigger and shoot Louise. If he were to point the gun at me I would probably shoot him; but there would be the danger that if he would move quickly I would hit Louise. I was unsure what I would do in such a dangerous situation.

### **Dream of: 27 December 1985 (2) "Rough And Rocky Traveling"**

I was lying in a bed in a room which had several other people, including my father and Louise, in it. I was lying on my back with the covers pulled up over me, watching a program on a tiny television which had a screen about eight centimeters long and about five centimeters high sitting on my

chest. In a bed to my right lay another fellow watching a television the same way. I cast my eye about the room; several other people were likewise watching small televisions.

All the small televisions had the same program which seemed to be on tape because one could turn off the television and then return later, turn it on and pick up where the program had left off. Thus although all the small televisions had the same show, they were at different stages due to each person having begun or interrupted the show at different times.

The sound of each small television could only be heard by the person watching it and thus it didn't disturb anyone else in the room.

Louise and a black fellow, however, were watching a large, regular television which could be heard all over the room and was disturbing everyone else.

The large television wasn't showing the same show as the other televisions. A black fellow walked up and hit all the knobs on the large television and it went blank. I rose, turned the large television on and off and fixed it for Louise.

I began looking at the larger television with Louise, until suddenly she said she wasn't going to let me watch the larger television any longer. I felt like turning it off so no one could watch it, but I thought that wouldn't serve any purpose. I didn't

want any revenge on her because she wasn't going to let me watch the show, but I did think it was lousy of her to do such a thing.

I walked over to the black fellow who was also watching the large television and I asked him if he would turn it down because it was bothering everyone else in the room. I then returned to my bed.

My father was lying on the bed to my left and in bed with him was a scruffy but clean-looking, small, white dog. The dog was apparently bothering my father so I called for it to come to my bed. It made a leap and landed on my bed. I wanted to pet it, but it jumped around on the bed so much I was unable to. I tried to push it off the bed, but it grabbed my hand and wouldn't let go. I tried to shake it off and was finally successful. It then left me alone.

Some people were talking at the foot of my bed. I rose and walked over to them. They were my sister and a black fellow. They were looking at some coins in what appeared to be a cookie package. The coins were mostly silver dollars. My sister said my aunt was wearing the coins that evening. I was rather enthralled by the sight of the coins. I saw some Liberty-walking half dollars among them, pulled out one silver dollar and said, "This is a good one."

The silver dollar appeared to be a misprint because it had an American eagle on both sides. I looked at the date, thought it was sometime in the 1400s and said, "Well the reason it's like that is cause it's so old."

I looked at the date again and realized it was from the 1970s. I finally realized it was actually fake and it didn't weigh much.

I picked up some Liberty-walking half dollars and I was surprised by how heavy they were. I picked up one coin which I at first thought was a Liberty-walking half dollar, but soon realized was actually a silver dollar. I couldn't remember when silver dollars had been made which looked like Liberty-walking half dollars. It must have been confusing for people if there had been two coins with the same design on them but of different sizes and worth different amounts. I showed the coins to Louise.

Louise and I talked about my proposed departure for France. I rather wanted her to go with me, but I doubted she would. She seemed to think I might return, but I told her there was no possibility that I would come back and that it wouldn't be feasible for me to return once I had left.

We walked outside and I began singing a song to her by Willie Nelson which I thought she might enjoy hearing. I sang, "It's been rough and rocky

traveling but I'm standing now with both feet on the ground. I've taken several readings and I'm surprised to see my minds still fairly sound. Paris was the hardest, but I know I've said the same about them all."

### **Dream of: 28 December 1985 "A Dream Of San Sebastian"**

I had gone to an auditorium to watch a program and I sat down in a row of seats. No one was seated in the seats to my left, but a woman was sitting to my right and other people were on the other side of her. I took off the long, black, trench coat I was wearing, folded it and held it in my lap. Although some other people had laid their coats on some seats to my left and I thought about doing the same, I finally decided to simply hold my coat in my lap.

Vincent Price walked onto the stage and the audience, including myself, began loudly applauding. Price began speaking about the program and then introduced a girl who he said had won many prizes. He then left the stage and a girl (about 10 years old) walked onto the stage. The audience quietly applauded her.

The girl began singing. I became slightly annoyed when a woman sitting in front of the chair to my left called back to some people behind me - who

were apparently students – and told them in Italian the name of the piece the girl was singing.

Still singing, the girl walked off the stage into the audience, came over close to where I was sitting and stood in front of the empty seat in front of me.

She was naked from the waist up. Although her chest was flat and her breasts undeveloped, I thought it was rather strange for her to be standing and singing in front of me nude from the waist up.

Apparently she wanted me to participate in her performance and she asked both me and the woman seated to my right to stand. We did so and I laid my coat back in the seat behind me. The girl held out her hands flat with the palms up. I raised my hands and held them palms down on top of her hands, which was what I thought she wanted me to do. She then began scratching the palms of my hands with her fingers. I was uncertain at first, but then realized she wanted me to do the same thing to her. So I bent my fingers as she had done and scratched the palms of her hand.

Her fingers seemed strong. Our fingers became intertwined and she began pulling. I responded in kind. I had a good feeling by the act as if some kind of connection existed between us.

We separated our hands. She held out her hands again palms up in front of me, but this time she

didn't want our hands to touch. Instead I simply held my hands palms down over top of hers. She moved her hands around and I did the same, but we didn't touch. Finally she stopped and went back to the stage. The woman next to me and I sat back down.

The woman sitting next to me (probably in her late 20s) had her blonde hair tied back and was very attractive. She spoke to someone else about the girl and then leaned her head over onto my shoulder. I leaned my head over onto hers. Her lips touched my cheek. I felt close to her.

I mentioned that the hands of the girl had certainly been strong. The woman began trying to explain to me what had just been going on. I couldn't understand everything she said, but I thought she mentioned something about a dream of Carlos Castenada. I asked, "What did you say?"

She said she was talking about a dream of San Sebastian and she mentioned something about a religious school. I had the feeling she was involved in the Christian religion. I was attracted to her except for that fact because I knew I wasn't a Christian. She seemed pure and I felt spiritually attracted to her. She obviously seemed attracted to me, also.

Her hair felt clean and kinky. I caressed her hair. I thought, "Well just because she's a Christian, that

doesn't mean I can't have anything to do with her.  
Perhaps I ought to get to know some Christians  
better anyway."

### **Dream of: 30 December 1985 "Palestinian Question"**

I was at a conference dealing with Palestine and the Palestinians. A number of important, official, political dignitaries from different countries were present. One Palestinian, who wasn't actually a member of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, but was nevertheless somehow involved with the PLO, walked into the room and abruptly began making a statement. He commanded the attention of the officials and maintained he represented the interest of the Palestinians and was authorized to present their demands to the United States.

As I watched the man's technique of attracting attention to himself, I realized the same methods were used by Russia, a master of propaganda. I wanted to have the man removed from in front of the people. I personally was thinking that if it were necessary to solve the Palestinian problem, one solution would be to line every Palestinian man, woman and child up and shoot them.

The man left the room and someone told me his name and said I should follow him. I waited a few minutes and then went into the neighboring room



where the man had gone. There I found Yassar Arafat sitting with some other people at a table. I was surprised I had been able to enter the room and get so close to Arafat.

I didn't actually know exactly where I was and I didn't see the man I had been following anywhere. I asked someone if he knew where the man was, but I was unsure whether I was pronouncing the man's name correctly. Someone pointed to another room which I walked into.

There I saw another man, who appeared to be an American, standing behind a counter. He was a tall sturdy man (30-35 years old) with cafe-blond hair. I walked up to him and we began talking. He soon asked me if I would be interested in representing him in the United States for something. I asked, "What?"

He replied, "I need somebody to make a guilty plea for me. I'll pay three thousand dollars."

I thought for a moment. I hadn't said anything about my being an attorney and I wondered how he knew I was an attorney. He was looking at me and I felt he knew what was running through my mind. It appeared the man had already investigated me. I thought the man had probably been directed by someone else to find out what I did because one other time I had been involved

with the Palestinian question. I looked at him and he said, "Welcome to reality."

I wasn't particularly perturbed. I understood that since I was involved in a political question someone had been investigating my background. I said, "I don't believe we've ever actually met."

He introduced himself, "My name is John Rutherford."

I said, "My name is Steve Collier. But you already know that don't you."

I tried to memorize his name as I looked at him. I wasn't completely sure whether he had said "Rutherford" or "Ruthford," but I thought it had been "Rutherford." I searched for something with which to connect the name in order to memorize it and thought of president Rutherford B. Hayes.

Some other people walked up and stood near us. We stopped talking. No one was really saying anything. I didn't know whether I should speak, but finally I looked at Rutherford again and said, "But one thing none of us knows about is what the future holds."

He agreed.

I wondered what my immediate future held. I thought it involved trying to determine whether

the United States was even going to talk with some of the Palestinians.

One man standing on my right and another standing on my left leaned over in front of my face and they spoke to one another in a foreign language which sounded like Arabic. At first I thought one of the men was Arafat himself, but upon closer scrutiny I realized he was simply another man. I said, "Oh excuse me. I'll get out of your way."

They said fine.

I moved closer to Rutherford. It was increasingly obvious to me that Rutherford was part of Arafat's retinue. I asked him if he knew what it was that Arafat wanted. He leaned over to me and said, "The first thing he wants is five million dollars."

He then began cursing the United States and talking about all the bad things the United States had done. I thought, "Five million dollars. That should be able to be easily arranged to avoid any more bloodshed."

I asked, "And then what?"

He continued degrading the United States. I asked again, "And then what?"

He continued talking and seemed to be saying something about some kind of factory although I

wasn't completely sure. Apparently Arafat wanted the United States to build a factory somewhere for the Palestinians to work in. I thought, "That might be possible to arrange that, but that would be a much more difficult task than simply turning over five million dollars."

The list of demands didn't seem unreasonable to me. It was simply a matter of money and it didn't involve the greater question of returning Palestinian homeland to the Palestinians.

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